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NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.—Vol. II.

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NORWOOD;

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CHAPTER I.

CONSULTATIONS.

THE next night, not long after dark, a knock was heard at Tommy Taft's shop-door. Tommy was sitting in his rough old chair, that seemed to have been once a part of a pork-barrel. The front had been sawed away halfway down, leaving the rest of the staves for a back; and a seat was laid across the open part; and the whole was covered with some cheap stuff, so that it answered the purpose of luxury far better than do most of the chairs which seem designed to make visitors so uncomfortable that their calls shall be short.

"Who's there?—come in!" roared out Tommy, laying down his pipe.

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But several reasons precluded obedience to the vociferous command which he repeated. In the first place, the door below was fastened; and, in the next place, had Barton made good his entrance, his way among barrels and benches, shavings and timber, was not like to be smooth or easy.

Mother Taft lit a candle, saying, with a woman's and a nurse's apprehension,

"I am afraid, ma'am, Whipple's child is worse. They were to send if they needed me."

The stairs came down into the corner of the shop. Loosening the rude wooden bolt, she opened the door.

"Why, Barton Cathcart, of all things in the world! What is the matter? Is your mother sick? Is anything the matter at home?"

"Nothing, Mother Taft," said he, hastening to relieve her honest anxiety. "I only came down to see Tommy about some business."

By this time Tommy's wooden leg was busy up stairs, pounding and slapping at each step as he made toward the head of the stairs. Each step shook every board in the floor, as if a flail, or rather trip-hammer, were at work on a wager.

As Barton came in sight, Tommy seemed enraptured.

"Why, boy,—why, lad, come up here! Let me get my hands on you—that's all! Come up here, my chap, if you dare,—just come up here!"

And no sooner was the act done than Tommy seized him in his arms as if he had been a pet dog; and shook him, and laughed at him, and toddled him off towards the fire, rubbing his shoulders as if he were rolling out a piece of pie-crust.

"Why, where did you come from? What's the matter? What do you want, my hearty? Any mischief up, eh? Anything broke? Anything smashed? What is it, I say; what's the matter?" And, without waiting for an answer, he plumped Barton into his own barrel seat, with an emphasis which threatened to carry them both over upon the floor, and quite overthrew Uncle Tommy's familiar, in the shape of a huge, yellow, crop-ear cat, that sat dozing by the fire. "Clap on some more stuff, woman. Let's have more fire. Nights are nights, now, d'ye know! Skates broke, eh?—No?—Gun out of order? Traps gone?—No? Well, what is it? Didn't come from Parson

Buell, did ye? Had my dose last week. Good man. Looks after the old sinner. He needs it. Have to keep tryin' the pumps. Some day, afore you know it, he'll founder. No hope. Bad business. Wicked old sinner. But what have you come for, I tell you?"

"Why," said Barton, laughing, "if you'll keep still long enough for me to speak, Tommy, I'll tell ye."

"Sartin, sartin. I don't want to talk—go on. Somethin's the matter, I know. Come down to-night. No,—no—not for nothin', I know. Come, jest tell us what it is; and don't keep an old fellow with his anchor neither up or down. But, boys will be boys," said Tommy, giving Barton an affectionate slap on his knee.

"Well," said Barton, striking in resolutely, as one who means to make his way in a crowd, "I want to find out something, and I don't know who to go to, Tommy; and I thought perhaps you would know."

"Of course I know. What's an old sailor good for but to know all the odds and ends, and crinkum-crankums for young folks? The only jolly folks in this world are young folks that ain't good for

nothin' yet, and old folks that's past doin' much. All the rest of the world are livin' in a pucker and a fume all the time. I tell you, Barton, I'm the only sensible man in this town. Did ye ever see such a stewin' and brewin' as goes on for nothin' among these folks, that are rubbin' and grindin' round to make money, and then usin' it to make more money, and that to make more, and haven't time to stop and enjoy it a little!"

There is no telling to what lengths of discourse Tommy would have gone, for he seemed in peculiarly good spirits to-night at Barton's visit. Barton was one of Tommy's prime favourites.

But the old fellow was a good deal puzzled when the errand came out.

"Tommy, I want to learn something about surveying. I'm going to college."

"Thunder and lightnin'! Goin' to college? make a map to find your way from here to Amherst, eh?"

"Father is so 'fraid that his children will depend on somebody for something, that he never acts as other folks do. He wants me to show that I am in earnest, and he in a sort puts me on a *stent;* and so I've got to learn something

about surveying, to let him see that I've got spunk enough to study; and I won't ask father anything about it," said Barton, laughing, "not if I have to invent surveying all over again. Now I thought that as you knew about navigation, you could perhaps tell me enough about surveying to give me a start. But don't tell father."

"Well, if that ain't the beat all! I never 'spected to be a schoolmaster, and have folks cum to me for larnin'. Why, Barton, I don't know nothin' about it. Navigation, boy, I guess is a sort of a surveyin' bottom side up. I mean that it is studyin' out the stars and findin' out where you are. But, Lord bless you, that won't help you on dry land, and if 'twould, I couldn't help you. Why don't you just go over to Edwards? They say he's big on mathematics."

"That's a good idea," said Barton. "I wonder I never thought of that. Now I come to think of it, I know that he has surveyed a good deal. He was out a while when they were running the lines for the railroad."

Tommy had been pulling away at a bag in a closet, and now brought out some hickory nuts,

and was proceeding to fill a tin pan with them, when Barton cut short his hospitable intent. Go he must. His errand must be speedily performed. The night was wearing, and it would not do to be out late.

"But why on airth don't you ask your father, Barton? I guess he could tell you as well as anybody."

"You know my father, Tommy. He's queer about some things. He's always stirring us up to find out things. He seems set not to tell us anything that we can dig out ourselves."

"That's the old man all over. But good for you—good for you—make you smart—wake you up—keep you sharp."

"He wouldn't tell me the name of a flower, but made me hunt it down in a Botany. He wouldn't tell me why the moss grew on one side of a tree more than on the other, but set me to find out. If I were to ask him about surveying, he would say, 'What have you done yourself to find out?' As soon as he sees that I am in earnest, and have tried to help myself, he'll help me."

"And is he as strict with Alice?" asked

Mother Taft, who had listened silently to the conversation.

"Yes; but rather softer. But she has to hunt the dictionary for her words, and he won't let her read a sentence that contains a place, or river, or custom, that he don't question her; and if she don't know, he expects her to find out, and to find out, too, how to find out."

"And how does Alice like it?"

"Oh! she's smart to father's heart's content. She has got so keen that you can't catch her very easy. You see that's a habit which grows on one. And after a while it is just as easy, and a little easier, to find out your own things than to be depending on other people to find them out for you. But I must be off. Much obliged for your nuts. I'll put some in my pocket. What big ones!—splendid! You always know where the best trees are, Tommy."

"No; that's Pete's work. Pete knows every nut, and every squirrel, and every berry that grows in these parts. You see my leg does very well to walk with; a little noisy, perhaps, especially when you're late to meetin' and walk up the aisle in prayer-time; but it's no use on a

chestnut-tree. A wooden leg is a good thing though, Barton; never have to cut my toe-nails on that leg," said Tommy, with a chuckle. "Not much paid out for shoes, neither. Go to a blacksmith for my shoes—ho! ho! ho! Never have rheumatism in that leg, neither. Don't catch cold when I get it wet. Toes never cold on that leg—he! he! he! No corns. Nobody steps on my toes. Don't cost much for blackin'. It's a real convenience. Sometimes I think legs were a mistake; ain't worth as much as it costs to keep 'em up."

"I suppose, then, you regret having one well leg, Tommy?"

"Of course I do. Often think of havin' it taken off. Very odd, you see, to have one flesh leg and one wooden leg. Feller don't like to be odd, ye know," said Tommy, winking at Barton, as if to save him from taking the speech literally. "So queer, you know, to wake up in the night, and turn over just one leg! Then my old Smasher makes such a noise that everybody looks at that one, and I do believe my real leg gits jealous of the attention that's paid to the wooden one. The fact is, that wooden feller hasn't got

much manners. Never could keep him still; and it's the worst leg to have treadin' on your toes that ever you saw."

As Tommy Taft thus ran on, his eye seemed to linger fondly upon Barton, and his rough voice grew less turbulent. All at once, turning to him, in a manner entirely changed, and full of rude tenderness, he said, in a simple way—

"And so, Barton, you really are going to college. Well, I didn't think it. You're going to college, and I shan't see you much more, my boy."

His manner was so new, and there was such a sort of helplessness in his way, that Barton was affected by it, and said—

"Why, Tommy, I shan't go this two years, and I shall be home every vacation, you know. It is only a few miles to Amherst, anyhow."

"It's all right. If a boy's got anything particular in him it'll certainly git out somehow, and it ain't much use to try to stop it. If you do, it'll only twist and twirl it, like a seed with a board on it, that will come up and creep out sideways, and gits up in spite of hindrance, only with a cruel crooked stem. I might 'a made a smart man

once, but they meddled with me, and I was fierce —well, no matter. Old Tommy missed it. But you won't. You'll be all right, Barton, boy! On the hull, I'm glad of it. Folks that stay to hum are like coasters—sloops and schooners like, that run along shore, and do a peddlin' business in shoal water. Folks that go to college are square rigged. They can make long voyages, carry big freights, go round the world if they're mind to."

Tommy seemed likely to spend the night in talking, and Barton abruptly bid Mother Taft good-night, and climbed down stairs, while Tommy from the top was still adding some further remarks.

Mr. Edwards received Barton with a calm and dignified welcome, and expressed no surprise. He acted as one must who for forty years had been used to having boys come to him for everything. He had been a schoolmaster all his life. Under his care the academy had earned a high position. The young men who fitted for college there were uniformly remarked for their thorough scholarship and industrious habits.

Mr. Edwards was tall, thin, with a large gray

eye, which was mild and gentle in repose, but kindled like an eagle's under excitement; his face was white; his hair remained thick only around the sides of his head, while upon the top it was very thin, and everywhere gray. His habitual sobriety was underlaid with a genuine relish of humour, which seldom brought out a laugh, sometimes a smile, but usually only a lighting up of his whole face, and a look of good nature even kinder than usual. His long teaching had earned him a small property, which enabled him now to live in the inexpensive way which best pleased him. He had been once married, but early lost his wife, and never again thought of marrying. His whole life was her monument. And his love, never spoken, but never, after years and years, less tender and fresh and romantic than in the days of his youth, burned like a lamp in some obscure chapel, fed by pious hands, unseen by day to the passers-by, but in darkness and secresy for ever shining before the shrine of Love!

A widowed sister was the only companion of his house. Her hands performed the whole labour of the household. Like her brother, she was intelligent; but, like him, she was not fond of talking.

He conversed freely when solicited, but never offered conversation. And when he did speak, there was something slightly formal,—it was not pedantic, but measured, as if he were translating his sentences from another language into his mother's tongue. Brother and sister were deeply attached to each other, but would no more think of expressing it than two roses on the same stem would make love in any way except by glowing in the same light, carrying the same dew, and shaking to the same wind.

Every night, when the tea things were removed, the curtain dropped, the fire trimmed (and he was especially fond of a fire of hickory wood, the almost only luxury that he would have, regardless of expense), he took his book and she her work, and he would read aloud. Sometimes when exciting events were abroad, it would be a newspaper; at other times the magazine. But, whatever he read, she heard; and thus they kept along together, in the same house, with the same pleasures, and in the silent enjoyment of the same ideas. Sometimes he would pause in reading, and for a moment comment, or criticise, or unfold his knowledge — which was ample —

upon some obscure point. But, usually, little was said, even in long pauses, both reflecting in silence.

There is something very wonderful in the fruitfulness of silence! Congenial natures may learn almost to forego speech, and yet maintain intimate sympathy and knowledge of each other. There grow up, insensibly, an instinct and an intuition in the eye, in the ear, and in every sense, which finely divide up and distribute the usual functions of a noisy tongue.

In the morning she knocked at his door and said,

"Dwight, breakfast waits."

They sat silent during the meal. After morning prayers he made his record of the weather, of which he was a well-instructed scribe, performed some light task in his study—for he still kept up a student's habits—and read his classic authors, pen in hand, making in his journal such criticisms as occurred; or pursued mathematical studies, of which he had always been even more fond than of the languages. The dinner came every day at the good old hour of twelve, and passed silently. The afternoon was given to his garden and yard in

summer, and to various quiet exercises, walks and errands in winter. The evening was for home and reading. There was no Sunday there. Every day was Sunday.

Except a slight difference on washing and ironing days, you might call every day of the week a Sabbath, so alike were they—all silent, meditative, and tranquil. Twice as much was going on up in the great elm-trees which overshadowed the dwelling as within the house. Twice as much noise and racket did birds and crickets make in the garden in summer as ever was heard within the mansion. Their lives were as nearly spiritual as can be conceived. It is true that both of them had bodies, but they were subordinated to the mind's uses so utterly that they seemed to dry up and turn white as if they despaired of their rights as fleshly bodies and were getting ready to take on a spiritual state in sheer despair.

"Come in, Barton; sit down. What brings you to town so late? No ill news, I trust?"

"Nothing but some business with you is the matter. I wanted to talk with you about surveying and about going to college."

"Why, Barton, are you going to leave the

farm? I thought you were to be the great farmer of this neighbourhood? What will your father say?"

"He is willing; at any rate, he has given consent."

"What put it into your head? The last time I talked with you, you were bent upon husbandry. It was to be a stock-farm, grass, grain, cattle, the finest grass, the plumpest grain, the choicest stock, mountain pastures, great barns. All these are fled. Some new ambition?"

Barton did not acknowledge to himself the germ and spring of all these plans. He, perhaps, would have honestly denied their origin. So subtle are the influences that begin afar off to act upon us, that the condition and direction of our feelings are changed before we notice that we are acted upon. Only the last stages of mental processes, and especially emotive changes, become obvious. Many men see the growth of trees only when leaves are unfolded; but some notice the swelling of the bud. Yet more sensitive observers, before a bud swells, know by the purpling of the twigs and branches that a change has begun. But long before the ruddy colour came, there was

a stir within, and the march from winter to summer had begun. Barton knew that his plans of life were changed; but he did not go back to the real beginning to notice the silent impression made by Rose; nor did he even admit himself that Rose had any important influence upon his life or thoughts. That she was his sister Alice's very twin sister, as it were, he knew, and he called her *his* sister too.

Sister! sister!—that is a sweet word, but exceedingly mischievous, too, in the realm of love! It is a word for devout enthusiasm, for unselfish love, for unblushing friendship, for faithfulness and honest intimacy, for friendship without passion, for love without sultry ardours. Brother and sister! That is the most simple and beautiful confluence of the sexes!

But that word *sister* is the covered way of love! It is the mask which bashfulness wears before it gains boldness enough to say love. It is a gentle hypocrisy, under which souls consent to remain and dream, in hope by-and-by of a rapturous waking! It is the half-way house between friendship and ardent affection. It is a neutral ground, on which men and women agree to commit no

offensive action, and where both parties make haste to break the agreement. Under the names brother and sister how fast intimacies grow! What bold words are spoken! What deep glances are exchanged! Love is war. The friendship of a brother and sister, unrelated, is a truce, in which both parties are secretly preparing for the onset and victory.

First comes acquaintance—that is May; then friendship—that is June; then brother and sisterhood—that is July; and then love, which is August; but July and August are so much alike that no one can tell when one stops and the other begins!

Barton unfolded to Mr. Edwards, briefly, his ambition to surprise his father, and received from him suitable information, the loan of necessary books, the invitation to come once or twice a week for recitation, and the promise that, as soon as the season opened, Mr. Edwards would go out with him, and give him practical lessons in the field.

The next Sunday found Barton, during the intermission of service, as usual, at Dr. Wentworth's. Nothing of his week's work did he

speak. He had a natural delicacy of pride, and seldom spoke of himself, never of his inward feelings, save to his mother.

Rose did not question him. She walked with him into the green-house and stood among the plants, speaking of common things.

She instinctively knew that something had happened to Barton. His way was different; his carriage was different. She merely noticed it, and did not inquire or even reflect upon it. Yet Barton knew that she knew something ailed him, for she unconsciously looked at him with that gaze of her father's, as if she saw something opening up before her in his own heart. It was a rare sensitiveness to truth, which was peculiarly displayed toward Nature, but was as real, though less manifested, toward society, that gave to Rose an almost unerring insight of people's dispositions.

By her original constitution Rose was exquisitely susceptible of impressions, and her father's training had educated this tendency, so that she saw infinitely more, in looking upon the same things, than others did; heard and discriminated far more of the memorable sounds which fill the

day, than did her companions. This world is not the same world to any two persons in it. But between the lowest human organisation and the highest, the difference is so wide, that the world which each sees would not be recognised by the other. The thermometer and barometer are the perpetual witness of men's coarse and insensitive natures. They say to us every hour, "See what world effecting changes are going on, which you are not fine enough to notice, but which we feel and indicate."

But the sphere of effects not perceived, in human life, is even greater than in the natural world. Every feeling which rises in the soul has its own signal in the body. If our eyes were fine enough, if our minds were sensitive enough, we should see the face and carriage of men going through endless variations, as the soul moves through all its affluent moods. Now, we see only the extreme manifestations. Fear, rage, hate, love, mirth, are discernible at their full tides. Finer natures perceive their remote conditions, their subtle influences; but it is a feeling, a mere blind consciousness of change, or difference, rather than a defined perception.

Rose had to a singular degree this fine and ineffable sympathy with matter and with mind. She had it without being conscious of it. She was not aware that she lived far deeper into life than others did. Of all things that lived about her, herself was almost the only one which she did not take cognizance of.

She judged that Barton had something to say to her, and so she had naturally gone to the green-house. He said nothing to her, except of the plants, of the decline of the season, and so she felt that it was something not to be told. To know that one has a secret is to know half the secret itself.

When the afternoon service was done, Mr. Edwards walked on with Rose and her father and mother, on the way to his own house beyond.

"And so 'Biah Cathcart is going to send his son to college?"

"Ah," said the doctor, "that is something new. When did you hear it?"

"Barton came to see me last week. He is to come to the academy the next term, and thinks that in two years he can enter Amherst."

"Well, well, these boys run away with their fathers' plans, as kittens do with a knitter's ball of yarn—roll it all over the room and snarl at it terribly!"

And so Rose now perceived what was the thing which she had felt—Barton was to go to college. She was glad. He would be a scholar, for he always did conscientiously and well whatever he did. And he would be distinguished. Would he be a lawyer? Would he ever rise to public honours? Would he preach? Would he choose the fields of science? The dim and misty future lay before her as a horizon on which shapeless clouds took and lost form at the same moment. Of one feeling she was sure—she was glad for Barton. Her soul prophesied for him a noble life, and she was happy.

From the hour of his decision, Barton was consciously changed. A new life had opened. All things stood out in new relations. He was even more industrious and thorough in his daily work on the farm.

"I should not wonder, Rachel," said his father, "if Barton was sorry for his choice; now that he comes to think of leaving it, he likes the farm

better than he knew. He clings to his work as if he were sorry that he must leave it."

Rachel's sympathy interpreted Barton more accurately. She knew how a highly conscientious nature would fear the not doing well, that which it was no longer doing for the love of it; and that the fear of slighting work, which one was consciously falling from, would redouble caution and endeavour.

"I don't think Barton is tired of work, or that he would be sorry to stay; but I think he is glad to go. And since he is going to leave, he naturally is anxious lest he should slight anything. Folks always take the most pains about the things that they are in danger of neglecting."

"That may be so of honest people, but not of the shiftless and lazy."

But there was something more which neither recognised. Barton was proud as well as faithful. There was a reason in himself which he felt, but never analysed or understood, why he did faithfully what he did at all. There is a peculiar effect in self-esteem to impart a sense of one's own personality to whatever one touches, owns, or does. Barton's planning was for the

time a part of his own self. His work was himself. Self-respect included not his mind and person alone, but whatever his person concerned itself about. And to slight his work was to slight himself.

And we should likewise add, what so many know, that he who has once learned to work with thoughtful interest and genuine ambition on a farm will never lose the enthusiasm. Every year men high in professional places—artists, judges, clergymen, senators, teachers—go back in vacation to the old homestead, and feel the old inspiration of work. They swing the flail, they follow the plough, they swing the scythe, or axe, with enthusiasm, and often with secret wishes that they had never forsaken them; at any rate, with a half-purpose of retiring from crowded ways and feverish pursuits to the calm and wholesome joys of husbandry.

All hail Work! Man lost Paradise by the temptations that beset indolence. He will regain it by those wholesome qualities which are the fruit of intelligent work! The curse, "thou shalt earn thy bread in the sweat of thy brow," was not a curse on work, but on *drudgery*. It is

time that the curse on the ground should be worked out. There has been sweat enough to wash it clean. There have tears enough fallen down to make the earth sweet. Work shall beautify it. Work shall drive out drudgery and bring in leisure, and then men shall eat their bread under cool shadows with unsweated brows!

CHAPTER II.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.—(TO BE READ OR SKIPPED.)

Long before the Amazon reaches the ocean, it has grown so wide that from the channel no shore can be seen on either side. It is still a river, but with all the signs and symptoms of becoming an ocean. There is a period beginning not far from fourteen in young lives, when childhood is widened suddenly and carries its banks so far out that manhood seems begun, though as yet it is far off. The stream is ocean deep. Upon this estuary of youth the currents are shifting—the eddies are many. Here are united the strength of the sea and the hindrances of the land.

The important organic changes which in our zone take place at the second full seven of years, produce important results even in the

coldest temperaments and in the slenderest natures. But, in persons of vigour of body and strength of feeling, there is frequently an uprising like a city in insurrection. The young nature, swelling to the new influences with a sense of immeasurable strength, — sometimes turbulent with passions, but always throbbing with excited feelings, led on and fed by tantalising fancies,— seems transformed from its previous self, and becomes a new nature.

The mere access of impetuous feeling is not by any means the most striking change that occurs. There is frequently the appearance of new forces in the mind, the displacement of old ones, and an entire change of proportion and balance in the moral and intellectual faculties. A mild and docile boy springs up before his astonished parents defiant and unteachable. A conscientious and painstaking nature is seized with wilful impulses, and seems by an insane attraction drawn to bewildering courses.

On the other hand, lads of a soft and yielding nature sometimes stiffen and show an unexpected strength. Children who had early and chiefly acted from motives of approbation begin

to feel the sterner and more wholesome law of pride. Faults fall off at once, against which nurse, mother, and teacher had laboured assiduously and in vain.

New moral forces are developed into activity. Aspirations begin to quicken the soul. Ambitions grow nobler. A scorn of all authority which does not conform to reason or to generous views of duty is frequently seen, and just as frequently misunderstood. The exultation of hope and the deepest sadness of despondency alternate in the same bosom. There is also in some natures, in strange union, an intense sensibility to pleasure, with a wayward rejection of it as unsatisfying and unworthy.

The human soul, in this its real waking, is like the dawning of spring in the forest. All things good and bad are quickened alike. The dove comes, and the hawk also; the singing thrush, and the cawing crow; harmless insects, and stinging ones; innocent worms, and noxious reptiles! The spice-bush and the nettle; the fragrant blossoms, and ill-scented poisonous weeds, all move together and break forth into life. But as every day the returning sun,

moving higher, brings on the summer, the things comely and useful gain ascendancy, and the forest and the field nourish treasures for the joy of man and beast. Here and there is a noisome morass which summer only makes pestilential. At remote intervals rare spots may be overgrown with poisonous plants or waste weeds; but these things are exceptional; and summer brings, in vast excess over incidental evil, the richest stores of inestimable benefit.

All natures come to their manhood through some experience of fermentation! With some it is a ferment of passions; with some, of the affections; and with richly endowed natures it is the ferment of thought and of the moral nature.

Wholesome labour is for this, as for a thousand other critical experiences of life, an antidote or a remedy. But what shall save one from that passage of the thoughts, that struggle of the moral nature, which lies between so many noble youth and their full manhood? Nothing! It may be adjourned, but sooner or later it comes. It may be masked, tempered, but a full and vital nature is weaned from boyhood with as many

tears and sorrows as first he was weaned from his mother's breast.

Barton Cathcart escaped the constitutional disturbance of the passions partly by his inherent nature, partly by the influences of home and its education, and perhaps full as much by the wholesome moral influence of physical labour. But there slumbered elements in his soul which would yet arouse, though the time was not come.

From his father Barton inherited strong common sense, sobriety of judgment, and a rarer gift, an instinctive sense of *what is true*, which may co-exist with an argumentative faculty and with logical power, but which is separable from both of them, and is superior to both. From his mother came imagination, and that subtle sympathy with invisible things which produces interiorness and depth of character.

Except with his mother he had till now spoken of his inward life and feeling to no one; and even with her the intercourse was one of sympathy more than of conversation. A common understanding seemed to spring up between them without words.

For a year he pursued his studies with a stubborn persistence. The elements of language, and the grand forms of learning, furnished wearisome and prosaic tasks. But gradually he began to learn the pleasure of intellectual victories. His pride, which at times had almost fiercely repelled discouragement, began to experience a satisfaction in the consciousness of power.

Although Barton had maintained that intimacy with Dr. Wentworth's family in which he had been reared, it was not until his second year at the academy that his companionship with Rose Wentworth began to include an interchange of thoughts, and reasonings, and even discussions.

Accustomed to her father's society, and familiar from her childhood with his discussions of questions in a spirit far deeper than usually prevails, it is not surprising that Rose, some years younger, was fully Barton's equal, and, perhaps, in many ranges of life his superior. Certainly, in taste, in the discrimination of the subtler forms of nature, and in the depth and variety of the enjoyments which spontaneously sprung up in her soul, she was Barton's superior.

What impression Rose Wentworth produced

upon others shall be left for them to say, at their own time and in their own manner. But it is for us to show the groundwork of her nature from which all these impressions arose.

Perfect physical health produced an even flow of spirits and an exhilaration of manner, such as leads lambs to skip and kittens to frolic, and which in Rose prevented any of that little-girl saintship of manner which many are fond of depicting. She was buoyant, joyous, free-moving, and artless. Every side of her mind was developed. Deep and rich in moral feeling, strong and fine in the affections, quick and fruitful in intellect, she had, under home influence, been educated to an outward and inward life of singular fulness and beauty.

In estimating the causes of character, men ascribe much to circumstances, much to training, and much to the fulness and force of one's original endowments. But there are other elements more subtle, but of profound value in the structure of that most wonderful of all architectures—the character; built up of invisible materials, without sound or force, permanent in its nature, yet in form flexible, and prolific in change. Chief among

these is to be reckoned *sympathy between faculties and unity of action.*

Some people's heads are mere lodging-houses of faculties; each lodger minds his own business, and meddles as little as possible with others. After a whole life it cannot be perceived that the social affections have derived the least influence from the moral sentiments by whose side they have lived scores of years. And the reverse, also, is witnessed when the affections have neither softened nor warmed the moral sentiments, or seemed to have had any intercourse with them. Many men's passions act without curb or influence from the reason, and are limited and restrained only by their own selfish interests.

This non-intercourse may be the result of education or of the want of it. But there is an original aptitude in this matter. Congruity and inter-sympathy tend in some natures to entwine harmony and unity in the mind's life; while, in others, there is a stratification, as it were, of faculty. Nothing acts out of its own plane. Certain elements of mind act in their own class, but never out of it, and the faculties, like disintegrated musicians in a mutinous orchestra, play

by single ones, or by twos and threes, but never in solid unity and harmony.

It is thus that some natures squander life-force in intermittent efforts. Their endowments are ample, but they are frittered away uselessly. But where the happy temperament unites in an original and spontaneous harmony all the parts of one's nature, the augmentation of force is but a small part of the good fortune. There is a breadth, a variety, a depth, a fertility of experience which yields to single lives more of joy than is possessed by scores of ordinary men.

Education is popularly supposed to be the unfolding of mental forces. Far more important in education is the inspiration of facile intercourse between all parts of the mind, the opening up of free trade and active commerce between all its faculties.

Rose was gifted to the last degree in her constitutional endowments. Every part of her nature was in sympathetic relations to every other part. There were no repulsions or discrepancies between her mental powers. They were in exquisite sympathy ; they were in singular symmetry ; they were in perfect harmony.

Barton had a strong and large nature, but not reconciled within itself. There were great conflicts yet to be endured; the more painful, because unintelligible. They might have wrecked his peace had it not been for help coming from outside of himself. But that help did not come till late, and then was followed soon by other experiences, by the exaltation, heat, and fusion of a great struggle.

The transition from girlhood to womanhood is marked by the development of sentiment rather than by conflicts of passion. That balance and harmony of nature with which Rose was endowed had its fortunate parallel in her external condition. Every circumstance about her conspired to give to her mind a natural development. A mother's love, strong and rich, was seasoned with a genial religious element which gave to it the colour of something more than an earthly affection. Agate Bissell furnished the sterner elements—the sense of conscience in daily duties, and she clothed the qualities of regularity, method, and exactitude with a semi-moral nature. Her father's nature tended to enlarge the sphere of her understanding and of her spiritual nature. She was

borne upon his nature as a soft, white cloud is borne up and wafted by the whole atmosphere. The cloud fades out and reappears, is absorbed and comes again, is white or crimson, or golden, according to the pulses of colour which beat in the air. Yet Rose, though by charming sympathy thus easily melted into her father's moods, never lost her own individuality, but had a spring and force of selfness which held her to the centre of her own proper and distinct nature.

Her father's influence had given a full development to that all-sided sympathy both with society and with nature, which never exists without forming a rich and deep life. The result in Rose was, that she derived enjoyment from every side without effort, and almost without consciousness. She sat happily while the shrewish wrens sung, and listened to Agate, to Mother Taft, to Mrs. Polly Marble. She sat under the trees in the edges of the forest, where the shy wood-thrush sang, and with her father talked of questions as unlike familiar life as is that bird's song unlike the sound of familiar field-notes. She looked up to Dr. Buell with affectionate awe. His moral philosophy seemed no more discrepant with her father's,

because it was different, than one species of flower or tree seemed at variance with others, from which they only differed. But love is the acting force of a woman's life, and love is the organising centre. In some this element is mild, easily susceptible, and as strong at the very first as ever afterward. In others in lies deep, inaccessible, capable of transcendent power; but unreached by ordinary influences, it goes sometimes all through life undeveloped, reserved for a better life.

Rose was regarded as of an affectionate nature; but in reality the wealth of her nature lay far below the influence of daily life, and unreached. Great as therefore were the expectations which her nature excited in those fitted to appreciate her gifts, there was a power beneath, should it ever develop, that would surprise even an ardent expectation.

CHAPTER III.

TWILIGHT DAWN.

THE time had come for Barton Cathcart to enter college. He had finished his preparatory studies in a manner peculiarly like himself. His application, without any external flurry or pretence, had been intense. To a real intellectual appetite he added a pride which intensified his endeavours. A difficulty in his studies seemed to him almost like a personal insult. It roused inwardly a fire that could be laid only by victory over it. He put his life against every obstacle. His form had attained its full proportions. He was tall, athletic, nimble as a deer, strong and enduring. Though intense application took something of colour from his cheek, the necessity of much outdoor exercise had maintained his essential vigour. No one in his class ranked him in any study. No one in the village approached him on the ball ground,

or in races. His sedate kindness, his honourable spirit, joined to his scholastic ability, made him the pride of the young men, and the whole town hoped, when young Cathcart entered Amherst College, that he might "take the Valedictory."

It was Midsummer. He had been to Amherst for examination and matriculation, and was now at home, awaiting the opening term. The atmosphere on the day of whose evening we shall speak had been very pure, the sky of a deep and even solemn blue. A peculiar quality of air gave to all objects the utmost clarity. These days are formed by distant storms. Somewhere there had been thunder and mighty rains, but so far away that no other sign of it was perceived but this rare and opaline day. There was in the atmosphere a sadness and tenderness that seemed born of storms overcome. At least so Rachel felt, and so Barton thought, as the sun went down below a horizon without a line or hand's-width of cloud —and the moon shone from the opposite quarter.

The day's work was done. That charm of tender melancholy which comes so often with twilight had stolen over mother and son, as they sat in the door enjoying this silent communion the more

because so near the last of such scenes. Rachel remembered how he looked when as a babe he first lay in her arms, as if it were but yesterday. There he sat, a young man! She remembered the eras of his boyhood ; single scenes of joy and trouble stood out as if undimmed by days and distance. Her heart swelled with pride and love as she looked upon her son's face, that never looked nobler to her than in this flush of rosy twilight upon the growing moonlight. One whole period of life was closed, sealed, and put away. At her very feet opened another path, along which his manhood was to develop. Her heart prophesied success. He would return to her one day, so wise, and strong, and good, that she should look up to him, and lean her declining strength upon his.

Alice sat in the parlour, where no lamp was burning, playing melancholy Scotch airs, and singing ballads in a low and soft voice. Out in the wheat-field came a whip-poor-will, and sat upon a flat rock there, which was yet warm with the day's heat. So near was it that the shrill wail was painful. Barton drove it away. His mother half shuddered. She was not superstitious, but

yet to drive away a singing bird was almost like driving away joy from her own door. It was but a flitting thought. The bird flew, and in a field more remote tuned again its softer, sadder note.

"In a few days, Barton, you will go. The place will miss you. You have been a good son, and faithful at work. The blessing pronounced upon obedient children will surely rest upon you."

"Mother, I shall not be far away. It will not seem like a journey or a voyage."

"Ah, my son, in separations, though great distances may be more, short ones are never less painful. Absence is the main thing. Every child that goes away leaves one channel less for the heart to flow through, and throws our thoughts back into ourselves."

"I have a strange feeling, mother. I am glad and sorry both. But now that I am to go, I am impatient to be gone and to be at my work."

"It is best. Your father's blessing and your mother's heart go with you."

They sat near the door, holding each other's hands. The evening scene, the song of the whip-poor-will, the approaching separation, a vague shudder, as there arose for a flitting moment an

impression of the great out-rolling future of life, an undefined and painful thought of Rose, and now his mother's words, wrought in Barton such an intensity of feeling, that, when Rachel laid her hand upon his raven-black hair, he could no longer contain himself, but leaning his head upon his mother's lap, he wept as if the floods were broken loose. Her tears fell with his. Some words more spoken of mutual love and need, but they are not for us to record. Not to every angel even is it given to know the full meaning and sacredness of a mother's and a son's innermost communion, in a love utterly without passion, without colour of selfishness, deep as life, and stronger than death!

The next day came Dr. Wentworth, Rose, and her mother, to spend the afternoon and evening. Whatever Barton felt, no one could see by his eye or his manner that Rose's presence was more to him than that of a sister-friend.

If Barton was susceptible to the contagion of love, this was a dangerous day! Rose was in great spirits. Her love for Alice had never shown itself before in ways so beautiful. She was in sympathy with everyone, and with each upon his

own plane. Her words were not forced, but changed as gently as do pictures in a looking-glass, when in quick succession one and another passes before it.

She was more than cordial with Barton. She frankly preferred him and, without a guise or pretence, followed him with her eye and foot, just as she would have done her own brother if he were leaving home in the full expectation of literary honours. Barton, too, felt only pleasure in Rose's company. Could he have said that Rose was to him only like a sister? Yes, he could have *said* it sincerely. But is every sincere saying of course true? Do we know all that we think we do? Are there not, below what we *do* know, great depths of truth not yet made plain to us? In things of the heart our knowledge is as a little child lying in a skiff upon the ocean, seeing only the sides of the petty boat, but nothing of the great underlying sea that heaves it!

Rose believed herself to be only Barton's friend and sister—Rose was right when she thought so. Barton thought himself only Rose's friend and brother. Why, then, were there moments of sharp pain?—flashes of love-pride that seemed

for a second to lay bare the secret places of his soul, as a long flash of lightning at night sharply reveals the whole landscape in unnatural light?

Rose and Barton stood alone, talking, under the great elms that shaded Cathcart's yard.

"I am sorry that you leave us, Barton. Norwood will hardly be natural without you. But you will come home often, and I shall make father drive us over to Amherst, for you know that we are all proud of you, Barton."

Such tribute was peculiarly grateful to pride, and much pride had Barton; and yet he waited as if Rose had not yet said what he wanted.

In a low tone, as if meditating and speaking unconsciously, he said:

"You feel pride, and Alice feels love, for me."

"Alice does not love you any better than I do," said Rose, laying her hand upon Barton's arm in the most frank and familiar manner. "We both of us love you, and everybody is proud of you. I wish I felt as sure of my own brothers as I do of you. You will be good and noble, and I think that is being great."

Her words did not confer pleasure; something was wanting.

Just then came that same whip-poor-will and lit upon the flat stone in the wheat-field, and began his love-song, so loud and so near that, besides the clear whistle, which alone is heard at a distance, all the undertone of throat-music—the sucking of the breath and a reedy tenor tone—were distinctly audible. Rose stood like one at first surprised, but whose thoughts were being carried away, afar and afar off! Barton's whole soul thrilled. Was it a *bird*, or a bird-enclosed spirit, that came to him last night with his mother, and that came again to-night with Rose? Was there some omen in this coupling with its wild, melancholy song his mother and Rose, as of the two most intimately concerned in his destiny? The song was becoming painful. The stridor of its notes wrought too keenly on his nerves. And when the night-singer ceased, flew away, and began again at a distance, he felt a grateful sense of relief.

"Rose, that bird has a strange effect upon me. It came last night and sang. It seemed unearthly. What does it seem to you?"

"It affects me painfully, too. It seems to stir the imagination toward the spirit world. It

makes familiar things seem strange. Somehow I feel bewildered, as if I were neither in the body nor out. Barton, do you ever feel both happy and unhappy at the same time? Do you ever feel as if you were alone in the world? as if your thoughts took you into regions where no one could go with you, and revealed to you things which you could not utter? I often feel so. That bird has started me off to-night. I wish that I were a penetrating spirit, free from the body, and could go everywhere, and find out all things, and move freely as the air does, and as widely as the light! I feel as if something were always hovering near that I never catch. When I look on flowers it seems to me I see everything but just that secret something which makes them what they are! And when I hear some kinds of music I listen again, certain that under all the sound other sounds more exquisite are surely coming; but they do not come. When I sit in the pine-woods voices almost make themselves plain, and I am just going to hear some mystic message; but—it never comes. I believe it is because I am a woman. If I were a man, and could lay hold on the world, and have a business

of my own, I am sure I should feel differently. I could find out things; couldn't I, Barton? I am very happy, but I always seem to be waiting for something."

Poor child! There is an army of waiters in this world. The tears were running down her cheeks, and yet Rose was laughing and looking up to Barton with the most artless simplicity, as if he, like her own father, had the power of solving her problems or changing her moods.

Barton thought he had never before looked upon anything so beautiful. He never had.

The moonlight fell through the openings of the elm upon her face. The slightest breath of wind moving the pliant boughs shifted the light, which now left her head, then streamed back upon it, now again left it in twilight, and then suddenly glowed upon it with dazzling beauty.

Barton seemed inspired with a new spirit. He could never say again that he felt only a brother's love. His hour had come, and every thought and feeling of his nature rose up to tell him that of all of human kind Rose Wentworth was best beloved. He could never call her sister again. The intensity of his feeling showed everything in a

white light. In the exaltation of this sudden transport he learned that the mind may carry on many processes at once. He did not for a moment deceive himself in supposing that Rose had for him any such emotions as now filled his heart. Not for a moment did he purpose to secure her deeper interest in him by the pleadings of his own feelings. Rose stood before him as something holy, to be won, not by surprise or importunity, but by the free movements of her own nature, or not at all.

"Can I ever be that which will draw her to me of her own choice? Till then, for my own sake and for her sake, I will not speak."

"Barton," said Rose, with the most bewitching simplicity, "what are you thinking of? I know that I should love to hear what you are thinking. Do tell me?"

"Oh, Rose!—"

His voice was strained and unnatural. It was like a cry of pain. Rose trembled and drew near a step, and looked upon him almost as if she feared to see some revelation. But in an instant, Barton, with an inward effort, said in a more natural tone—

"Rose, great things have been shown me to-night. Whether I tell you or not, I leave with God, as I leave myself, and my mother, and Alice, and you, Rose, with God! Come, it is dangerous for us to remain here, the air grows damp—let us go in."

Dimly and painfully Rose began to perceive the change in Barton and its meaning. The thought that arose in her mind was quick, clear, brief, and then it sank down, down, down below all other thoughts, below all common feelings,—down below her communings with her father, below her very yearnings,—down where the soul's germs are formed, as far down as the bottom of the sea, where pearls lie undisturbed by storms, is from the top,—there fell her secret thought, and there it rested!

CHAPTER IV.

A CONFESSION.

It was plain to young Cathcart from that hour that his life had found the point on which it would turn. Had he never before suspected the secret? In all his years of familiar intercourse had he never plainly raised the question of the precise nature of his feelings toward Rose? Had there never been moods or happy moments of meeting or of parting at which the secret bore witness of the true state of things?

Many men are timid of others, and shy of revealing their secret thoughts to another. But there is a form of sensibility springing from a manly pride which work shyness of one's own self. Men refuse to think on the results of thinking. They dimly perceive what is coming and veil it. Natures capable of suffering from subtle influences guide their thoughts with as

much care and skill to shield them and spare them as they do their bodies in walking through a rocky pass or a forest filled with thorns and briars.

But in young Cathcart's case there was another fact, that his feelings had really not grown to a ripeness for disclosure. Where love is a mere passion, or where it is largely an imaginative sentiment, it is susceptible of sudden development. But when love is a leaven that silently works through the whole economy of mind and soul, and gradually pervades every part of the nature, it cannot be sudden. It cannot even be known, in its incipiency—nor discriminated from common good-will—from confidence founded upon respect, from genial sympathy, from mere likeness and unison of feeling. Love is seldom seen in its full and perfect form. For that it requires a greatness of nature that does not come often; and two natures, both large and various, yet unlike, though not discordant, are still rarer. In ordinary life the affection of love is a mere melody—the music of a single affection. But in its higher form, love is many melodies wrought into a harmony. It is a point at which every

power and faculty of one's nature comes to a unity, and the whole being becomes symmetrical and harmonious. An experience so simple in its final form, but so complex in all the elements which lead to it, is not the growth of an hour. If in some natures it springs up in youth, it must yet, like summer flowers, have gone through a development from the seed or root to the blossom and the fruit.

Barton Cathcart had not reached the fruit, nor even the blossom. He had found out what was the name of that fragrant vine which was twining around his being. But of its unfolding, and of all the clustered experiences that yet lay undisclosed within it, he knew nothing.

When Rose was going, with her family, to return home, Barton seemed calm and self-possessed outwardly, but within his feelings flowed like fast-rushing waters in moonlight, flashing the soft light from their unquiet surfaces with such abruptness that the moon would hardly know its own light, so wild and disordered did it seem! If, in the going to and fro, he was alone with Rose, he avoided her as if her presence brought pain; but, when they came again among

the families, Barton clung to her side and sported and frolicked as if they were brother and sister indeed. It was a double instinct. He would not renew with Rose that perilous conversation; and he would not disclose, by any change of manner to others, that there was in his heart any other feeling toward Rose than that which had always existed between the members of their warmly attached families.

And so had begun, in pain and struggle, that experience, whose real and final nature it is to bring peace. And, in some natures, Love is born of Peace, nourished in tranquillity, and from the first brings forth joy and peace. It knows no struggle, but only gradual development. But in other natures love has a controlling work to perform before it may rule in peace. Like a stream born in the mountains, it hides itself among rocks, it is driven over them in foam and fury, it is shut up in dark pools, and steals away through ravines and cliffs, still gathering power but finding no quiet, until, far away from its sources, it has fulfilled its course; at length its pure waters, flowing through flower-breeding meadows, rest in deep lakes, where all its agita-

tions are forgotten in deep tranquillity. Not one star that shone upon it all the way down the mountain could it reflect again except in torn and scattered beams of light. Now every star of heaven is at home in its bosom!

When Rose was gone Barton felt a joy of relief. He was calm. This is the nature of intense excitement, which brings the mind to unity. Barton went to his chamber as if nothing had happened. He calmly wondered in his own mind whether he had been greatly stirred up during the evening; he looked out of the window upon the yard and the near fields, which lay white with moonlight, and he marvelled at his own calmness. What had become of his heart? Where were his feelings?

One cricket, the first that he had heard this summer, was chirping with a shrill *cherk*—a stridulous monotone, which, in certain moods, compares well with our feelings, while in others it grates sharply against the nerve. Was there ever storm in such a hemisphere as this? Were ever these tranquil heavens black with rolling clouds? Were these trees that loom up between light and dark, as if they were spirits, ever twisted

and strained by groaning winds? Was his own soul that lay within him, as if asleep for very peace, sharply torn, whirled with revolution, agitated by fear of disclosure but an hour ago?

He sat leaning his head upon his palm by the window. A bird in the near tree sang in its sleep, and awakened by its own sweet half-strain, suddenly stopped, and left the air still. Then, afar off, he heard a dog barking. That started off another, and a peal of answering dogs rolled through the neighbourhood. One by one they dropped off, and let the stillness alone. Two men walked past, talking in low tones. It was stiller than ever when they had gone. A sigh of air moved among the trees. It was as if the night had taken a long breath. The leaves quivered, shook off some drops of dew, and fell asleep again.

There is no such lonesomeness as that which the young feel before they have applied their powers in life, and vindicated their place in society. It is dreariness. That feeling began to steal over Barton. For a moment a sentiment of pity for himself began to rise, but was suppressed by a sharp reaction of pride. The slight

conflict aroused him, and he rose to retire to bed. Behold his mother stood by his side! So silently had she entered, and so absorbed had been his thoughts, that he had not heard her footstep. How long she had watched him he knew not. There was at first a quick feeling of discovery. It seemed as if his own thoughts and fancies had been walking forth in visible form, and that his mother must have seen them.

But Rachel was a prophet. She did not need outward actions or the sound of words at least to interpret her children's thoughts. She had inward sight. To Barton's sudden interjection, or interrogatory:

"Mother!" — she made no other answer than to draw him down to his seat. The moon gave light enough to make looks and forms more emphatic than if the light had been clearer. Rachel asked no question, nor made explanation, but spoke as if announcing a result of long conversation in the thoughts.

"Barton! you are in danger of losing your mother!"

He started, and looked keenly at her as if to see if signs of sickness were on her cheek.

"I am not going to leave you. But you are leaving me."

"But, mother, how can I go to college and not leave you? I thought you were glad——"

"It is not separation that I fear, but separation of life. A change has come to you. You live in things which you do not speak about. Your life is entering into new paths, where you will need help, and will find none. There is no friend like a mother. Barton, come back to me, and don't leave me!" There was something solemn and inexpressibly tender in his mother's tone and manner. It seemed as if all motherhood lay at the door of his heart, begging to come in!

There is in every royal nature a holy of holies. A shrine within the shrine. A place of silence. The very place of germs, where thought, emotion, and being itself, begin. Into that comes not the most intimate. If any one has seen it, if any foot has trod it, we have banished ourselves and cannot return. There we meet God. There we meet ourselves. There we hide from love itself. But there a mother may come! And the soul is yet its own, though mother and God have looked upon its secrets!

Barton would have spoken, but his mother stopped him by laying her hand upon his head; and looking full upon his face with an ineffable tenderness, she said:

"Barton, tell me nothing! Only say that whenever there shall be a great fear, or—or other feeling, when you need to speak, whether it be of good or evil, of victory or trouble, that you will surely come to the place where you were born; where your head lay in infancy, where you have lived and loved freely until now! I do not need to know your thoughts, nor your purposes. But you may need to tell them. You need your mother. Promise me, that whenever your heart must disburden itself you will come back to me."

Inexpressibly affected by a manner not usual to his mother, a certain loftiness of authority, and an exquisite tenderness, Barton, like a brook pent up and at length breaking through, poured out his whole heart to his mother, so freely, so fully, so easily, that it seemed more as if he were thinking it to himself, than disclosing it to another.

"And as I stood by her, mother, a light seemed to shine out from her, and something not of my-

self seemed to come upon me with an assurance that I might speak——"

"I know—I understand it all."

"And yet, before I could speak, a pain pierced me, a darkness rose inside of me — a horror of fear that I was seeking to sacrifice Rose to my own selfish life—that I had not been called by her—that she stood in one place and I in another, and that we could never change."

"All these things are plain to me, Barton. God has given you, in part, your mother's nature. I have an insight of melancholy; but you have your father's judgment, and will control it. But now things were like to have been born out of due time. You had almost followed the inspiration of your own heart, and not the openings of Providence. Your business is not this. Neither is her time come. You must bury and hide this love, as seeds are hidden till their spring time comes. Oh, my son, it is a sacred thing to love! Be not ashamed. It is for your life. But let it be as a light burning in a secret place. When God ordains He will bring it forth. Shall He command the dayspring from on high for this poor, sinful world, and not ordain your hours and

seasons? Beware of seeking more than you earn. With what will you buy her heart? Rose is many in one. Of all that I ever knew of womankind she is alone. She comes slowly to womanhood because she brings with her so much. How have you gained a right to her? Will you not, like the patriarch, serve your term of years? Will you not, by study and true piety, bring to her by-and-by, a nature that shall command, not supplicate?"

The candle had burned low. It flamed up and threw an unwonted light upon the chamber. It sunk again and went out. Neither its presence nor its absence was noticed.

But after midnight a deep sleep was burying Barton's early troubles deeper than the bottom of the sea.

His mother saw the morning star arise. She had come forth before it.

CHAPTER V.

THE FAREWELLS.

THE earlier stages of cerebral excitement quicken the external *senses*. Objects become more clear, sound more significant, and, according to the nature of our own feelings, the exterior world is sad or gay. But a higher degree of excitement works toward reason and sentiment, and the mind is absorbed in its own creations. Nature grows dim, and passing events seem like the silent passage of dreams.

For all the next day Barton saw sunlight as if it were moonlight. He was busy in a hundred little things in town and at home, preparatory to his departure. It seemed to him as if he were putting a gulf between himself and his home. It is not alone distance, but the change of relations and of occupations that works a sense of wide separation. It was not a score of miles to Amherst, but

it seemed to Barton like putting the Atlantic Ocean between himself and the farm on which he had been reared. The air seemed full of sad farewells. The well whose windlass was so familiar to his hand, the tools with which he had laboured, the cattle and their stalls, the old threshing-floor from which his flail had sent mellow sounds through all the neighbourhood, particular trees in the orchard, gates and lanes through which he had gone so many hundred times, all of them on the eve of his going away seemed to be parts of his life, and dimly brought back his own history.

The great elm-tree by the gate, where he and Rose had stood, was, and for ever after would be, like a consecrated temple. Its choir was all day long singing in its tops, and at half hours Barton found himself under it dreaming and wondering, looking like one who had lost something or found something, he could not exactly tell which.

The old farmer neighbours, who respected 'Biah Cathcart, passing on their errands to and from town, stopped to make inquiries or to express their interest in the young man.

Old Cyrus Mills was driving past, on his way to

town, and seeing Barton in the front door, pulled up. His horse was always in favour of stopping.

"Mornin'! So you're goin' to college?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"In a day or two."

"Take stage?"

"No, sir—father's waggon."

The old man was about sixty years old, with small bones and no flesh on them, and for looks, like a weather-stained rye-straw crooked into a sickle or half a hoop.

"My boy said so. Cost a sight o' money, won't it? 'Spose you mean to preach, don't you? Most of 'em do over to Amherst. My boy's talkin' 'bout eddication too. Shouldn't wonder if Nicholas fetched it one of these days."

"Nicholas is a smart fellow," said Barton. "He ought to make a good scholar."

"Middlin'. But not so good, I expect, as his brother would ha' bin—him that's gone. I've never felt exactly right that I wouldn't let him go to college. He wanted to go awfully, and worried about it a good deal. Mebbe if I'd let him go he wouldn't ha' strained himself and got

into a decline." A juicier man would evidently have shed a tear, but old Cyrus Mills had not a drop of moisture in his body to spare, and so instead he winked nervously half a dozen times and then shut his eyes tight.

With that he commenced a series of jerks at his horse's mouth, like one ringing a door-bell. Evidently the bell was far down in the animal, for it was only after six or seven pulls, increasing in length and emphasis, that his horse awoke to the consciousness that he was called for, and began to amble along the dusty road.

Barton sat, after dinner, a half-hour by the tree, a clump of lilacs hiding him from passers-by. A waggon with two men, going toward town, came to a walk in front of the house, and Barton had the benefit of the men's opinion.

"Old 'Biah Cathcart's got a snug place—owe anything?"

"Not's I knows. 'Tain't like him. Likely got money out 'tinterest. 'll need it afore his boy gets through college."

"Oh, Barton? Yes; I've heerd. Is he one of 'em?"

"Can't tell what a boy is when he's tied to

his mother's apron-strings. Barton 's good fellow enough, but a proud cuss. It takes these proper fellows to raise the devil when they get their liberty. He'll cut a figure among the gals!"

"They say he's mighty sweet on ——."

The nag struck into a trot, and the last of the sentence was lost. Barton's cheek was scarlet. He felt like springing over the fence and dealing summary chastisement to such impertinence. That kind of trifling with his name he was not used to, and would not tolerate. Sit down, my young friend! If you undertake to call men's thoughts and tongues to account for idle and gossipping talk, you will be like a swallow that undertakes to clear the evening air of all the summer insects that fly in it.

Toward evening, on his way home from town, Elishe Townsend—familiarly called "Uncle 'Lish" —stopped for a moment. He drove a big-bellied mare, whose colt gave her a world of trouble—wouldn't keep right in her sight — would lag behind—wouldn't answer when she whinnied—would follow horses that it didn't belong to—wouldn't keep the right road, but raced into by-ways and lanes—would canter off like mad at

very little whiffet of a dog that chose to run out after it. The poor mare seemed anxious and nervous, till the naughty boy of a colt cuddled under her very neck; saying, by her manner, as plainly as words could have done,

"Oh, dear, I never shall make anything out of such a colt as this! It is a dreadful world for colts. Nobody can tell how a mare feels!"

Uncle 'Lish himself was simple, sensible, good, and merry. But, as everything has its contrasts, so he carried on the seat by his side a little terrier-dog, that didn't laugh, was not merry nor fat, but whose muzzle bristled with a pepper-and-salt coloured beard, sticking straight out every way. Shining, down among the hairs, were two eyes that looked like two hazel flames. He carried this speck of a dog evidently to punctuate his sentences; for he was the most restless little imp that ever jumped down into the waggon-bottom only for the sake of jumping up again upon the seat. He would start up and put his paws on the back of the seat, to see if anybody was behind. Perhaps they were before!—he whirled round to see. If Uncle 'Lish jerked the reins, he would bark. If the old man saluted any one, every hair

on his face seemed to open up to let out the exceedingly sharp bark that he felt it his duty to issue. And when his master stopped to talk for a moment, he always laid one hand on "Dove"—that was his name! as if he were a pistol, and liable to do damage unless he kept hold of the lock!

"And so you're goin' to college, Barton?" at which Uncle 'Lish shook his sides with laughing. "Don't, Dove!—there's a good dog. Well, I allers thought so; told your mother them black eyes wouldn't allers hunt squirrels and woodchucks." At which quaint conceit he shook again, not boisterously, but as a large jar of jelly shakes, when turned out. Dove gave a dive into the waggon, ran between his master's legs, and, looking out fiercely, he sought to balance his master's levity by the fierceness of his hair, and eyes, and ears, all of which in their several ways were working with emphasis.

"Wal, folks 'll miss you, Barton. Old farm 'll miss you, guess. Do you s'pose there's room for one o' my boys over there? He's taken to larnin'. His mother thinks we ought to have a minister." Which idea sent trembles of silent laughter all

over him, while he looked full at Barton, as if to see whether he really did take in the whole thing that he was saying.

"You mean, Robert, I suppose," said Barton, relaxing a little to the mood of the owner of the mare and the dog.

"Yes, you've guessed it. P'rhaps somebody told you? No great secret though. Been to school for a year steady. Payin' bills all time, and he airnin' nothing.' Be still Dove,—'taint nothin',—do be still! Raise a boy—expense all the way—larn him how to work—begin to git somethin' out of him—hush Dove!—then he ups and tells you he wants to go to college. There 'tis! Mother coaxes—what ails you, Dove?—bills again—all winter—all summer—boy's off—that's the last of him!" Which tragical issue of raising children seemed to Elisha Townsend a perfect comedy.

"Wal, *somebody* must go to college, you, know. May as well be our folks as anybody else's. Who knows?" And the jelly vibrated again with tremulous mirth. "Mebbe he'll preach, if he gits convarted. Then his mother and I, mebbe, 'll ride over to his parish—see him in the pulpit—

folks a lookin' up at him—and he goin' it just like Buell. Won't it pay? Guess 'twill. Anyhow 'll let him try it."

The nearest approach to a line drawn between the common people and an aristocratic class in New England is that which education furnishes. And there is almost a superstitious reverence for a "*college education.*" If a man has been to college, he has a title. He may be of slender abilities, he may not succeed in his business, but at least he has one claim to respect—he has been to college. It is like a title in a decayed family. It saves the pride and ministers pleasure to the vanity, long after it has in every other respect become utterly useless.

We suspect that an examination would show that a majority of the graduates of New England colleges were farmers' and mechanics' sons. Sometimes it is the youngest son. But, not unfrequently, it is the first-born; and, in such cases, the reflex influence upon the family itself is striking. A family that has a son in college stands higher in the neighbourhood from that hour. Every child in the family feels the influence. The girls must have more schooling;

the other boys catch the ambition. We recall an instance, where out of seven sons but one escaped the college course, and he after preparing for college was stopped by sickness.

Barton, aside from his own striking character, found himself looked upon with respect on all sides, as a young man of promise—the heir of college honours. Everybody looked at him in church. Dr. Buell shook hands with him after service, and asked when he would leave, and hoped to hear the best things of him. His father's old friends manifested their interest in him in their several ways. The boys who had played ball with him on the green, or who had hunted and fished with him, were a little proud that their Barton was going to college.

Tommy Taft, who was every year more crumpled up with rheumatism—except the wooden leg, in which he declared he never remembered to have had a single twinge of the rheumatics—was particularly triumphant over Barton, and evidently regarded the boy's success as in some manner due to his influence.

"I knew, boy—I allus know'd how 'twould be. You'll be a spanker yet. If they've got any

scholars over there that can run faster than you, I should like to see 'em, that's all. Lord, what a ball player! Excuse the swearin', Barton. You ain't a church member, you know, I never swear afore members, unless I'm mad, or—or *so so*. I don't believe there's a man over there that can throw and ketch like you; and as for battin', I never see a ball rise so like a bird and sail off through the air as yourn do. Of course you'll take the honours. You pitch quoits to a p'int and you can wrestle, side-holt, back-hug arm's length, any way, I don't care which; and as for a long pull at a race, I guess your breath wouldn't give out sooner than a blacksmith's belluses. Of course you'll be at the head of 'em all—the hull of 'em. I don't b'lieve there's a chap there that can climb as you can, or straddle a horse as well, or hold out as heavy a sledgehammer at arm's length, or throw it half as far, for that matter, as you can."

Barton could not but smile at Tommy's notions of a student's qualifications. But if old Taft was ignorant of books and college, he was shrewd enough about human nature. He had the art of touching the very marrow of people's thoughts.

He would roll up conversation, apparently as a blind, and rattle away, half in humour and half in sheer impudence, with the minister, or the lawyer, or the schoolmaster, with any church member of some pretension; but before he had done he would contrive to get in a word that went to the quick and lanced some secret tendency, or exposed some weakness which good manners usually salves over, but which Tommy Taft delighted to expose. Toward those whom he adopted into his confidence Tommy was not less acute, but he was careful of wounding.

"And so, Barton, I'm to be left alone," he began again—"I and the Wentworths," he said, with a sharp glance at Barton, quickly withdrawn. "Well, we'll take care of one another. I'll look after the Doctor, and let you know," said Tommy, lifting his great beetling eyebrows with a comical expression. "The fact is—four years, you say? Well, four years is a good while. Great many changes. Folks grow a good deal, eh? See new faces. So you may as well hurry along. What you goin' to do then? Not preach, are ye? Should hate to see you stiffen up so, Barton. Good thing—very good thing, when a man's made

for it, solid and sober. But it's hard makin' a man-o'-war out of a clipper ship. But I'm no wise consarned. It'll all steer along right. Of course, it may be necessary. I've noticed that a smart young minister is apt to have his pick and choice for marryin'. I'd advise you to go to Congress, Barton, or be governor, or somethin'. But then, if it's necessary for all your purposes to preach, I ain't no objection."

And with the last sentence he gave Barton another sharp look that, in spite of himself, brought a little colour into his cheek.

Dr. Wentworth, to whom Barton was much endeared, went aside from his usual habit, and gave him some advice.

"Barton, I am sure of your courses. I shall lose faith in human nature if you do not hold an honourable career. You are more likely to break down in health. You are too fierce in pursuit, desperate in tenacity, and you have about knowledge the same avariciousness which one sees in men in matters of money—an insatiable greed of more, to which money is only like fuel to fire. Remember that much of knowledge is growth, not accumulation. The life that one is living in

is the book that men more need to know than any other. Never outrun health. A broken-down scholar is like a razor without a handle. The finest edge on the best steel is beholden to the services of homely horn for ability to be useful. Keep an account with your brain. Sleep, food, air, and exercise are your best friends. Don't cheat them or cut their company. Don't fall into the vulgar idea that the mind is a warehouse, and education a process of stuffing it full of goods. Don't think your mind to be a pickaxe either, with which a student delves like an Irishman digging for ore. If you must have a figure, call it a sensitive plate, on which nature forms pictures. The more fine the surface and sensitive the quality, the truer and better will be the knowledge. Do not study for ideas alone, but train for condition. Get and keep a healthy brain. Keep it fine. Train it to sharp and accurate impressions. Give it lunge and vigour. Make it like a mirror, before nature, or a daguerrean plate. Barton, don't mope. Be a boy as long as you live. Laugh a good deal. Frolic every day. Keep up high spirits. A low tone of mind is unhealthy. There's food and medicine in nerve.

Quantity and quality of nerve mark the distinctions between animals and between men from the bottom of creation to the top. Now, Barton, if you come home with your cheeks sunken and your eyes staring out of a hollow pit, I will disown you. Good-bye, my dear fellow. God bless you!" said the Doctor, at the same time taking Barton's hand in both of his, and giving him a cordial adieu, which Barton felt with grateful warmth at his heart for weeks after.

Rose was never more friendly, never more open and sister-like, than when Barton came to say farewell. It was a matter of much anxiety with him. He was not altogether sure whether he had kept his secret from Rose at her visit to his father's house. He thought, he hoped that he had. Rose was so honest and frank that if she had read his heart she surely would in some way have manifested it. If she should be sensitive and uneasy, then he should infer that she had learned the secret of his heart. If she should be restrained and formal, that would indicate an effort to hide her knowledge. If she were excessively gay, and whirled along in conversation with unusual profusion, he should augur ill of that sign.

But Rose gave him no occasion for anxiety. She saw him at the front gate, and ran out to meet him, as she had always done, throwing back from her face the clustering golden brown curls, and looking into his face at once with frankness and sympathy. Nor did she leave him to begin the conversation.

"Come, Sir Collegian, you have saved your reputation. I've been thinking about you all day. The first thing when I waked this morning I said to myself, 'I wonder if that ridiculous Barton will think that our visit the other night was good-bye enough? If he does not come and spend a whole evening here he shall not be forgiven.'"

"And pray, my blooming Rose, what was the penalty that my college sense has so happily enabled me to escape?"

"Oh, Sir Brook! I had conjured every influence in nature. I had commanded the birds not to sing to you, the fish not to mind your hook, and all the flowers to flout you. When you would pull a honeysuckle then a bee should have stung you, and when you wanted a rose then a thorn should have pierced you. But all these dire things are happily avoided. Why didn't you

bring Alice with you? She is your very blossom, Barton! Aaron's rod without a blossom was but a stick. But with its blossom it was a rod of power and beauty both."

"Really, my complimentary friend, you must be content to-night with only me, for Alice is doing the last things before the eventful to-morrow, when her knight and champion departs, and she shall sit solitary, an Alice without a Barton! I am sure a blossom without a stem is as badly off as a stick without a blossom! You would think that I was a prince if you saw how daintily I am treated at home! Only father keeps to his old way. He goes on just as regular as ever; treats me as if I were twelve years old; gives me sound sentences and good judgments; holds me up sharply to everything I say, and asks my reasons. A good professor was lost when our farm got a good farmer, I'm thinking."

Rose was already an accomplished musician, and it had always been Barton's delight to listen to her rendering of music, especially Beethoven's. There is in this incomparable master, the Shakespeare of music, those elements which are sure to win all who have a genuine love of nature.

As there is hardly a scene in human life for which you shall not find some fit passage in Shakespeare, so there is scarcely a scene or sound in nature for which you may not select a strain in Beethoven which suggests or interprets it.

Rose played Barton's favourite pieces, and ended with the sweetest and noblest of them all, a portion of Beethoven's fifth symphony; of which, without exaggeration, it may be said, were all music destroyed but that, the germs of all might be found in that, and the kingdom of sound be re-created.

Then they recalled the many scenes of their childhood; they discoursed in merry mood of the future. Rose was within a year to be gone from home, for one or two years at school. Then if the Doctor could arrange his business, he proposed to travel with Rose and her mother in Europe, though this might prove a mere day-dream; and, by the time that Barton should have completed his college course, Rose would return, a woman full of accomplishments, and wise with a world of foreign sights.

When Barton had said good-bye and turned his steps homeward, he was sure of two things,

the one, that Rose was unconscious of his heart's secret; and the other, that Rose was the star of his life. And, alas! he bitterly felt that she was lifted up so far above him,—was so noble and rich in nature,—so sure to command those far more worthy of her love than he could ever expect to be, that one might almost as well follow a star in hopes of clasping it, as follow Rose through the coming years in expectation of winning her!

"What then?" said Barton to himself. "It is Rose or no one! Should God please, I shall have a completed life. Should He otherwise ordain, I shall not be the first man who limped through life striving to do his duty. I will be true to my duty, whatever comes. I will be a man, and accomplish something—so help me God!"

After Barton had left, Rose repaired to her room. She sat in her window looking upon the checkered ground, where the leaves and the moonlight played at lights and shadows with the daintiest dalliance. Rose was not a sentimental girl, in the ordinary meaning of that phrase. She was not accustomed to weave fancy scenes around her ownself and form a centre to imaginary pictures. Her life was so full and active, her whole

nature was so rounded and healthy, that she found satisfaction in the active use of her faculties day by day.

While ideality gave to every one of her faculties the quality of aspiration, this tendency was never followed by discontent. Her ideal life was not an escape from an uncomfortable reality. Her real life was full and joyous, and ideality was employed only to deepen and refine it.

Young, ardent, enthusiastic, sensitive, and sympathetic, it may seem impossible that she should distinctly know that Barton had passed beyond the period of simple friendship without experiencing a profound impression from it.

Yet so it was. She felt for Barton an undisguised affection. She never remembered the time when she did not. She believed that he was firmly attached to her.

It would be difficult to analyse the impression made by the revelation of the night of the Elm Tree. A gentle wonder possessed her, a solemn curiosity to know what his feeling was. She had not been wont to dream of love, nor to think of it, in its romantic unfoldings. Every day she revelled in the joys and duties of that day. Her

heart slumbered — slumbered without dreams. Nothing had yet overshadowed her spirit and spoken from above, in tones which rouse the sleeping soul like a resurrection trumpet. Her time had not come. And so, though she loved Barton, it was not with that commanding love which fuses all the feelings, harmonises all the faculties, and brings the whole soul under the dominion of one supreme emotion!

CHAPTER VI.

FRANK ESEL.

LIKE the sea, which never seems fuller by any amount of rain, nor emptier by any continuance of drought, so a city seems always full, even in summer, and only full in winter. The people whom you know may be gone, and the city may seem socially empty and void, but never numerically. The crowd is always there, surging along the streets, coming and going with endless industries. And yet, if one follows the great line of summer travel, he will think that the great cities must have emptied their contents into cars, steamboats, seaside hotels, mountain houses, inland mammoth caravansaries at fashionable springs, and even into the very wilderness.

In general this migrating column is guided by one of two instincts. The one part is seeking a crowd, and the other part is seeking to get rid of

a crowd. The first seem to have the majority. But it is only in appearance. At a few places, and in great numbers, they attract attention, while the far greater number, dispersed over wide territories, hidden in farmhouses, or secluded country towns, or re-visiting homes, are not easily estimated.

Commend me to their example who seek out places where daily papers are unknown—where the mail comes but twice a week—where it is so still every day that people have to make a noise on Sunday to distinguish it from weekdays—where, if a waggon drives through the town, people come to the door and wonder what has happened!

Commend me to the wisdom of those notable and excellent people who cool the fever of city life under the great elms that spread their patriarchal arms about solitary farmhouses—who exchange the street for mountain streams, make bargains with the brooks, and cast their cheats for trout rather than for men!

Yea! let me abide with the artist in fine scenery, or stroll with some learned professor, who shall put uncouth names on familiar flowers,

and let me know what bug it was that bit me, and what bird sung to me! But, above all, let me have the best of all company for a thoughtful man, good health within and solitude without! Yet solitude is apt to become exceedingly solitary and lonesome, therefore it should not long be continued. Let rare and ripe friends dwell within reach; for it is solitude that gives zest to society, and goodly company it is that prepares you for the joys of solitude. Aloneness is to social life what rests are in music. Sounds following silence are always sweetest.

The other day I got me to a solitary corner, where pine-trees, maples, and spruces had leagued against the sun and quite expelled him. There, upon a root swelling out above the ground, I sat me down, and leaning against the trunk I determined to spy out what things are done in such places. So still was I that insects thought me a tree, and made a highway of my limbs. A robin, whose near nest showed young heads, for a time nervously hopped from branch to branch near me, shrilly questioning my errand. But my placid silence soon smoothed down the feathers on its black head and won its confidence. Then

all birds chattered in those short notes which are employed for domestic purposes, and are no more to be confounded with their songs than are men's anthems to be deemed their common conversation. Birds both talk and sing. Nearly an hour I waited, and then came—what I waited for—a wood-thrush, and perched his speckled breast right over against me in a near tree. He did not look in one place more than another, and so I knew that he believed himself alone.

At once he began dressing his feathers. He ran his bill down through his ash-speckled breast, he probed the wings, and combed out the long coverts. He ruffled up his whole plumage and shook it robustly. Then, his solitary toilet completed, he flew into a tree nearer the road, where he could look out but not be seen, and began his song. It was neither warble nor continuous song, but a dainty phrasing, in single syllables, of such sweet and loving thoughts as solitude doth breed in pure and tender natures. And all this have I rehearsed that I might say, that none in life sing so sweetly as they who, like the wood-thrush, sit on the twilight edge of solitude and sing to the men who pass by in the sun-light outside.

It was this union of seclusion and publicity that made Norwood a place of favourite resort, through the summer, of artists, of languid scholars, and of persons of quiet tastes. There was company for all that shunned solitude, and solitude for all that were weary of company. Each house was secluded from its neighbour. Yards and gardens full of trees and shrubbery, the streets lined with venerable trees, gave the town, at a little distance, the appearance of having been built in an orchard or a forest-park. A few steps and you could be alone—a few steps, too, would bring you among crowds. Where else could one watch the gentle conflict between sounds and silence with such dreamy joy? or make idleness seem so nearly like meditation? or more nimbly chase the dreams of night with even brighter day-dreams, wondering every day what has become of the day before, and each week when the week had gone; and in autumn what had become of the summer, that trod so noiselessly that none knew how swift were its footsteps! The town filled by July, and was not empty again till late October.

There are but two perfect months in our year —June and October. People from the city usu-

ally arrange to miss both. June is the month of gorgeous greens—October the month of all colours. June has the full beauty of youth—October has the splendour of ripeness. Both of them are out-of-door months. If the year has anything to tell you, listen now! If these months teach the heart nothing, one may well shut up the book of the year.

Three years had Barton Cathcart been gone, and had ceased to be missed. Neither the sea nor society will keep open its gaps. Waters and men fill every opening. His vacations, year by year, returned him to his friends the same, to the town more and more another man. The brain gives expression to the body. Barton's face had become more thoughtful. His features were more definite. Rose had been gone for the most part during the three years.

Norwood had never been more cheering than during this third year of Barton's absence. It was overflowing with visitors. They were nested in farmhouses, in boarding-houses, in hotels. Some came for a few days, lounged, fished, and departed. Some came for the season. Children were as plenty as flowers. Picnics were in vogue. Rides and excursions occupied much time. The

sober Yankee people looked with a doubting eye upon the waste of so much precious time. But as the money spent went into their hands, they every year grew more inclined to accept the swarm of idlers as a Providential gift.

This year came Frank Esel, a young artist. One of his Boston cronies described him thus: "Frank is a pint of brown stout, with a rich creamy foam on it; if you will blow off the foam you will find some drink." This figure must not prejudice Frank Esel's temperance reputation. He was not a *bon vivant*; and his only intoxication was that of his own excessive good spirits. Of a florid complexion, befitting a sanguine temperament, with brown hair which curled all over his head, blue eyes which were a perpetual invitation to laugh, Frank was the best company possible. Nothing disturbed him. His good spirits foamed and sparkled over checks and obstacles that annoyed other men, as a merry brook turns every impediment into an occasion of bubble and music. His resource of health and hilarity seemed inexhaustible. He was, without a particle of coquetry, a dazzling ladies' man; and, what is more remarkable, Frank, a universal favourite, received with marked par-

tiality, and encouraged by generous favour, was not spoiled nor corrupted into puppy conceit. He retained his honest heartedness and all his disinterestedness and frolic with as little harm from admiration as if he had been a bed of flowers, and did not understand the admiration lavished on him. He played passably well upon the piano, and could sing a serenading song to the guitar that, if the night was bewitching and the listeners romantic, was accounted very well done.

If one looks out upon New York harbour, after an eastern storm, he will see it covered with craft, that brood upon its surface in flocks like wild fowl: nor can the eye at a distance tell why they hold their places, swinging but a little way with the changing tide, facing the wind obstinately, and refusing to be blown away. Every one is rooted. The anchor is its root.

If men are found in life much tempted and yet firm in principle, there is an anchor somewhere. It may be a sweetheart, or a sister, or a mother, or a wife, or a father, or some old staunch teacher. Men anchor each other. Frank's anchor was his mother. She was his ideal of all excellence—the

sea into which his heart emptied. On the way toward her his heart, like a copious river, might cherish islands, or branch and shoot out into bayous; these were but delays of that stream which set steadily forward to his mother. She was not only his most intimate companion, but he seemed to gather up in his heart all those affections which are usually distributed under the several heads of son, lover, husband. His father had been dead for several years. He was her only child. The first word on entering home was Frank's call—"Mother!" and, like a bird to its mate's call, a gentle rustling, as of a bird flying through leaves, answered. His face was a glow of fond admiration. He praised her, and laughed over her, and flattered her, and danced about her, with an exhilaration of joy that seemed never able to tire itself. His mother was slender, pale, and beautiful. Frank was strong and elastic. He would catch his mother in his arms and rush with her nimbly, as if she were but a blossoming spray, into the garden to show her some new beauty. Once a friend, coming on invitation to tea and to spend the evening, was surprised at seeing Frank dash through the door with his

mother in his arms, chiding him all the way with fond protest and proud acquiescence, and set her down at his feet, blushing and a little dishevelled, with the introduction—"Horatio, this is my mother!" She, with native grace, extended her hand to her surprised and amused guest, saying—"Excuse my spoilt child, and pardon me; I must have been very delinquent to have brought up such a turbulent fellow"—looking upon him all the while with eyes beaming with love. It was fortunate that her property abundantly sufficed for the wants of both. He had a world of capacities; a talent for music, a talent for poetry, a talent for painting, a talent for landscape gardening, and for architecture. But, like a flower-bed too thickly planted, his talents seemed to smother each other. None of them could get ahead. One talent he lacked—that of making money. But this was compensated by a rare facility of spending it. To be sure, he had no bad habits. His tastes were not expensive. He never threw away money. It only disappeared! It oozed out like wine through a wormy stave, drop by drop. It melted in his palm like a snow crystal, which dissolves while you look at

it. It rose and departed as the drops of dew in the morning do from grass and leaf. It evaporated as delicate perfumes do, and left no trace behind.

"What *has* become of my money? I am sure my pockets have been picked! I have not put my hands into my pocket to-day, mother. Somebody must have done it for me!"

"Really, Frank," would answer his mother, in the most genial and humorous manner, "I think you blame yourself needlessly. I must have forgotten to give you any this morning. I am getting old. I see it by the failure of my memory in such matters."

"Mother, how wicked you are! You know that I had twenty-five dollars only yesterday, and that I have had no expenses, and that there is not a penny left, and that I am a bankrupt and a spendthrift, and that it is never safe to give me money!"

Sure there never was such gentle quarrelling before! It was an encounter like two butterflies, that go gracefully whirling round each other in the air. On the whole, Frank's mother seemed so proud of her gay and beautiful boy, that one would be inclined to think that, on the whole, she

was glad that he could not keep his funds. When before did the son have all the conscience and heap on himself a wealth of blame and chiding? and the parent defend him and palliate the faults, and justify every infirmity?

How many young heirs will pray for such a mother as soon as they have read this? But then they must be such sons!

It was not money alone that Frank found it difficult to trace. He could as little tell what had become of his time and various labours. Returning home from his studies he would exclaim:

"Really, it does not seem as if I had accomplished a thing this whole week!"

And it is but just to him to say that he was usually right in his judgment.

And yet everybody liked Frank. Everybody respected him. He was true and sound at heart. He had excellent judgment and fine taste. But that invisible nerve of continuity and combination was lacking. Bring a case to him and his counsel would be excellent; but to conduct a series of cases from day to day, especially his own, he could not. He studied life much as butterflies study botany—a little here, a little

there, daintily, beautifully, superficially. But his pure, fresh, enthusiastic love for his mother was the one exception. That never varied nor changed. That was the one constant force of his life, and held him grandly in the orbit of virtuous manhood.

Well, artists must go into the country in summer, and Frank was an artist. He painted, and therefore must sketch. His mother could not be persuaded to leave home. She was a flower that would not bear transplanting, and must be left to grow where it sprouted. But him she resolutely sent away. His letters should cheer his absence.

"I shall comfort myself in thinking, Frank, how much you are seeing and learning. It will not do for a young fellow to be tied up at home. You must push out into the world some time, and you may as well begin now."

And so it was that he came to Norwood. Some extracts from his letters will give his view of the place and its society.

"One disadvantage of this place I find to be, that it is too generally beautiful. It serves the purpose of pleasure rather than of study. It seems

absurd to come all the way to the Connecticut river to study a clump of grass or to draw an elm-tree. The scenery of the valley is charming to the eye, but diffuse and impossible of representation by the pencil. However, I am not confining myself to landscape. I am studying figures. I have several studies of cattle which good judges admire. I have also a capital barn-yard scene—hens, ducks, &c. I have found some most comical people, and have taken lively sketches of them, which I know you will like.

"Last week I did my drawing with a pole. I drew fish—out of the brook. This I learned from some New York artists. I begin to understand metropolitan art. A brandy-flask, a fishing rod, and a fast nag, are the proper furniture! Study? I begin to have new light upon the joys of summer studies! I divide the artists that *do* study into two classes—those on whom nature works, and those that work on nature. Of the former no doubt there are many, but I have not yet met them. Of the latter we have some precious specimens. There is one big fellow here whom I found sitting before a most charming view, busily at work painting a board fence, with a pig-

weed growing by it, and talking about conscience, and painting only 'what he sees.' He has been working a week, and several knot-holes are yet to be painted in his fence. I looked over his sketches last night. He has one toad, a clump of plantain leaves, a pile of wood, and a heap of stones. I asked him why he selected such subjects. He said 'that there could be no true success without humility. An artist must paint what he sees. Nothing in nature is to be despised. He should begin at the bottom and work his way up. It is man's arrogance and egotism that lead him to disdain these lower forms of existence. A conscientious artist, if humble, would not select only the garish things of nature, but stoop to her lowliest creatures.'

"I replied—'Art is not like science, to investigate and register all natural objects and phenomena. It attempts to work out its end solely by the use of the beautiful, and the artist is to select only such things as are beautiful.' But he would not listen. And so I recommended him to try an ant-hill next, and if he succeeded to advance to a potato field. I wish I had his patience and self-denial, however. He is very

poor, but refuses to paint anything that will sell, for fear he will sacrifice his art. By-and-by hunger will drive him to some other work."

* * * *

"My dearest mother, I am a hero! All the town says so. It is fearful how I am admired and praised! My head is turned with compliments, and my heart is gone entirely! Let me tell you. Day before yesterday I was sauntering along the street, when I heard an outcry. Looking down the road I saw a horse dashing wildly toward me, and a young woman, who had entirely lost control of him, sitting in the buggy. She looked like marble for paleness and for perfect stillness. Every one seemed horror-struck. The horse was coming toward me at a fearful rate. To head him off was impossible. To catch him a desperate undertaking. I did not stop to think. My head was like a globe of light. My whole body was a brain. I made toward the horse in such a way that I could grasp at his bridle from the side as he passed. To do this firmly and without mistake, was as necessary for my safety as for the lady's. I hardly can tell how I succeeded in doing it. I only know that

every step I took I was more and more determined to succeed—I had no sense of danger. I grasped the reins close by the bit, and was at first swung from my feet. But my weight checked a little his speed, and with a desperate effort I flung my left arm about his neck, and with my right arm I blinded his eyes, hanging with my whole weight upon his head. The horse seemed staggered and bewildered. Some one dashed past me and cried, 'Hold on to him a minute!' I could not see what he did, but learned afterward that a man named Hiram Beers had snatched the woman out of the waggon. The horse began to plunge. I heard voices crying out, 'Let him go—let him go!' My strength began to fail me. But just as I felt like giving way, a black fellow came to my rescue, and soon seemed to subdue the horse in a wonderful manner.

"But a great crowd had gathered about the young woman. Just as I came near she came through the opening people toward me, as beautiful a creature as ever I looked upon—fine full features, golden chestnut hair (you see the artist will stick out). She came straight to me, and

said with infinite sweetness and wonderful solemnity—'I thank you, sir, for my life—and my father—' and in uttering that name her heart seemed to give way, and she wept like a child.

"Everybody cried, 'Rose, step right in here, and rest you a minute,' cried one. 'Rose, let me help you home,' said another. Everybody knew her but me. Just then came the parish minister, a fine, elderly man, who almost took her up in his arms, and leaning on him, with some little help from me, she reached home. She would not let me go. I was struck with her self-command. Any other girl that I ever saw would have fainted. She seemed solemn, as one just come out of great danger; but neither flurried nor discomposed. Her father is the chief physician in this region, and universally beloved and looked up to. He has a grand head. I should like to paint it as I saw it, when he came in. There was a hundred years of love, and gladness, and fear, united in that one look. Every line on his face flashed magnificently. Her mother—a fine woman, too—folded the child in her arms, without a word, and both seemed as if rapt in prayer. The Doctor took me with both his hands. 'Hiram

has told me of your noble courage. I am your debtor for my whole life. Excuse us all now, but I shall see you to-night, and we must know more of you.' I need not say that I was much touched, and scarcely less when Dr. Buell, as I learned his name to be, in the most tender and earnest manner, laid his hands upon my head, and said, with tears in his eyes, 'The blessings of this whole town, young man, are yours! and may the blessing of the Lord for ever abide upon you.' If anybody thinks that Yankee people have no hearts, I wish he could have gone back with me to the hotel. At every door-yard stood the people—the women with tears in their eyes—and all of them stepped out to thank me, and shake hands. A white-faced man, scholarly-looking, rather precise and genteel—Judge Bacon, they called him—stepped out to me, with a good deal of excitement. 'It was very well done of you, young man; a remarkable thing; very remarkable. It will be a credit to your whole life.'

"When I got back to the hotel, Hiram Beers was lecturing about me, and, as soon as he saw me, he stepped up.

"'I want to shake hands with you, young man.

I've seen a good deal about hosses in my day, but that was about the darndest thing yet. A hair more or less, and you'd got all you wanted yourself. I giv you up when I saw you puttin' at his head. Says I to myself, there's a curly head gone. But, when you struck him sideways and then quirled your arm over his neck, I saw that you knew what you's about. I never saw anything cuter. You've done enough for one day, I guess, and you'd better go in and git your supper. But when you want a horse to ride, young man, jest call on Hiram Beers.'

"My darling mother, I wish that you were here. I am never happy but I wish for you. And now, I am sure, you would be very happy. I shall write you every day."

CHAPTER VII.

"*Norwood, October* 10, 1857.

"A DISCOVERY, my darling mother!—a discovery! We are related! I don't mean that you and I are. You already have a suspicion of *that*. But Miss Rose and her mother are our relations! But let me tell it in the order of history.

"The next morning after the runaway, in which Miss Rose and I figured, I made my call to inquire for her health; and when I left I became very anxious about my own—that is the health of my heart! The Wentworths live in a grand old mansion, surrounded with grander old trees. I'm going to send you some studies of them. The front yard is ample, and from the gate to the house it is some sixty paces. As I was walking up, looking on one side and the other at the fine flower-border, and up into the tops of the high hanging elms, and half thinking on the

proper things to say, Miss Rose herself appeared at the door, and advanced to meet me with a cordiality as warm as if she had known me as long as you have, and with a fervour of manner which I know not how to describe. I forgot to say that Dr. Wentworth called upon me last night, and spent an hour with me, and learned all about my family connections, so that Miss Rose was spared any awkwardness of inquiring who I was. You used to tell me, mother mine, that boys could not understand how mothers felt. Now, oh mother dear, allow me to assure you that mothers cannot imagine how boys feel. For instance, how I felt when a noble woman, of perfect self-possession, with a countenance beaming with sympathy, looked me full in the face with an unwavering look of real gratitude! You know I thought myself rather an accomplished ladies' man; but, upon my word, it seemed to me for about five minutes that I was the girl and she the man. She was perfectly self-possessed and I was confused. Her manner was not that of a school-ma'am, either, nor of a strong-minded woman. It was exquisitely gentle. It was what we call *large*, in a picture. I don't know. She seemed

to me like a candle, in which her body was only a wick, and her spirit, surrounding it, was like the flame;—or like a flower, which is a centre, surrounded by an atmosphere of fragrance. Do you begin to see, mother? If not her, do you see me? —that I am intoxicated,—an idol worshipper?— altogether given up and gone in love? Don't be alarmed or jealous. I am, as usual, in a trance of admiration, and when the enthusiasm abates a little, I will let you know what my real state is.

"It seems that Miss Wentworth is a bold and skilful driver of a horse—that she had gone on an errand of charity to a near manufacturing neighbourhood, and was returning with this young and high-spirited horse. Just as she entered the village a peddler's cart, full of tin ware and all manner of trumpery, had wandered off and taken its bareboned horse along with it. The animal was feeding, without regard to the convenience of the waggon, and working its way more and more up a very steep bank, just as Rose came past, the upper wheel mounting a stone, the cart came over bodily, and down toward her came the shining stream of cups, pans, strainers, colanders, graters, and the whole catalogue of Yankee notions. Her

horse was thoroughly scared. Neither her voice nor the reins could manage him. And, as is usual with horses, his fright grew with the very speed at which he fled from danger. She laughed heartily as she told it—'Never was such an onset made upon flesh and blood before! If my horse had not done it for both of us, I do believe that I should have run away myself from such a clatter and the sight of such a motley mess of kitchen utensils!'

"Mrs. Wentworth, you should know, came from Boston, and as we were talking of Cambridge and of you and your maiden name, she said that she had cousins of the name of Landor, and so we fell to the pursuit of relationship; and at length it turned out that she was your third cousin. I arose and made Miss Rose a low bow, and begged her to accept as a relation her fourth cousin—Frank Esel!

"It seems, too, on further talk, that we have many common acquaintances in and around Boston. She spent three years there, partly at Prof. Agazzis' school and partly in the study of music and art. I am charmingly at home already in Norwood. I have now a kind of home, for Dr.

and Mrs. Wentworth invited me with the manner of command to make myself at home with them. And never was the virtue of obedience more comely in my eyes. Blessings for ever on the tin-peddler, on runaway horses, and on the heroines that preside over such occasions!"

* * * * *

"*October* 20*th.*

"I am going to school! I have found a real academy of art! Dr. Wentworth knows everything. He is like the coast of Maine where I sketched last summer,—it makes no difference where you come down to the shore, it is deep water at once. You know that I am not *very* conceited, just as little as will do, and yet be an artist. But it is not in human nature not to put on some slight appearance of knowledge; and, wishing to inspire respect in Miss Rose for my abilities, I thought I could surely venture in my own department!

"I don't know how she did it, but, in an hour, I felt as though I was a born fool. Miss Rose has the kindest heart and the most truthful tongue that I ever met! She is tender of everybody's feelings; yet no one can be long with her and

not see everything in clearer light, in higher relations, with a more minute accuracy; and this advancement in one's own perception works in him the sense of his own inferiority. When I am alone, nature seems to me a vast congeries of wonderful things. But when I am with Miss Rose, nature rises before me in new aspects,—it has a unity, a meaning, a fruitfulness of sentiment that I never dreamed of. Does she sharpen my wits? Or is it that she suggests new ideas? I don't know; probably both. She knows every plant that grows in this region in the same easy and natural way that she knows all her neighbours. She can tell me the floral calendar of every month. She knows the structure of plants,—vegetable physiology, of course; but, in her way of conceiving things, plants have a domestic life, and I find myself insensibly under her influence, regarding these groups of plants as having a sort of semi-human life. Miss Rose speaks of the dispositions of the various plants and of their private habits very much in the same way that one would of their neighbours. I believe that she is as familiar with birds, insects, and animals, as she is with the vegetable kingdom.

"She made a remark yesterday that struck me.

"'What it was worth while for God to create, and what He thinks of importance enough to continue from generation to generation, ought to seem to intelligent persons of sufficient importance for them to study.'

"At another time she said:—

"'I hear people call this natural world "God's Book of Nature"—which means, I suppose, the Bible of Nature; and yet they leave the greatest part of it unread. What would be thought of a Christian who should leave four-fifths of the other Book of God unread, unlooked at?'

"I have ridden on horseback twice with Miss Rose and a party of several others; have been at two pic-nics, one fishing excursion, and at one sailing party—if that can be so called where we rowed all the way, and never lifted a sail. She was the life of the party. No one can be dull where she is. She has much humour and an exuberance of spirits, without the slightest turbulence or frivolity. Her lightest words and merriest have depth in them. They are like the wrinkles of wind and flashes of light that run along the surface of deep water; and yet she seems to enjoy in others the

utmost gaiety and even that frivolity which high spirits are apt to produce. By the way, Miss Rose rode the very horse whose running away brought me to so much happiness. Good courage that!"

"*October* 21*st.*

"Your letter of the 19th is now in my hand. Is it not a real mother's letter? Is it not *my* mother's letter, such as nobody else in the world could write? But, sober mother, I have misled you in my whirling enthusiasm for Miss Wentworth. When will you learn that your boy is an enthusiast — foams first and settles afterwards? The first week after I met the goddess I was like a great stream rushing through a narrow passage, and so, as you may imagine, I was thoroughly tumbled. But I am spread out in the meadows now, and am running very tranquil.

"Why, oh loving inquisitor! Rose Wentworth is no more for me than is the Queen of England? I should as soon try to buy the Koh-i-noor, to wear in my bosom. I have not taken leave of my senses. I admire her more than any human being that ever threw light on my path—but love is another thing."

"By the way, I had a comical time, a few

nights ago. An odd creature, Tommy Taft by name, was standing at the Doctor's yard-gate as I came out. He has a striking face, and very singular manner; both jolly and rude, and yet not altogether unpleasing.

"'Good evening, sir. Is Miss Rose at home?'

"'She is,' I replied.

"'Do you know whether she's going to Boston soon?'

"'I do not. I am not apprised of Miss Rose's future intentions.'

"'P'rhaps the young cap'n's a relation of the family?'

"I was a little vexed with his manner even more than his direct questions, which fact he saw before I could speak.

"'Mussy on us, how quick young folks take fire nowadays! Hope an old fellow that's known the family ever since there was a baby in it, can ask a civil question about it. P'rhaps you don't want questions asked? Well, shouldn't wonder!'

"'Who are you,' said I, peevishly, 'that you stop me here?—' My sentence was cut short by the arrival of Dr. Wentworth, who familiarly addressed this queer jumble of wood and flesh.

'Why, Tommy, you're better of your rheumatism! Glad to see you getting about—but you must take care of this night air. Come in. Rose has something for Mother Taft. She was going over presently with it.'

"'That's jest the reason I shan't go in, Doctor! And if you think it'll fetch her over, you may tell her, that Mother Taft is poorly, and that she can't bring nothin' into that house that'll do her half so much good as her own face. Have ye heerd anything from Barton Cathcart lately, Doctor? How's he gettin' along? They tell me he beats the hull class, and is the fust man there. Only one year more, and then he'll be home; and, to tell the truth, Doctor, I'd give more to see him in Norwood once more than all the scrumptious city folks in the land!'

"The Doctor laughed, bid Tommy go home, and passed in. 'Who *is* this Cathcart, I wonder?' I said to myself. The next afternoon Miss Rose was sitting in the morning-glory nook, as it is called, or rather she was sitting before it, and working upon a picture of it. She has in her portfolio the sketches of all the favourite points about home,—Honey-suckle bower; The Green-

house in Winter; The Elm-tree; The Evergreen Twilight; and a dozen others. For though the Doctor's grounds and garden seem, in a general view, much like any other gentleman's highly-kept grounds, yet I have learned from Miss Rose that each part has something distinctive in it. The Doctor fancies that there are certain analogies between plants and thoughts or sentiments, and his whole ground is arranged upon some basis of mental philosophy, which Miss Rose promises that her father shall unfold to me.

"I am sure I never saw such a collection of Ipomeas and Convolvuluses before, and though this evening they were shut up, all except the *Buona nox*, which opens at evening and closes in the morning, she found enough to do with her pencil upon the leaves and vines. 'In the morning the blossoms and at evening the foliage,' said she. 'Of all flowers, this is, perhaps, the most remarkable in sentiment—of all that grow in our climate, at any rate.'

"'What sentiment do you suppose a flower to have, Miss Rose?' said I, more to hear what she would say than to criticise her remark.

"'The sentiment which it naturally inspires

in him that looks on it. What do you think of when you look upon a trellis of morning-glories in full blossom?'

"'Why I should think they were glorious!'

"'Is that all? and you an artist.'

"'Why should an artist see any more than anybody else that has good eyes?'

"'Then why is he an artist at all? No man has any call to an artist life unless God has enabled him to see in nature what it is not given common eyes to see.'

"'But a man cannot see what is not to be seen.'

"'That's a blind man's reason for not being a guide to others.'

"'But what do *you* see, Miss Rose, that I do not?'

"'Perhaps nothing. I am not an artist. You are. Many think they are artists because they have facility in copying what they see. But this is as if a man should copy a Spanish poem in beautiful handwriting, without understanding a word of the language, and then call himself a poet!'

"I felt the colour come in my face. A man

does not like to be held up between the finger and thumb, as if he were a butterfly, not even if the operator is a beautiful girl, and her face full of quiet roguery, and her manner ever so gentle.

"I certainly did not intend rudeness, in my reply, though I committed it. It seemed for the moment as if Miss Rose had pointed her remarks to me personally and disparagingly, though a moment's reflection might have satisfied me that having never seen anything of mine beyond the merest sketch, she could not have intended a criticism. But, for the instant, I drew back from the subject, and just then my last night's scene with Tommy Taft occurring to me, I inquired somewhat abruptly—'Miss Rose, who is Barton Cathcart?'

"The moment I had said it, I felt that it looked like a hidden question designed to surprise her confidence. If it had been, it would have failed of its aim. She certainly looked surprised, but neither angry nor annoyed. I hastened to relate the scene of the night before with Tommy Taft, which amused her not a little. I added:

"'He watched me, very much as a dog hangs round a suspicious character, determined to know what he has come for.'

"Miss Rose was even more amused at Tommy Taft's supposed vigilance. She went on painting a touch here, a laugh, another touch, another laugh. Then I thought a certain sadness fell upon her face. It was but a transient shadow. She turned to me frankly, and said:

"'I could wish that you knew Barton Cathcart, and if you will return next summer, you shall, for he will have graduated then, and will be at home, I presume. You could not but like him. He has been my familiar friend from childhood—a brother, almost as much as my own brothers—till he left for college. He has grown much since then in every way, though I have seen him but a little. He is one of those deep natures that it is worth your while to have for a friend—a deep well, that never dries.'

"'Is he good-looking?'

"'Everybody is handsome whom you love and respect. But Barton does not need any such gloss. His figure is fine, and his countenance noble.'

"'Does he talk well?'

"'Father says that the best talkers are those who know how to be silent. Barton listens more than he speaks; but when he does speak, one is never tired of hearing him.'

"'Your description is relishful. Pray tell him that I am coming again next summer and on purpose to make his acquaintance.'

"'He is a true husbandman. His friendship does not reap alone. It sows as well. You are always the richer for his company.'

"'I rather dread these "improving" people—these good folks that go round building everybody up. I have an Aunt Shillingby, one of the kindest hearts alive, but wherever she goes she is bent upon "doing good," and she moralises and talks, and advises and questions, and incessantly races with her tongue, till I feel as if I had been travelling on a dusty road. I want a brush and towel to get down to my own flesh again.'

"'Expect no lectures from Barton Cathcart. But he has a vital nature peculiarly stimulating, but in no wise demonstrative or noisy. The sun is no mechanic because it builds up all the world's growths. The winds are not engineers

because they urge ships and mills. A man may stimulate your whole nature without officious or garrulous habits.'

"After a moment's pause, Miss Rose turned to me, and said:

"'Cousin Frank'—she had never called me so before—'you must excuse my enthusiasm about Barton. We grew up like brother and sister, although very differently situated in life. He came by his noble nature both from his father and his mother. Barton is a world too sensitive for his own good, capable of being a hero, and quite as capable of becoming a fanatic.'

"'A fanatic, Miss Rose? And is a nature that has the fanatical element in it capable of heroism?

"'He has the heroic element, in that he is strong, patient, capable of suffering without complaint, and because on occasion he would give everything in the world, his life itself, for that which he loved or for whatever he considered just and right. As to fanaticism, father says that it is the fermentation of strong natures, who, not having outlet for their feelings, grow inwardly, until they mistake their own feelings

and thoughts for outward realities. I can easily imagine circumstances in which Barton would see the whole world in the colour of his own heart.'

"I do not know why I should dislike what Miss Rose said of Cathcart—I do not. Yet, for some reason, I did not take a fancy to him. Perhaps I shall when I see him.

"I returned to the subject of art:

"'Miss Rose, you were speaking a little while ago of that which gave a man the right to call himself an artist.'

"'I suppose *being* an artist gives the right to the name. My father, you must understand, is my instructor in all my philosophy. My opinions are a pale reflection of his. He divides men of your calling into two classes—decorators and artists; and artists again into those that please and those that teach. The former paint for the senses and not for the soul. They are copyists of Nature in her more material aspects. They have no soul behind their eyes. They see only matter, not mind, in nature. An artist ought to see grace, beauty, tenderness, and subtle fancies in nature, which common eyes fail to see; and when he

reproduces an object it should seem more attractive to common eyes than the original is, because the artist has expressed in colour something more than others would have seen. Father says that it is the amount of oneself in a picture that determines whether it is made by an artist or an artizan.'

"'Bravo, bravo! You shall give lectures, to convince ninety-nine in every hundred artists that they have no vocation! With such views as these before my mind, I shall never try my pencil again. What! Frank Esel going about to express in his picture what Nature did not express! Never shall a young gentleman so humble as I am be so presumptuous! I shall burn my brushes!'

"'It may be all well for you to burn your brushes, but not for such reasons. I do not say that Nature does not express all and more than art will ever represent; but one part of her truth Nature expresses to the senses, and another and far higher, through the senses, she expresses to the soul. It is this second and higher kind of beauty and truth that an artist should bring forth and throw visibly upon his work. But I think your raillery is right. Pray excuse me for my

lecture; but, if it had been my father, Mr. Artist, you would have gathered more ideas.'

"'And less pleasure.'

"'Though he would not have let you off in so short a time.'

"'Its brevity is the only fault of your discourse.'

"'But there come the girls! No, you must not go. We three young ladies have no beau to-night but you, and you must not deny your services. Miss Laura Bacon and Alice Cathcart came with their parents to an informal tea; and, as every well-arranged table is twice set—for the eyes as well as for the palate—we shall draw upon your skill for help, Sir Artist!'

"I could not but admire the grace of her carriage. You know how much I criticise the careless and slovenly way in which young ladies are permitted to carry themselves. If one had to choose between a fine and graceful carriage of one's person, and beauty of face, I think ladies would consult their interest by choosing the former. Miss Rose is a splendid walker. Her body moves as if it were floated in the air rather than propelled from the ground. Yet you feel that there is an

elastic tread and a firm hold upon the ground. I have never seen her move nervously or, indeed, in any haste. She expresses deliberation, but suggests nimbleness.

"We went to the house. The tea-table was already spread. I was sent to collect leaves, with special instructions,—both green leaves and coloured ones, oak-leaves, chestnut-leaves, hickory, and liquidamber—the most star-like of all leaves. Of coloured leaves—maple, yellow, and scarlet, the crimson of the *Nyssa*, and that glowing and brilliant thing—the sumach-leaf.

"While I was gone, came Judge Bacon and his slightly stately wife; 'Biah Cathcart and his dark-eyed wife; Dr. Buell and his feeble wife; old Mr. Edwards and his sister. Every one seemed at home—went where they pleased, did as they pleased. But, although an artist, I was learning of Miss Rose how to adorn a table with materials so common as to be within every one's reach, and which, in the end, were so effective that I am sure I never saw table more charming in my life.

"Green leaves were first pinned together by their own stems into a plat, and then made into circular *mats*—the points of the leaves well-

advanced; and upon each one of these green mats rested a pure white china plate. Thus oak-leaves, hickory-leaves, maple and liquidamber alternating, seemed sprouting from beneath every dish. A bowl had been arranged with selected grasses, and the butter-dish set in it in such a manner that the golden butter was fringed with the grasses from which it came. For the honey, which was snow-white and taken from the Doctor's own hives, Miss Rose had herself collected white-clover blossoms, and arranged them upon a green base of red-clover leaves, so that the dainty comb seemed to rise up out of the very flowers which had yielded it.

"The large silver waiter which contained the tea-things rested upon a broad ruffle of coloured leaves—yellow and scarlet maple-leaves, golden-coloured hickory-leaves, deep purplish leaves of the sweet-gum, and they were so arranged that the highest point of colour was at each end, and a gradation of colour tending all the way back to green, resulted in the front in a real summer-green tuft of leaves. I was never more struck with the effects which can be produced by a skilful use of mere foliage, without flowers, and I never before felt how coarse are the heaps and stacks of

flowers which are piled upon decorated tables in comparison with this delicate and almost flowerless use of leaves. It was inexpensive beauty, requiring but a few moments to prepare it, and tended to connect social enjoyment with natural objects in a manner that is characteristic of this whole household.

"While I was busy with the young ladies,—Miss Rose I have described,—Miss Alice Cathcart, a dark-haired beauty, something shy and silent,—Miss Mary Bacon, a blonde, tall, slender, glittering, but sharp, positive, and selfish,—the latter quality, however, carried like a sword in a scabbard of politeness;—while, I say, I was tearing myself away from the gentlemen and devoting myself disinterestedly to these three young ladies, the gentlemen were sitting under the great elm conversing. This is a wonderful tree. It is the Doctor's temple. Probably no tree in the State has heard as much discourse as this one. It was a glorious sunset. The air was calm. The whole atmosphere was suffused with a vaporous golden light. It was a translucent flood, and its waves rolled upward to the very zenith. A strange glow fell upon all the village. Trees and houses

seemed glorified, and were transfigured. At its height, so marked had this become, that people were calling to each other to come out and see the sunset. We all went forth. Miss Rose shaded her eyes, and looked with a solemn rapture full at the sun, now tempered in the peculiar atmosphere to a mildness tolerable to the eye. Miss Alice sat as if she were fallen into a trance. Miss Bacon treated nature in an obliging way, as if she felt it proper to recognise the very polite and agreeable manner in which the sun was taking leave.

"I am strangely affected by Miss Rose, as by no other person in the world! I am drawn to her irresistibly. She is good, she is true, she is simple, she is beautiful, and yet this fascination is not love! She sobers me. I do not feel the exhilaration in her presence that I do with others. Life seems deeper; nature more solemn. She has power to stir my soul, even if she does not influence my heart!

"As twilight came on, the gentlemen were summoned to tea. This old mansion seems made for hospitality. The very air in it seems to whisper to every one, be happy. Besides my own

darling mother, never was so motherly a woman as Mrs. Wentworth. She is always genial, often gay, and sometimes brilliant. But in every mood a serene kindness beams from her face. Mother, the expression of kindness in a rich nature is even more beautiful than any expression of intellect! I have put in my note-book: 'Beauty is of the disposition. Love is the type of perfect beauty.'

"Everyone did what pleased him. No one was pursued with teasing politeness. I wish I could repeat the half of what was said during the evening; but it could not be done. But I have jotted down in my note-book many things that an artist should remember and investigate.

"The autumn is growing more gorgeous. Every day is perfect, and yet the next seems better! And every day has a secret joy, to me more dear than all the colours of the trees express, that my pleasant vacation will so soon end in a yet more pleasant coming home! But I can never measure the unexpected benefit of this visit. I am sobered. A new thought of life is born in me. Should I persevere in the pursuit of art, it will be with a better insight of its meanings; and if I abandon it, it will be from despair of reaching

what I can perceive to be a true artist's aim. My heart beats quicker to think how soon I shall see you. And yet,—well, good-bye, and scarcely expect to hear from me till you take it from my very lips!"

CHAPTER VIII.

While Frank Esel and the young ladies were pleasantly preparing for tea, there were sitting or lying on the ground under the great elm, Parson Buell, Judge Bacon, Mr. Edwards, an eccentric merchant and manufacturer, Mr. Brett by name, whose whole life was pragmatically benevolent, and whose conscience was always flying at him and teasing him for not being more benevolent.

Judge Bacon opened upon Mr. Brett.

"Brett, have you noticed Dr. Wentworth's conservatory? I wonder you do not add one to your house. I am sure you spend too much money on benevolence. You owe a little now and then to selfishness. Why, my dear fellow, you live as though you thought it to be your first duty not to enjoy the wealth which a kind Providence has sent you."

Mr. Brett was a nervous man, and talked all over when he became interested.

"Why, Judge, I should think it was Mrs. Brett talking if I did not see your face. She troubles me day by day. But, really, I am not conscience-free in the matter. I—I—do not dare spend on myself while there is so much to be done with money—so many poor; so many ignorant; so many tenements to be built and families to be regarded, and factory children to be educated; and, besides, so much to be done for the world abroad!"

"Mark the perfect man! Hear him talk! Why, sir, if you send missionaries to South Africa, it is only fair that you should receive the Cape-bulbs in return; if you send Bibles to South America, why not receive orchids in exchange? We have more Bibles than we can use, and they have more plants. A fair and legitimate commerce. Thus we export missionaries and import roses, and both parties exchange superfluities for objects of value."

"Come, come, Judge Bacon," said Parson Buell, with a grave smile, for Brett was looking wofully puzzled at the judge's way of putting duty, "I

wish we had more men that were unjust to selfishness, as you say brother Brett is."

"But, then, reverend sir," said Bacon in a comical, mocking tone, "do you not think that he ought to have a conscience in the matter of making benevolence appear pinching and frugal to unloveliness? One reason why I don't become rich is the fear that I shall live as austerely as brother Brett does. One might just as well be poor, as to be rich and spend all his money in giving it away. Do you really think, Brett, that you would cheat a single heathen out of a fair chance, if you were to put up a greenhouse, hire a gardener, and live in a little more luxurious way?"

"You have touched the very point," said Brett—"*luxury.* I'm sure that it is my duty to provide my family with the necessaries of life; but luxuries I am not so clear about. I never feel happy when I am persuaded to obtain them. I have my scruples whether a Christian may, in the present state of the world, indulge in luxuries."

"Is that so?" replied the teasing judge, affecting a manner of great concern. "Is that so, my

dear Ascetic? You must give me leave to say that I think you, sir, already on the side of self-indulgence. Calf-skin boots! upon my word. A beaver hat! when a felt one would equally well shield your head—at but quarter the expense! And that glaring violation of economy, a broad-cloth coat, instead of linsey-woolsey! Why, sir, I think there must be a year's schooling on your person for some poor vagabond, and yet you are talking about your conscience!"

"For all that," said Mr. Brett, who smiled rather faintly, as if he was not altogether sure but that it might be his duty to retrench his personal expenses. "For all that, I am in doubt of going any further. Have I a right to put so much money into a green-house, and to be at the annual expense required for a gardener, when down at the factories there is so much to be done among the workmen, for schools, and clothing, and libraries?"

"That's a fair question," said Buell, "and I should like to hear your opinion, gentlemen. I confess that I am puzzled more by the practical application of it than by the principal itself. I have no doubt of a Christian man's liberty to

use his wealth for his own household, but how far, by what rule to limit it, I do not clearly see."

Judge Bacon, who had the art of being elegant in negligence, was lying upon his side on the ground, with his head resting on his left hand, while with the other he was playing nature, as he styled it, to a worm. Laying down a stick in its way, the worm mounted it.

"Now," said he, "here is my man, this stick is natural law; if I turn it so, he creeps north; if so, east; if so, south; so that while he thinks that he is creeping in the line of the stick, he is veering to the four points of the compass."

"No matter about your worm, learned judge, solve the minister's practical problem," said Cathcart.

"Oh, gentlemen, that I might be troubled, as Brett is, by wealth that I don't know how to use! Brett, exchange with me! Give me your factories, stores, and sinful bonds and deposits, and do you take my library and penurious clients, and it will refresh you much to solve other questions of finance, with which I am the rather familiar."

The ex-schoolmaster brought back the question,

and said he thought no matter more important than to furnish some clue by which a Christian man might determine where Rights ended and Duty began in the use of wealth.

"Not a lawful distinction," said the judge; "all his rights are duties, and all his duties rights."

"Well, what are both put together? How much may a man use for his own household and self? How largely may he lay out his estate, and convert it to mere beauty instead of use? How largely may he store his dwelling with art treasures, and spread a sumptuous table, and yet say, 'None of us liveth unto himself?'"

Dr. Wentworth, who had listened as if he heard not, now began to stir, as if he were about to emerge from his abstractions.

"My dear Doctor," said the judge, "don't start off with your speech yet. You see, gentlemen, he has been firing up for some time, and there will be no more chance for us if he once begins! What the world of letters lost, Wentworth, when you chose medicine! We have lost a Burke and got only Dr. Wentworth! Let me deal with

Brett, whose conscience is like a spider on the window, always spinning webs to keep out the light. I think a man has at least the natural rights of the animal kingdom. If an eagle has a right to all the feathers that can fairly grow on his body, and a sheep to all the wool that can grow on his skin, and a butterfly to all the colours on his wings, and a bird to all the music he can make, a man has a right to what property he honestly accumulates."

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Edwards, "you don't half know your lesson. Eagles shed their feathers, and keep young by moulting. Sheep are sheared for their own comfort and everybody's convenience, and birds sing for all the town, as well as for themselves; while the butterfly, that piece of painted uselessness, comes late and goes early, as if Nature had no use for things that did not contribute to others' good. So, judge, you must go to the foot of your class."

"I am dumb, Mr. Schoolmaster. Now let the Doctor speak. I am sure it is not safe for him or us to restrain him longer."

Notwithstanding Judge Bacon's banter, the Doctor seemed in no hurry to express his mind,

being apparently absorbed with a favourite little dog, whose vivacity and vitality seemed inexhaustible.

"Why should the Doctor leave his companion for our poor society?" said Bacon.

"That petty shag of a dog which he amiably teases is not to be left unblessed and solitary! Benevolence will still find ways of conferring happiness! That dog runs like an eight-day clock. Does he *ever* need winding-up, Doctor?"

"I think, gentlemen, that the matter in hand is far less difficult," said Wentworth, "than it is made to seem."

"The subject that is in *your* hand, Doctor?" said the teasing judge.

"No mistake can be greater than for one to speak of his family," said Dr. Wentworth, "as of something separate from the community in which he lives. A family bears to the community the relation which limbs and organs do to the human body. What if a man should have serious scruples whether he should bestow food upon the stomach instead of the whole body? The family is the digesting organ of the body politic. The very way to feed the community is to feed the family.

This is the point of contact for each man with the society in which he lives. Through the family, chiefly, we are to act upon society. Money contributed there is contributed to the whole. To be sure, this is not to exclude other benefactions; but, when you have built churches, schools, and libraries, established public charities, all of which are very noble and necessary, it remains true that the best gift which one can offer to the state is the living gift of virtuous, intelligent, and enterprising children?

"Nothing is more remote from selfishness than generous expenditure in building up a home, and enriching it with all that shall make it beautiful without and lovely within. A man who builds a noble house does it for the whole neighbourhood, not for himself alone. He who surrounds his children with books refines their thoughts by early familiarity with art, is training them for the State. In no other way could he spend so much money so usefully for the State. He that actually rears good citizens presents to the State better properties, far nobler than ample funds or costly buildings.

"A man may, of course, be selfish in family

expenditure, but all such outlay corrupts the family. No expense can be had which really benefits the family, that, through them, does not even more benefit the whole community.

"Why, gentlemen, I settled that question with this elm-tree long ago. I had heard it sighing for some days, and in the night it laid awake creaking and groaning; and so one day, as I sat under it, it stooped one of its long branches near my ear and made me its confidant and confessor. It seems the tree had fallen into a moral difficulty. 'Here am I, with my huge bulk, occupying space that might serve for scores of trees; and, when the sun shines, I take its whole glory on my head, and nothing below can get a fair share, and my roots are drinking out of the ground an enormous supply of food and moisture, and I am under condemnation for this great selfishness of my life.' I comforted the arborescent penitent the best way I could. 'Everything, my great heart,' said I, 'that makes you large and healthy, makes this village happy. Hundreds sit down in your shadow; this house, of which you are a dendral guardian-angel, is blessed in your prosperity; weary labourers stop and rest under you; all the village

is proud of your beauty; sick people look at you out of their windows and are comforted. Besides, how many myriads of insects and how many thousands of birds are kept by you, and, in turn, disport themselves for our happiness! It is true that it takes a great deal to keep you, but you pay it all back a hundred-fold in use and beauty.'"

"Well done, poet," said Bacon, clapping his hands, in which all joined.

"Jotham could not have mended your parable," said the minister.

Edwards archly remarked that the tree was even more personally useful than one could imagine, who had not been a schoolmaster and needed switches for lazy boys.

"Pray, Dr. Wentworth," said Buell, "go on with your remarks. Your discourse needs an application."

"Whatever expenditure refines the family and lifts it into a larger sphere of living, is really spent upon the whole community as well. If no man lives better than the poorest man, there will be no leader in material things. A community needs examples to excite its ambition. A noble

dwelling is, in part, the property of all who dwell near it. Fine grounds not only confer pleasure directly to all who visit or pass by, but they excite every man of any spirit to improve his own grounds. A family of children upon whom wealth has been employed judiciously, if they are at all worthy, represent in the community a higher type of life than can be found in poverty. Fine dress may be looked upon either as a matter of display or of worthy example. In the latter aspect it is a duty as well as a pleasure. You teach us, Dr. Buell, that everything which makes the Church noble and beautiful is an honour to God. The same principle applies to the domestic household. Every element that adds to the pleasure and refinement of the family puts honour and dignity upon the family state. Whoever makes home seem to the young dearer and more happy is a public benefactor. All dissipated young men, of course, are not children brought up in meagre economy. But it is very certain that children whose homes are not interesting to them by affection or by attractive objects are more easily tempted into places and company fraught with danger."

"These are weighty views," said Parson Buell: "and though I have never hitherto regarded the subject in this light, nor indeed attempted to practise upon it, I confess that I am struck with your views, and am inclined to believe them correct."

"Dear, dear me!" said Bacon, "must I begin at my time of life to adorn and—what is it?—dignify—yes, that was the phrase—'honour and dignity.' Well, I shall at once make out a bill of honeysuckles, roses, roots, and bulbs, and other such elements of virtue: for it would ill become me, a judge, to practise the immorality of a frigid house—a barren yard and a flowerless garden!"

"But, to return to the starting-point, will you tell me of what practical use is a conservatory?" said Brett.

"A very means of grace," replied Judge Bacon. "It will cost you smartly to build it; yet more to stock it and to keep it up. It will never be large enough, for you will be always wanting more things than it can hold; it will be always too large, for you cannot get what things you already have half taken care of. You will fight with red spiders one week and with aphides the next, and

with the white scale all the time. Your water-pipes will get out of order once a month; your gardener will be out of order all the time. He won't let you touch your own things—will always know more than you do, and have a good excuse for *not* having flowers; and, above all, on the coldest night of the year, he will get drunk, let the fire down, and freeze up your whole precious stock of tender things. My dear Brett, if you stand in need of patience—if you would cultivate long-suffering—if you would grow in grace far faster than your flowers will in health—by all means get a greenhouse. To-day you shall be tormented with fumigations of tobacco; to-morrow you shall be half suffocated with fumes of sulphur, and every now and then by way of variety, you will be drenched by whale-oil soap-suds!"

All laughed at the comical distress predicted.

"But," said Brett, "I suppose there *are* faithful men and gardeners, and that it is with a greenhouse as with a store or factory—if a man selects poor agents, he must expect shiftless work. If worse comes to worst, I can perhaps coax Jaquin to move his shop up here, and work in my greenhouse."

"Who is Jaquin, Brett? Some of your factory-village men?"

"Yes, a shoemaker with a taste for everything. Every day he has a new invention. He has exhausted the subject of warming and ventilating, and he works them out for his own mere pleasure. Being very fond of flowers, he has built himself a little greenhouse, thirty feet long, and taken off ten feet for his shop; and he has contrived a teakettle of a stove, that, while it heats water for circulation through his pet greenhouse, furnishes him heat for the shop. He has got together a very tolerable collection of plants, and any gardener might be proud to have his stock in as high health as he keeps his."

"But, gentlemen," said Wentworth, "it would be wrong to let our scoffing judge corrupt your ideas of the comforts of a greenhouse. Let me tell my experience. In the first place, I did not try to make it too large. I rejected all mere curiosities, far-fetched and difficult of treatment, and contented myself with common things that, for reasonable care, would return a generous supply of flowers. I like common flowers best; new flowers are like strangers, that put you upon your

good manners every moment; common flowers are like old friends, between whom and you there are a hundred associations and memories of pleasure.

"Then as to the enjoyment. On a weary winter day, with a storm going on out of doors, and snow blinding the air, and winds howling through the trees, open the door into your conservatory, and behold summer is all around you! Besides, what picture of landscape was ever so charming as to sit across the room and look through the door upon such green and blossoming vegetation? One hour pays for a year's care. Then, too, a sprig of flowers on the table in February or March is a blessing.

"However, I think every man that ever loved flowers knows that the chief delight consists in *giving them away*. Much as I enjoy my garden, I confess I am more delighted with other people's pleasure in it than with my own. And so that it is well given, a flower given away is far more enjoyed than a flower kept. In my profession I have had much occasion to notice this matter. In long and wearisome sicknesses no medicine is more beneficial than some innocent exhilaration

to the patient's mind. It is the nerve-power that cures, after all. Whatever rouses up the brain pleasantly is apt to do the patient good. And I carry about as many flowers, in many places, as I do pills."

"Without doubt," said Bacon, "with equal safety to the patient."

"At any rate, a gentleman will find an argument of benevolence for making a greenhouse, which will fully neutralise any fear of selfishness."

"There goes the tea-bell," said the judge, affecting a joyful alacrity, "and here comes the fairest of all messengers. Miss Rose, good evening! You were always an angel of mercy! Do take your father off; and, as we are all faint with listening, I am sure you shall never again greet a pilgrim band so glad of a little refreshment!"

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW LIFE.

Frank Esel returned from his summer wanderings, reveries, and conversations with a divided heart. Never had he loved his mother more, nor hungered more for home. Yet there was a shadow on his brightness. He evidently had much to think of. He was more industrious. Never before had he applied himself with so serious a purpose to his art. His young friends noticed the change.

"Frank, what's come over you?" said his gay, long-haired, much-smoking friend, Lewis Keswick. "You have taken to drudging ever since you came back. You don't seem like yourself."

"But I think I am only just coming to myself."

"How's that? Not going to be religious, eh? None of that sort of thing?"

"Not exactly. In fact I hardly know what ails me. But it seems as though I had been trifling all my life, and using my art to do it with. Hitherto I have been painting playthings, in a life frolic. Now I only know that I am dissatisfied, without knowing how to amend."

"Thunder! What's got into you? I should think you had run afoul of a minister, or stumbled into a church-door!"

"I might do worse!"

"Why, you're going to preach, I'll bet! Come, out with it; I'll join your church—I'll turn deacon when you become parson! You and I together ought to run the machine!"

"No such good news, Lew. My reformation does not reach outside of my art. But, to tell the truth, I don't see what the —— you and I are painters for?"

"For? What does anybody paint for? Because it's an agreeable way of getting a living. It's genteel; light work in winter, pleasant strolls in summer, reasonable pay, good company—why, it's the jolliest kind of a life!"

"That's about it; and I turn away from it. It seems to me that one cannot live an earnest life

in such a way. At any rate, I've got to find out how to do something more, or quit."

Frank's mother perceived the difference in her son's moods. The change to seriousness was great. He began to read Ruskin's works with avidity.

The scales were falling from Frank's eyes. Little by little the great aims of life were rising before him, and asserted their full power upon him. Then, his art fell down into its true place, and became a mere instrument; no longer was it an end.

He began to experience an earnest desire to be an actor, through his art, in the movements of society.

"Shall all the struggles of men go on and I have no part in them? Shall men emerge painfully, before my eyes, from rudeness, and I, ordained a priest of beauty, reach forth no hand to help?"

Frank Esel looked back upon his joyous dalliance with art in former days with repugnance. His old portfolios he brought out to burn. Many of his sketches he did destroy. But, while in the act, it occurred to him that an occasional sight of

the things which he once thought very clever might be a good discipline, and measure his progress. All those which in the days of his blindness he had thought very fine, he laid back into portfolios, and burned the rest.

His mother did not think it prudent to question her son. From his summer's letters, she knew that he had been greatly delighted with Rose Wentworth. Whatever solicitude or curiosity she may have felt to know the real state of his heart, she did not deem it proper to be inquisitive.

If, indeed, Frank could have formed a connection with Dr. Wentworth's family, she would have esteemed her son and herself most fortunate. That something had greatly influenced her son, was too plain to be missed even by the dimmest eye. But what it was she could not divine. On the one hand, there was a sobriety tinged with sadness—the rising within him of new forces,—a persistence and industry in which, hitherto, he had been signally deficient, but which now became a marked feature of his life. She hardly knew her own son. His tenderness for her was, if anything, greater than before. Now and then

his old boisterousness of glee would break out again, and he would frolic with her in a whirl of gaiety almost delirious. But such seasons grew rare. He seemed more and more like one full of some inward and controlling purpose, toward which he was turning all the forces of his life.

On the other hand, he spoke of Rose with the utmost frankness. Scarcely a day passed that some word of hers was not repeated. This did not seem compatible with the shyness of beginning love.

One day his mother ventured to say:

"Frank, it seems to me that Rose Wentworth is your model, and the very arbiter of your opinions. She must be a remarkable young woman."

With no disturbance of manner Frank replied ingenuously:

"I do not think that I owe so much to what Miss Rose said as to what she *was* herself."

"You mean that she drew you to her by the charms of her person more than by her conversation?"

"No, not that. I was thinking of the influence which I have derived from that family in my own

art. What Dr. Wentworth and his family said was certainly more instructive to me than anything I had ever heard until then. It was he that urged me to study Ruskin. We were sitting on the door-step one evening, and Miss Rose was questioning her father about some statement of Ruskin's that seemed extravagant. He replied:—

"'It is extravagant, my dear. Ruskin is full of wildness, and tangles himself up with himself like a vine twisting on itself. You read Ruskin just as you explore a region, finding many treasures and much that you avoid. He has his briar thickets, his contorted trees, his muddy morasses. But, taken as a whole, the landscape is rich and grand. Ruskin is like a forest, on whose edges and in whose depths are many noxious plants; but these bear no proportion to the magnitude of the woods, the grandeur of the trees, and the sublimity, in winter and summer, of the music which the wind draws from their boughs and tops.'

"Then, turning to me, he said:—

"'Have you studied Ruskin?'

"I replied—'I have read portions—extracts—from his works.'

"After a pause, he said, in a very gentle way,

in an undertone, but earnestly—'My young friend, Ruskin is not to be read in extracts, nor simply read either. You ought to take him as an infection. He should throw you into a fever. The whole system should be pervaded by it. He is like those diseases which renovate the system. Do not try to check it. Let it run its full period. Afterward you will recover well; you will throw off much. You will retain, perhaps, little. But your whole constitution will be changed. You will observe differently, think differently, reason differently, all the rest of your life.'

"'But, father,' said Rose, 'is it not a pity that one so good should not be better?'

"'Certainly it is. What then? We are glad to gather thirty bushels of wheat from an acre of ground, but there were two tons of straw and chaff required to grow the wheat. Would you have a man all grain? Yet worshipping is natural, and our first drift, when one affects us well, is to begin shaping him in our thoughts to an ideal perfectness. Then comes the shock of disclosure. Everybody is imperfect, and strong natures, strong enough to overturn old errors and fight great battles, are likely to be too strong to walk

safely in harness and drag our phaetons and chaises.' "

Frank had been led along by his reminiscences till he forgot the point he had started for. After a moment's pause he started up.

" Oh, mother, I forgot to say the only thing I meant to—that which I most felt in the Wentworths was the intimate relationship and personal sympathy which existed between them and nature. Her father has brought Miss Rose up to feel that all of nature is, literally but a way which God has of making known to us His feelings, tastes, and thoughts. It was so from her infancy that sounds, colours, forms, phenomena, did not stand for mere science, but suggested a living presence. It was unconscious. Others *went* to nature. She dwelt in it always. I had never before met with such deep insight, such a pure love, such reverent admiration, such fulness and richness of knowledge, in a young person, too, most accomplished and attractive."

" I should have thought, Frank, that such charms would have been irresistible."

His only reply was—

" Too unequal; too unequal."

The winter rolled away speedily. Frank Esel was never so little pleased with the result of his work. He had never laboured so hard. But men beginning new courses are like ploughed meadows. The roughness and waste are indispensable precursors of the new sward. Frank never had advanced so far, and yet never seemed to himself to have moved so little. But, as this was his appointed lifework, he came out of repeated discouragements with renewed courage, and kept bravely on.

Already Spring had supplanted Winter, and now Summer was fulfilling the tender prophecies of Spring. It was full time for him to leave the city. But this year his mother would go with him; and, early in July, Frank, in over measure of joy, found himself again in Norwood, and among friends that he had learned to regard as his benefactors.

CHAPTER X.

LEAVING COLLEGE.

BARTON'S four years were ended. The senior vacation had come and passed. He had won the first honours of his class, and there was not a member of the class—not even the two who had most nearly between his rivals — that did not heartily accord to him the first rank. He was not simply first as a student, but as a good fellow. None led him in athletic exercises. In a certain degree he was accessible, familiar, and most gay and social; yet it was with a reserve that showed that he did not carry all his nature on his sleeve.

He was one of the men whom close study had not invalidated. He was, if possible, more vigorous and elastic than when he entered college. When he returned to take the honours of his class at commencement, it was agreed by every young

lady of taste that a finer form and nobler face had never been seen in those streets.

His townsmen were rightly proud of Barton's distinction. His father was universally respected. Barton himself was popular. His intimate friends were among the most influential citizens. All Norwood looked forward this year to the Commencement-day, and it seemed as if the town itself was about to go over to Amherst on the occasion.

Tommy Taft, too, was to go! This was Dr. Wentworth's arrangement. Nor had he ever done a kinder thing. To go to Amherst and see his boy, Barton, receive the first honours, was a glimpse of paradise! What these honours were to be he had not the slightest idea. He was in much uncertainty as to the nature of a college. Was it a sort of factory? The distant buildings, which he had often looked at through his spy-glass—a relic of his sea-faring life—might easily be mistaken for mills. Did they drill boys there, as on shipboard? or what on earth did they do? When Barton explained their studies and recitations, Tommy looked wise and nodded his head knowingly, but it is doubtful if he had any very luminous ideas on the subject.

The Commencement-day proper was on Wednesday, but there were services on Tuesday which Dr. Wentworth wished to hear, and duties which, as a trustee, he had to perform, which required him to go over on Tuesday. Tommy Taft was to come over on Wednesday in an early conveyance arranged for this occasion.

The morning came. Rose and her mother were ready. The Doctor would let his own horses rest, and Hiram Beers was to come with a stylish team and open carriage.

He came promptly upon appointment. The boys cheered him as he left the stable. His deep chestnut-coloured Morgan horses—matched to a hair,—and, what is more rare, matched in gait and spirit,—came out of the yard on tiptoe. They did not rear, nor run sideways, nor kick.

"That would do under saddle," said Hiram; "but when the harness is put on, sech things is immoralities in horses. Why, them nags is well brought up. They are just like good boys goin' to meetin' on Sabbath-day; they don't play, though they may giggle a little."

Down the street went Hiram, looking neither to the right or left, though every soul, right and

left, was looking at him. Do you suppose he didn't feel it?

"Wal," said Tommy to him, as Hiram was loosening one strap, drawing another a hole tighter, dressing a lock of hair under the headpiece to tassel below the eyes, and tucking up his pets generally—"wal, Hiram, you've done it this time."

"Of course I have, Tommy. Why not?"

"You've got a pretty pair of gulls there,—a pretty pair as ever I laid eyes on. A fellow might be proud of bein' captain in such a consarn."

"Wal, suppose I am proud, Tommy. What may a fellow be proud of, if he mayn't be proud when he's got sech a team as that afore him, and sech folks behind him as I'm goin' to drive? I tell you Wentworth's a whole team, and his wife's a woman, I tell ye! and Rose," said Hiram, slapping his leg in a kind of ecstacy, "Rose is—well, she's enough to make a feller cross 'cause he ain't young and handsome and rich, and she in love with him! I tell you, Tommy, I'm out for a day of it. And it's my opinion that Solomon, in all his glory, never went over to commencement rigged out like this."

The conversation was cut short by the arrival of the Cathcarts. Dr. Buell and Judge Bacon were to go over, and Mr. Brett, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton, and several families besides. This year all Norwood felt complimented that one of its boys was to carry off the honours.

Hiram took the lead. Not a smile was on his face. His small eyes flashed out from under his projecting eyebrows with uncommon brightness, and his good spirits showed themselves in endless speeches to his horses; in salutations to everybody that he met, whether he knew them or not.

Hiram rounded up with a driver's flourish before the house at which the Doctor and his party had taken rooms.

Already the town was astir with excitement. Commencement-week is the one week of the year that every family, from the highest to the lowest, feels alike. Commencement-day is the rival of Thanksgiving-day. New England has always been economical of holidays. Christmas she threw away with indignant emphasis, as stained and spattered with Papal superstition. The only two festivals were Thanksgiving-day and Fast-day—the last to put in the seed with, and the former

to celebrate the year's harvest. New England never made provision for amusements.

On the next morning Rose was called early, for her father wished to see the sunrise from the college chapel-tower. Many men graduate from Amherst without knowing that they leave behind them unseen one of the fairest sights that will ever bless their eyes—a sunrise from the chapel tower.

It was yet a half-hour before the sun would come over the Pelham hills; but the east was all aglow. Scuds and scarfs of cloud seemed shot up from below the horizon as if from a crater of colours. Long beams of light rayed out, fanform, as if there had been a fibrous structure to the light.

They had scarcely turned to look upon this flaming East before they were joined by Barton Cathcart, who had in some unaccountable manner learned of Rose's intention to see the sunrise upon the valley of the Connecticut.

They had hardly exchanged greetings when the sun shot its light along the notched ridges of the hills on the south, of which Mount Holyoke and Mount Tom are the westward summits.

At the same instant it glowed along the west, and upon Sugar-loaf at the north. In a moment more the valley, in its length and breadth, was full of light. A slender film of white hovered along the line of the Connecticut river. Beyond it, shining out and glittering, the white-housed villages looked out from among the trees on the far hill-sides.

"This is a scene less admirable but more lovely," said Dr. Wentworth, "than many which men travel far to see."

"Father, you have seen the sun rise on the Rigi and upon other Swiss mountains?"

"Yes. It is a sight of unequalled grandeur; but from high mountains the landscape is generalised by its distance from the eye. It excites the imagination more than the feelings. It inspires a kind of separateness and lonesomeness, which seem to be constituent elements of the sentiment of grandeur.

"But if one would feel nearness and affection —perhaps lower but more pleasurable emotions —he must be near the objects seen. A hill for prospect should be so placed as to get a wide view without great elevation."

"Barton," said Rose, "is this a favourite resort of the students?"

"I suspect not," said Barton, smiling as if the idea were even comical. "I have been here many scores of times, both at morning and at evening, and I remember to have met but once or twice any of the boys here. Indeed, I have been attracted to it by its solitude."

"You must have seen this valley in many fine varieties of atmosphere," said the Doctor, "if you have frequented this place. Few persons that I meet seem to have been struck with the variety which nature produces by vaporous vestments. We notice the atmosphere in its extreme conditions, but not in all the fine intermediate gradations. The world puts on a thousand garments, and seldom two alike. Men and women are so busy with their own apparel that they have no time to behold the wonderful vestures which God lets down upon the earth."

Barton's appearance was striking. Rose's presence, his own approaching farewell to the scenes of so much enjoyment, stirred him to the utmost feeling. But, according to his nature, he repressed all signs of it, and grew calm as he

grew intense. Yet the light came through. His face had a high and commanding look, and every word he spoke came as a tone comes from a chord well strung. Yet there was no stolen glance at Rose. There was neither hiding nor revealing. There was on both parts simplicity and ingenuousness.

"Some mornings there must have been which stand out in your memory with peculiar force?" said Rose.

"Scarcely two have been alike. But some few stand out with extraordinary distinctness. One morning I came up here when the whole valley lay tranquilly in a fog. Only the tops of Holyoke and Tom appeared, and they were like islands in a wide sea. It was very impressive. It seemed as if a flood had submerged the earth and drowned all the living people, and I was left a solitary spectator, looking out over this wide, desolate, and silent sea. But so soon as the sun rose, its action was magical. There seem to be in vapour very different degrees of sensibility to the sunlight. It is often sluggish, and is little affected by hours of sunshine. But this morning no sooner did the rays pierce it

than it began to writhe and twist and roll up in all forms of convolution, as if suffering pain. In a moment openings appeared, through which I saw the earth beneath, and the first distinct picture happened to be Norwood itself, which I looked down upon as through an open window in the heavens whose sides shut out all else. The whole scene lasted scarcely half an hour."

"What was the other one?"

"It was an evening scene. I was on the east side of the college, when I noticed a singular glow in the air. The grove, the students, everything seemed roseate. I knew that something was going on worth seeing, and made for this place as speedily as possible. The scene that burst on me was wonderful. The heavens seemed to be drenched with rose colour. All the West glowed with it. It ascended to the zenith. It seemed to pour over and down to the very horizon in the East. A slight haze, or rather scales of thin vapour, filled the hemisphere, and these were saturated with rose colour. Gradually it changed to flame colour, and then the landscape was more wonderful still. Fearful it was. It seemed to be like a universal conflagration. I

thought of the language of prophecy, When the moon shall be turned to blood, and of that Great Day when the elements shall melt with fervent heat. The whole world stood in an unnatural trance, and the most familiar things looked wild and almost fearful. But the vision was of short duration. Suddenly, and while I was looking, the colour was caught up again out of the air. Things resumed their common look, and the glory had left no effects behind."

"No effects?" said Rose. "Did it not leave its effect upon your mind? Did it not leave a new colour in the imagination? new conceptions of Divine power?"

"In truth it did. It awakened all my mother in me."

"What?"

"My mother has the sense of infiniteness and mysteriousness more than any that I have ever known. Something of her spirit I have inherited."

"I know what you mean," said Rose, quickly.

"This is the true moral effect," said Dr. Wentworth, "of the more impressive natural phenomena. Men grow intensely egotistical. They

are saturated in human life, as if God had made nothing but men, and men only in their every-day uses and employments. Whatever gives a shock to this trite egotism, and awakens, even for a moment, in men a sense of God's presence in all nature, cannot but inspire a more wholesome spirit than that which usually frets and wears out the over-busy day."

Barton and Rose had met during his college course several times. Yet, their intercourse had been so different from former days, when they met every week, that it was in effect separation.

Those who are ripe and fixed in their opinions may be separated long without losing sympathy or acquaintance. But in youth, when the mind is just opening, when opinions are changing, and while the whole character is subject every year to the impress of new forces, a long separation is, virtually, the loss of acquaintance, particularly with persons of a deep nature. Conscious of great changes in themselves, and supposing like ones to have taken place in others, there is an exquisite curiosity to know each other again, and to prove whether both have grown in sympathy

toward a common centre, or whether development has been dissimilar and repellant. There is in every sensitive soul a fine jealousy that refuses, after long separation, to be taken again at the old estimate. Barton did not commit the mistake, either in manner or feeling, of saying:

"We shall be intimate now just as we were four years ago!" His manner said, "Four years ago, as boys and girls, we were friends. You have passed on to a higher level."

Rose had more than attained to the utmost bounds which his imagination had ever placed for improvement. Barton, more than ever, felt in her presence a kind of hopelessness. His love for Rose had with manhood gained strength and breadth. The interviews during his senior vacation had shown no change in her but the regular and beautiful evolution of a nature that had inherited without struggle the harmony which in others comes by violent conflicts, or not at all. If she had seemed good and noble before, she seemed to his riper judgment yet lovelier, and further removed from need of him.

But the consciousness of a feeling far deeper

than he supposed Rose suspected, the constraint which he laid upon it, the attempt which he made to leave Rose free from the slightest pressure of his wishes and feelings, wrought a kind of formal manner—at times, almost coldness. He was not acting from a selfish pride, unduly solicitous for his own standing, but from a high and conscientious determination not to embarrass the woman whom he most honoured and loved.

When Tommy Taft reached Amherst on Commencement-day, his first desire was to ascend the hill, and inspect the college buildings.

He had not half satisfied his curiosity when he was warned that, if he would hear the speaking, he must make haste to the church where the Commencement exercises were to be held.

Hither flocked rustic beauties. Hither streamed hundreds of honest-faced farmers, whose sons were in college, or had been. The procession was advancing, and the band of music was filling all the air with exhilarating sounds. All was excitement and bustle.

By great boldness and some strength, Tommy forced himself near the front of the gallery,

where he could see and hear all. A sly use of his wooden leg was of great service. Did any one refuse to move, Tommy, accidentally putting his wooden leg upon his toe, never failed to produce a sudden retraction of that member. Of course, as he deftly slipped himself forward into the crevice thus opened, he was quite unconscious of any mischief. Any one could see that who looked upon his hard, unmoving face.

Through all the weary variety Tommy kept watch. Others changed places, went out and returned, but not Tommy Taft. He came there to see Barton graduate, and that he meant to see, without regard to time or fatigue. The heat was great, but Tommy had found greater in the tropics. He wiped his face with his great red cotton handkerchief, with such vigorous rubs that one feared lest his features should disappear under such a currying process. He joined heartily in all the applause which was given one by one to the speakers. But when, at length, Barton appeared, the old man seemed in raptures.

"Now you'll hear him. That's the boy! Now, hark!"

At the passages which elicited commendation, Tommy's foot joined in with an emphasis that left nothing to be desired in the way of noise.

Far different were Rachel Cathcart's feelings. Not far from her son she sat, and when he rose it seemed to her more as a vision than a reality. Was this indeed her own son? the very babe that she had brought forth? the child which she had tended? the boy that she reared? the little farmer that rose in her memory as he used to appear when at work? She was like one in a dream. His voice sounded strange in her ears. This great crowd of people, all looking up with admiration and sympathy, and her own son the centre and cause of all! She scarcely heard what he said. When loud plaudits startled her, she looked as one roused from reverie. At length the valedictory was delivered. It was indeed a farewell. Barton had felt in his very soul, and probably more than any of his class-mates, the full sentiment of parting, and it gave a tenderness and solemnity to both his words and manner, which touched all the audience to tears.

When the services were closed, many there

were who congratulated Barton. But, with a fine delicacy, there were more who offered respectful congratulations to 'Biah Cathcart and Rachel. Both seemed willing to avoid their son in such a crowd. They extricated themselves from the throng, and repaired to their lodgings, that none might look upon the joy of a family whose love and pride had that day been so signally blessed.

CHAPTER XI.

DOCTOR BUELL'S SORROW.

THE trustees of Norwood Academy consulted the universal wish when they appointed Barton Cathcart to take charge of the institution. He did not long hesitate. Local prejudice in Barton's case was disarmed, and none more ardently urged him to accept than those who had best known him from his boyhood. On the other hand, there were weighty reasons for assuming this position. It gave him an immediate pecuniary support. It spared him a precipitate choice of his profession. It brought him home for a term of years to his family, and especially to his mother. When the transition from boyhood takes place, men are apt to assert their individuality with some jealousy of parental interference, and break away in search of their own liberty. After manhood is reached, and something of the world is learned, men go

back to their homes with a love which is no longer a mere childish feeling, but an educated affection, competent to weigh and measure. This second love of a child to its parents is so much richer, deeper, and more enduring than any other, that it is worth any price of intermediate suffering.

But another reason more influential than all was, perhaps, the least demonstrative in his thoughts. He would be near to Rose Wentworth.

In this case, as in so many others, in the life of every honourable nature, his feelings proved wiser than any mere reasonings would have done. Rose was not one likely to "fall in love." She might grow to love. But it would be a gradual unfolding.

Being richly benevolent, affable with all, buoyant in spirits, one not deeply acquainted with her nature would be apt to imagine himself rapidly advancing in her good graces, and would flatter himself that he had secured a sympathy which might be carried forward by his own will to every range of love. But, in a full and large nature, friendliness is but the outer court, love is the holy of holies. Into that enters only the ordained of God.

If Barton had been far wiser than he was in

reading the secrets of the heart, he could not have done better than by leaving his hopes to Time, and to the results of a renewed intercourse, no longer as children, but as man and woman developed by study, and ripened by some degree of experience in adult life.

Barton entered upon his duties with a calm earnestness which marked his nature. His spirit was soon felt in the whole school. Before the winter closed, the Academy was filled to its utmost capacity. Selecting his own assistants, he brought to his aid those who would work in full sympathy with him.

He did not confine his efforts to the school alone. The village Lyceum opened for him a sphere of activity which he was not slow to enter.

He was foremost among the young men in all exhilarating and manly sports. He joined a military company, and becoming deeply interested in military science, soon rose to the command. In these and various other ways, Barton preserved vigorous health, and that sympathy with active daily life which prevented him from sinking into the recluse habits of a mere student, and from every trace or trait of pedagogic formality.

In school he was the master, and out of school the genial leader of his boys, and in both spheres ruled them apparently without an effort.

It was during this winter and spring of 1858 that two events occurred that produced the greatest effects upon his after life. Before entering upon the first and most momentous, it is necessary to precede it by some notice of events which were in many respects intimately concerned with it.

Our readers have already formed some opinion of Dr. Buell. But thus far it has been casual and exterior. We must ask them now to go with us to the parson's house, and to see him in his family life, with all its peculiarities.

The minister's house was as white as paint could make it, and its window-blinds were of no flimsy Paris-green colour, but of a good old-fashioned green—so green that you would almost think it black. Not a blind is open on the front—all is closed, orderly, clean. A front-door yard there is; in one corner, an elm-tree, whose wide-curving branches were the only graceful thing about the place; a row of maple-trees kept in a line along one side of the yard; and in the far corner, a clump of lilacs, seven or eight stems

springing from a centre, and grown almost to the dimensions of trees.

At the back of the house was a vegetable garden; and, at the far end, a stable large enough for a cow and a horse, and for the shelter of an old-fashioned chaise. An outlying lot of land sufficed to furnish the hay required for the horse and cow, and a small strip was devoted to potatoes. The horse was the parson's favourite. He literally had no faults. He was never known to kick, or to bite anything but food. Hay constituting his principal food, a larger quantity was required than would have been if oats or corn had furnished more concentrated nourishment in smaller bulk. Nature, ever kind to her creatures, gradually enlarged the barrel of the horse until his belly was puffed out far beyond any requirements of beauty. A large, mild, and sleepy eye revealed but half the quietness of his disposition. His legs might be handled by boys. You might sit down safely between his hind legs. There was no liberty which you could not take, except that of fast driving. You might pour a bushel of potatoes suddenly upon his haunches without producing excitement—not, however, because he was

lifeless, but from mere self-possession; for a peck of oats (a rarity seldom ventured!) at the other extremity quickly showed that there was life in him.

He was safe. "Slow and sure," was his maxim. When the good parson was once seated in the chaise, the events were as follows: when the self-possessed animal, with his head and neck declining a little below the line of his back, felt the reins in the Doctor's hands, he opened his eyes; and having been standing on his three legs, the fourth crooked up and resting on the edge of the hoof, he brought them all squarely under him, as if saying, "I am all here, sir!" Next the Doctor pulled both reins, and they were pulled. Then he lapped them both upon his back, with a gentle slap, and pulled one of them with some decision. The time had come. The horse started, walked into the road, and then, after several admonitions, fell into an easy jog, which satisfied the parson's ambition. But no persuasion could carry that trot up the slightest rise in the ground. It was this habit of stopping early in ascending and starting again late in descending hills, that secured to this matchless horse long life and immunity

from strains. Dr. Buell innocently told Hiram Beers that he never used a bottle of liniment in his life!

Hiram waited till the parson was out of hearing, and then discoursed:

"Wal, I'd bet on that! Bottle of liniment! I should as soon think of liniment on a hoe-handle or a gun-stock! That horse thinks it's always Sunday, and that he's goin' to a funeral all the while. I'd give any body five dollars to git three miles an hour of that crittur! If there was two of 'em, they wouldn't go a mile an hour; and four such horses—good gracious! it would take a yoke of oxen to start 'em anyhow."

If you enter the front door of the minister's house the walls will shine upon you with the unblemished whiteness of "hard-finish." Not a spot of dirt, not an engraving, not a picture, was allowed to mar the fair expanse. The ceiling was white and glistening, the side walls were white; enter the parlour, a large room, consecrated to company, and if the walls had been cut through banks of snow could not have been whiter or colder. The sitting-room was white and clean. The chambers were all white and all clean, and

every chamber was like every other one, and they altogether lay like half-a-dozen eggs in a nest.

One or two extraordinary water-colour pictures, executed by his wife, as the last consummate efforts of her expiring school-days, had been framed in black, and now hung in the sitting-room. It always pleased Dr. Buell to have visitors notice them, and his invariable comment was, "My wife's paintings!—when she was younger and less occupied. I am told that they are remarkable." They certainly were.

A portrait also, much smoked and tanned, hung over the fire-place. It was grim and sharp-eyed. Very badly painted, one derived from it a pleasure in thinking, "Nobody ever looked like that!"

The furniture of the house was very plain, in nowise tending to self-indulgence. The single symptom of luxurious ease was the rocking-chair.

But if once you sat down in it the illusory notion of luxury vanished. It was wooden throughout. Only if some one was sick in the house was there a cushion in it. Its joints by long use had formed a complaining habit, and you might in any part of the house know whether the rocking-chair was in active use. We are obliged to say that

it was a treacherous chair. The rockers had been curved to such lines, that if you ventured beyond a very gentle motion the chair would give a backward lurch, as if going over; and there are few things more unsatisfactory to a sober-minded person, careful of appearances, than to be carried over backwards in the midst of quiet conversation. It is true that the chair never did go over. The shape of the rocker was such, that when the victim had spread his arms and flirted his legs into the air, in an involuntary effort at equilibrium, the chair stopped and set itself firmly, as if it had been blocked, returning again to its normal state only upon a violent effort of its occupant. The neighbours were aware of this propensity, and avoided the chair. Strangers usually had an experience with it. The good Doctor, or his wife for the hundredth time, re-assuring them, "Don't be alarmed. It won't go over. I never knew anybody to fall!"

The Doctor's study was *the* room of the house. Two sides thereof were occupied by shelves laden with books. The supply of theology was large. The critical apparatus for studying both the classical languages and the Hebrew tongue was ample.

Histories, sacred and profane abounded. Select English literature was represented. The Doctor's excellent sense was shown in the exclusion from his library of all novels, against which, if we were not writing a history which admits of no delay, we should pause to speak. The 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' and kindred poems, 'Don Quixote,' and two or three of the Waverley series, were found there. But these were not, in his judgment, properly to be called novels. They were beneficial stories. By novels he meant "fictions of an injurious tendency." Accordingly, while he admitted that stories might be sparingly read, novels were always to be avoided.

The order of the Doctor's study was extreme. Regularity had well nigh become formality. Could all his books have been of one size, or could each shelf have presented an even line of well-matched books, it would have pleased him well.

But in spite of him his books would be picturesque. Some were in paper, and some in leather; some were of octavo size, and some duodecimo; some few had gilt backs, and others sombre black;

paper backs in red, in green, in blue, in gray, and russet, still added to the mixture. Some fat and thick books stood in a good-natured way, as if saying,—"We've got all we want inside!" while, next to them, some thin volume would look as if pinched in its stomach and for ever hungry for contents. There were aristocratic volumes—tall, most respectable, and self-important; and next to these, perhaps, a dumpy little volume, squat, like an asthmatic shoemaker.

Even Dr. Buell, when the afternoon sun poured a yellow light into his favourite study, and lit up all the various faces of his books, was conscious in a dim way that there was something more pleasant in their looks than their mere order could account for. But ideality had been well nigh left out in the composition of his mind; and the logical faculty, strong by nature, had struck out its roots by use into all the ground, with such resolute and exhausting growth, that the imagination, like a fruit tree caught in a forest, could never grow larger than a bush, and bore neither fruit nor blossom.

He was thoroughly good. Conscience penetrated every faculty of his mind, and gave rest

to none of them. As not unusually happens, he felt most condemned for those very qualities in which he excelled. Neither weather, nor weariness, nor occupation, nor sickness in any common measure, could hold him back from those ministrations which he had assumed. Unselfish to a degree unusual even with the benevolent, he reproached himself every day with self-indulgence. Never sparing himself or his time when the poor or the sick needed his ministerial offices, he carried in his heart a feeling that he was guilty of much waste of time and of negligence in the best use of that time which he employed.

With the material world he had no other relations than such as served the practical and material wants of men. There was little beauty to him in the seasons, though much of usefulness. Colours had little charm for him. Forms seldom attracted his notice. In short, the artist's eye, and the poet's sympathy for nature, seemed utterly foreign to his mind.

Mrs. Buell was one of those women who, alone, are feeble and colourless, but who, when joined to others, derive to themselves the strength and

character of their surroundings. Like a vine, she had all the strength of the tree around which she twined and upon which she grew. Her father's house had been always the home of ministers visiting the town. She was educated to regard ministers of the Gospel as the complete ideals of manhood. When the prospect arose before her of being a minister's wife, she could hardly convince herself that the Lord had reserved for her so great a mercy. To her natural and ardent love of Dr. Buell as a man, she added the uttermost reverence for his office, and her household duties seemed to her a perpetual religious service, as much so as if she had lived in a temple, he a priest and she priestess. With a sweet confiding nature she accepted her husband's mind, and only used her own when his was not at hand. She never disputed his word or doubted his wisdom. And when, inadvertently, she expressed views not in agreement with his, the moment he disagreed with her she yielded and changed her opinion as if a God had spoken to her. This was not a grudging submission, nor the fruit of duty, and still less was it in a subservient spirit. Like pure water, she took

the colour of the sky and clouds that lay above her.

Of a sweet disposition, always inclined to do right almost without an effort, never doing enough, active beyond her strength, and neat to a degree that no description can measure, she made the parson's home almost happier than he thought it ought to be.

"My dear Eliza, I sometimes am afraid that we have too many good things in this life. Our chastisements are so few and so light that I query whether God loves us,—"for whom he loveth he chasteneth."

A slight blush of pleasure would come upon her delicate cheek. Sometimes she would say: —"If our boy had lived we should have been too happy."

That boy died at twelve years of age. The neighbours thought that he was not a saint. Therein they differed with his mother. Besides him they had no children. That grief borne, all the rest of their life seemed tranquil and prosperous.

Unconsciously and gradually her husband became her god. All that he did was right. All

that he said was true. He never made mistakes. Not to like her husband was to be bad, of course. To differ with him showed weakness of character. She repeated his sayings with an infantine simplicity. She wondered that other people did not talk more about him. Dr. Wentworth was a great man, because he was warmly attached to her husband. She would not hear a word against Tommy Taft; and she took every word of his speeches to her husband as literal and sober verity.

"There must be a seed of grace in him," she would say, "or he would not be so fond of good men."

We may be sure that this did not escape Tommy's eye. He would call at the parson's house when he was pretty sure not to be at home.

"The Doctor's not at home, you say? That's my luck! But what a blessin' to this town to have such a minister in't! Sez I to Hiram, t'other day, sez I, 'Hiram, you ought to be a better man than you be, seein' you have sech extraordinary preachin' and example.' But Hiram, you know, marm, though nowise vicious,

is not given to speritual things. More's the pity! But what a privilege it must be to you, marm, to be his wife! Remarkable that sech a blessin' should be given to just one woman! Your husband don't never swear, marm, does he?"

The start of unaffected amazement with which Mrs. Buell echoed the word "swear!" seemed infinitely gratifying to Tommy, who raised and lowered his shaggy eyebrows several times, saying, with each movement,—

"Of course not—of course not. I knew he didn't. If anybody had told me that Dr. Buell swore, I wouldn't a b'lieved it on oath. Impossible! impossible! Jest think of it—the Doctor swearin'. Oh, it's beautiful to see a man that don't swear and don't want to. But really, marm —when you see how wicked folks is—what ugly things they will do—don't you think its kind o' natural to swear? Not profane swearin', of course, but pious swearin'."

"My dear," said Mrs. Buell to her husband, "don't you think Tommy Taft is near to the kingdom? He seems to me to have much that's good in him. I can't but hope there's a work going on slowly in him."

"Yes—very slowly."

For several winters Mrs. Buell had suffered from colds. Each year her system seemed less able to resist attacks and more and more weakened by them. She was herself not aware of danger. But her husband, instructed by Dr. Wentworth, was seriously uneasy. As winter drew near, her strength seemed failing. She struggled bravely and hopefully. But each month reduced the number of hours in which she could attend to household duties. Her face grew thin, but even more beautiful every week. Her eye was never brighter. Her cheek, like an October apple, showed by its brightness that the harvest time was drawing near.

Not a word was spoken by either of them of that Great Fear, which was dimly disclosing itself to her, and which had long been defined and clearly visible to him.

During the autumn, Dr. Buell had taken his wife, on various pretexts, to ride with him far oftener than was usual. As cold weather approached, he prepared his house for winter with more care than ever before. New arrangements for heating were introduced. The windows were

calked and the doors listed to prevent drafts of air. Little by little the whole economy of the household revolved around this shadowy fear, of which no one spoke. Every one acted as if a danger impended, but no one uttered a word of it. Even to Dr. Wentworth, Parson Buell spoke with muffled indirections, as though to put his fears into words would give them some advantage.

This could not last. Little by little the invalid yielded one and another task, saying:

"I don't know what ails me, but I grow so weak."

In vain were tempting dishes prepared; and jellies, cordials, wines, with which parishioners filled the house, gave no strength. The white upon her countenance grew whiter, and the scarlet more intense. With a gentle reluctance, she gave up one after another of her household duties, but strove to fulfil little personal services to her husband. She looked over his linen every week, and languidly repaired any little break. She laid out for him his Sunday apparel, and saw that his clean white handkerchiefs were duly laid upon his coat. One by one, even these small but precious duties of love were taken from her, and she seemed to

herself, as by some invisible power, to be drifting further and further away from him.

It was one brilliant Sabbath morning in January that she had prepared for her husband his white cravat, which for many years she had fondly placed upon his neck, and tied in a perfect bow, smoothing the ends, and by dainty touches here and there giving the look of neatness and simplicity for which Dr. Buell was noted.

On this morning the bell tolled long for the minister. The deacons looked uneasily toward the door. Such a thing as tardiness was never known in Dr. Buell. What could keep him?

Deacon Trowbridge, big with an innocent sense of the importance of the matter, looked at the pulpit, then at Deacon Marble, then into the broad aisle, and then closed his eyes for a moment and cleared his throat. He repeated this service once or twice in an edifying manner, and then slowly rose and went over to Deacon Marble to consult.

First one whispered and the other nodded, then the other whispered and the first one nodded; then both of them looked perplexed. Meanwhile the boys tittered; for while the deacons were

absorbed in each other, Dr. Buell had passed down the aisle and entered the pulpit, and his voice, opening the service, put a hasty end to the two deacons' perplexity.

What had detained him?

When he came that morning for his cravat, his wife, with trembling hands, essayed her accustomed offices. She laid back the collar of his vest, raised his shirt collar, and sought to clasp his neck with the cravat, but her little strength was gone. Panting, and smiling sadly, she sought to cover the failure by pleating the cravat a little differently, and again rose to place it round her husband's neck.

Her hand trembled and failed. Now, for the first time, the grief brought forth the confession:

"Oh, my husband, I shall never do it again. I am dying, and I must leave you."

Clasped in his bosom, she gave way to a paroxysm of weeping. There was silence. Tears poured down his face. With ineffable tenderness he bore her to the bed, and kneeling down by her side, he poured out his thanksgiving for all her love and service to him, in broken sentences, wet

with tears, as if it were an offering of flowers wet with dew, and in solemn simplicity he gave her back to God, from whose hand he had taken her. The clouds rolled away. From that moment both of them spoke of her death with tender frankness.

When he arose in the pulpit that morning his voice did not falter. There was neither weakness nor excitement; but there was an irresistible fervour. Once or twice he came so near to the expression of feeling that all the house grew still, and the ticking of the round clock on the singing gallery could be plainly heard all over the church. It was but a moment's weakness, and his strong heart overcame the tendency, and his work went on to the end unfalteringly. Few ever forgot the strange solemnity of that morning.

Meanwhile a new energy seemed to fill the minister's soul. As he had been jealous always lest anything should withdraw him from his work, by any self-indulgence, so now he was afraid of the self-indulgence of sorrow. He left nothing unperformed that he had been wont to do. He visited the schools with even more fidelity than hitherto, he held his neighbourhood meetings, he was present at all the committees and various

circles, which fill up a parish life. But the moment his tasks were done he flew back to his wife's chamber.

From her childhood his wife had been a member of the church, but, now that she was so soon to go forth from all temples made with hands, her husband's deepest anxiety was as to her full preparation for the great change. Not one word had he ever uttered to his congregation of the awful issues of the future, that he did not now feel in her behalf who so long had walked with him to the house of God. Day by day, he held up before her the searching tests by which, since the days of Jonathan Edwards, the more earnest New England Christians have tried themselves.

It would have been a great relief to his soul, if, instead of a gentle, languid submission to the will of God, she had been favoured with more earnest experiences. Her views of her own sinfulness were correct, but without great strength. Her faith was mild, but not strong. She was willing to go, but did not rejoice. She could not say, for a long time, that she was willing to leave her husband. Still more trying was it that she had to confess, that she loved her husband more than

anything else. Her soul had as yet no wings, but would cling and brood in its nest.

Her husband was jealous for the honour of his Master, and sincerely mourned that his beloved clung to *him* with such utter and undivided love.

Agate Bissell, who had lived in the house ever since Mrs. Buell ceased to leave her room, though profoundly sympathising with the minister in his religious views, yet had a sympathy with a woman's nature which enabled her to help both of them.

"Why do you worry the poor child, Doctor? She can't give you up while the Lord keeps you both together! Seems to me it will be time enough to let go of you when the Lord takes off her hand. As long as we are living God will give us living grace, and he won't give us dying grace till it's time to die. What's the use of trying to feel like dying when you ain't dying—nor anywhere near it? It seems to me that folks that are afraid of not following the Lord, might sometimes be afraid of going before him when not called."

Dr. Buell made no reply. He looked upon Agate with a thoughtful, wondering look, as if grateful for unexpected help. At length he said, as if hoping help in other points—

"I have prayed that the Lord would make to her a fuller disclosure of his glory, and that he would give her such an assurance of her acceptance, as would leave us a comforting evidence afterwards."

"You want your wife to be submissive to God's will. Are *you* submissive? Are you willing that God shall show his sovereignty by giving just such a dying experience to this poor child as he pleases? She's been all her life clasping round you, tight as a vine, and she's grown so. Now you want her to unclasp and let go, just when she's so weak and trembling that she needs more than ever she did the support of leaning on and loving you. You are in danger of oppressing one of God's little ones, by putting the burdens of the strong upon her. And as for her evidences, I don't know why a whole life of consistent piety should be thrown away, while you are groping for *feelings* in a poor, feeble, dying creature, that is too weak to manage her thoughts or feelings."

Dr. Buell was used to Agate Bissell's straightforward sense, and now he was more than willing to take the implied rebuke continued in her words. Indeed, his solicitude, his fear of not being faithful,

his anxiety that nothing should be left undone in this last great experience of life—departure from it—had somewhat disturbed that nice judgment which he manifested in ministering to others in their last sicknesses.

It was past the middle of February, and so near to March that already its searching winds were abroad, that the crisis of Mrs. Buell's disease was reached. On a Sunday morning, brilliant but blustering, Dr. Buell proceeded as usual to the church. His wife had not for a long time seemed so well. She lay propped up with pillows. Her wan and wasted face was refreshed this morning with a return of almost childlike beauty. Flowers brought by Rose Wentworth stood near. At her husband's appearance, a very sweet smile went over her face, and as he stooped to kiss her, she whispered: "The Lord is very good. He sends me great peace to-day. Good-bye! Come back again soon, dear husband!"

It was the Angel of Peace, whose wings were already bearing her up above all storms or sorrows!

Dr. Buell was gone scarce half an hour before the sufferer groaned with pain. For a few mo-

ments she seemed in anguish. Suddenly she placed her hands on her bosom as if something had given way. The experience of pain faded out of her face—a sweet smile came. She seemed as if she was gazing at some surprising sight. Agate spake to her—spake again. It was vain! Other sounds were now about her, and her voice was heard in other realms!

Rose was sent to call Dr. Buell. He was in the closing passages of his sermon when he saw the door of the church open and Rose enter. She cast upon him a beseeching look, and, then, as if hesitating, she turned and whispered to one who sat near. They both went out into the vestibule.

Though agitated, his sense of duty in God's house inspired Dr. Buell to finish the morning services in every particular. It was not meet that his private feelings should disturb the services of the sanctuary!

No sooner had he come forth than Rose met him. Without waiting for her message, he said:

"Let us hasten! Is she worse?"

"No;—better!"

"Is it so? God help me!"

Bewildered and hardly conscious of surrounding

things, he entered the room where his wife lay. He gazed long upon her. Then, in a wandering way, he stretched out his arms and called her, "Eliza! Eliza!" He sat down upon the side of her bed. He placed his hands upon her face. He took her poor little hand in his. There was the wedding-ring, and no other had she ever worn! All the past seemed to come back upon him.

"Dead? Impossible!—Eliza! speak! just one word! Speak! Oh, my wife!"

Then with all the fond names which he had ever used, he plead with her.

Agate and Rose withdrew—let us draw back! This first sorrow is for the soul's self only, and for God!

CHAPTER XII.

THE TWO SEXTONS.

"GOOD MORNING, Mr. Turfmould," said Tommy Taft. "Fine weather. Very busy you were yesterday!—a solemn day."

"Yes, Mr. Taft, a fine funeral—as fine a funeral as ever I see. Such lessons must have an effect on the careless and worldly."

"You must be a judge of sech matters, by this time, Turfmould!"

"I've been in my business nigh about thirty year. I've done most of the respectable buryin' hereabouts, and though I say it that shouldn't say it, I've as good a judgment about a funeral as the next man!"

"I thought the hull country had turned out. I never saw so many folks in that church. There must have been fifty carriages."

"Fifty? nearer a hundred! Then there was

six ministers from out of town, besides all that lives here. Gener'lly a funeral in the week time is like a shadow in one spot. But yesterday it was a cloudy day all over town. Indeed, it was just like Sunday."

"Only a good deal more so."

"Yes—a good deal more so. It was certainly edifyin'."

"Ah!" said Tommy Taft, with a look of great simplicity, "the ministers were all very well, but folks couldn't keep their eyes off from you and that beautiful coffin."

"A better coffin was never brought into town. Poor thing! I knew her taste. She was awful neat. The last thing afore they put the linin' in I went myself and stood the coffin on end, and brushed it out, every crack and corner, just as she would have done herself, poor sufferin' creature, if she had been there. But she was a kind thing—very good to folks in distress, and I felt like suitin' her if I could. I just said to myself, 'Turfmould, this is the last time you can pay her back anything for all she did for your child, poor thing!'

"I tell yer, Mr. Taft, I never quite liked the

way that funeral was served on my child! Tompkins hasn't got the feelin's that our profession requires. Do you s'pose I would take advantage of *him*, if he'd had a body in his house, and one of his own bodies, too, a child, or a wife, or somethin' like that? That's no time to run a fellow, when he's doin' his own mournin.' Nobody loves his child any better'n I did mine. And there wasn't a puttier girl in this town, that was allowed on all hands. Yes, sir. They used to call her the lily of the grave-yard—they did. That was a delicate allusion to my bizness, you know. I hadn't expected that she'd drop off. When I got back from Squire Cheney's funeral, and was puttin' up my hoss, Pete he came out, and looked at me a kind of wet and wild-like, and so I run past him, and went in. Oh, dear me! I don't like to tell about it. My wife she didn't say anything, and I didn't say anything, and Rhoda didn't say anything. She lay on the bed, and her hair hung down on the pillow, and her face was white—and her mother never cried, and couldn't; she didn't look at me, nor at the poor child, neither, and didn't stir; and I never saw two folks look so much alike as they two did; and both of 'm, you

know, was called Rhoda! I never was in such a peck of troubles. I thought I'd go for the minister, and then I thought of Dr. Wentworth, and just then who should open the door but the Doctor's Rose. She'd been comin' every day, and fetchin' things, and she loved Rhoda dearly. The child just worshipped Rose. Well, she came in and had some flowers, and she walked straight up to the bed, and said, 'Rhoda, Rhoda!' and then she sort o' came to the meanin' of things; and she looked with her great blue eyes at the poor dead thing, with such a lovin' way, that I ra'ly thought the child's face was gittin' brighter; and once I thought she was comin' to; her face trembled like; but it was just my eyesight,—you know when tears are movin' round you can't see very correct."

At this he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand; and drawing a large red handkerchief from his pocket, he gave a sonorous blowing, sounding, as Tommy Taft said, like the rams' horns around Jericho.

"Well, I was sittin' on the foot of the bed, tryin' to git over it, when the door opened agin, and Rhoda's mother came in—that is my Rhoda

—my wife, you know,—and walked right up to the mother. And afore she had time to say a word, Rhoda she riz right up, and gave such a scream as never was heard afore, I do believe. It cum from the very heart. Oh, Lord, how it hurt me! 'Rhody, Rhody,' sez I, 'don't for pity sakes!' But I didn't need to say so, for that's the last time she ever opened her mouth. I don't wonder. There was a year's feelin' in that one scream, and it killed her. She sort o' fell in her mother's arms, and Rose and she got her on the bed, and she lay sleepin' like through the night, and in the mornin' when the sun rose she was gone, and nobody knew when she breathed her last. And then I had two bodies in the house at a time. Providence don't often provide such materials for a funeral. Well, I found it putty hard. Rose, she sent for Alice Cathcart, and they wouldn't let anybody touch her but themselves; and Rose, she put flowers 'round her, and said she was the sweetest flower of 'em all; and Rose kept smilin' and cryin' softly all the time,—and was as gentle, and lovin', and careful of me as if I'd been her father; and she cum to me when I sat in the door, next day, feelin' as if I

was dead inside and couldn't feel, only my head it went on thinkin',—she cum and read the Bible to me. At first I couldn't hear much, only her voice was sweet and comfortin'; but as she went on, I seemed to cum to myself just as she was readin', '*And Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven. And he took them up in his arms, and put his hands upon them and blessed them.*' It seemed as if I heard somebody say this in the air; and I felt as if I knew what had become of Rhody, and her mother, too—for she warn't more'n a child herself—and I bust into tears, and didn't feel as bad agin through the hull of it. Well, at first I thought I should send down to Springfield for a funeral. Tompkins hadn't done the right thing by me, and though we never had any words, we'd had more'n enough feelin's. He had a smooth way of edgin' into my custom. When young Brace was buried, everybody said I ought to have had it.

"And then he hadn't no family of his own, and there wasn't no chance for me sometime, in like circumstances, you know. Well, this is the way I got out of it: I'd been sittin' still after Rose

left off readin', and I heard somebody talkin' in the room where Rhody was—both of 'em—and I went to the door, and there was Rose and Alice kneelin' down by the pillow, and Rose was prayin'. Such a sweet prayer I never did hear. It beat the minister all to nothin', and it was full of thanks, and as happy as a Spring bird is when he sets in the apple-trees yonder and sings; and when she stopped I went back and sot down, and all my feelin's was changed, and I said: 'Git thee behind me, Satan. Tompkins *shall* have this funeral;' and so he did. I'll say this for him, that I believe he tried to do about right. But nature is strong, you know, and I *did* think he, took on a leetle more than he need to. Mebbe if it had been me, I should have done so too. It makes a difference, you know, whose house a funeral's in. And when we was all in the carriages, and the two coffins was in the hearse,—he wanted two hearses, but that would not be in good taste. I didn't like so much show, and besides, I knew the mother ought to keep her child close to her;—and when the procession was ready, he came walkin' up to see, for the last time, if all was right, it wa'n't in human nature to keep

in his satisfaction with the occasion! And when he mounted and sat down with the driver on the leadin' carriage, I do believe there wasn't so proud a man in this town.

"Well, he was very kind though, and we've never had any words since then; and, considerin' the temptations of the business, we are pretty good friends; and so I thought it fair, when the minister's wife was goin' to be buried, to show him some attention, so I asked him to officiate with me. Every body knew that it was *my* funeral, and it looked right to let folks see that there wasn't no jealousy. I think such a great loss ought to produce a solemnizing effect on everybody, particularly the young. I always try to make my funerals means of grace to somebody. Everybody's got to die. Nobody dies but once, though, and any good you're goin' to git out of 'em you must git then. So I thought I ought to ask Dr. Buell if he had anything specially improvin' to suggest. But he turned as pale as ashes when he saw me, and shuddered all over as if he had a chill comin' on; and Agate Bissell, she said, in a hurry like, as she pushed me out, that he wa'n't in a state of mind to see me.

"But I went over to Tompkins, and he and I consulted about it.

"'Tompkins,' says I, 'this is a peculiar occasion.'

"'Yes,' says he, 'it is. It's enough to make one's reputation.'

"'Now I want,' says I, 'to have just such a funeral as would suit her, so that if she could come back, she'd say, "I thank you, Mr. Turfmould; you have done exactly to my mind." You know that if there was a woman in this town who hated dirt, she's that woman, and I think we're bound to respect her taste when she's gone just as much as if she's livin'.'

"'Well,' that's easy enough,' said Tompkins. 'We can slick up everything with extra care, and have a double inspection of all the materials——'

"'Well, that of course; but I was thinkin' about the grave. You know you can't dig a grave and have no dirt. Deceive ourselves as we will, you know we've all got to come to it,—dust we are and to dust we return; but then, you know, we can break the matter gently like, keep a large tarpaulin lyin' over the dirt, and then I mean to cover the outside box with *turf*, which keeps the

gravel and stuff from rattlin' in when the coffin is down.'

" 'That's a good idea,' sez he, 'and I think all your arrangements are good. They are new, and ought to be fashionable.'

" 'I don't care for fashion,' says I. 'I think it will be comfortin' to the minister and respectful to her memory. I've seen things managed quite the contrary. You know when Bidwell's wife died, they put him in the coach with his sister-in-law, and they had always quarrelled, and they didn't mend matters that journey. Old Bidwell told me of it. Says he, 'If I ever have another funeral you shall have it, Turfmould. Jones is no sort of a manager. He just spoilt my wife's whole funeral. I never took a bit of comfort in it from beginning to end.'

" 'But Dr. Buell had no reason to say that,' says Tompkins. 'I am sure we did every thing that we could. I think Kyle beat himself with those flowers. I never saw such splendid funeral flowers. I didn't know what flowers was made for till I saw wreaths, and crosses, and dishes. Flowers is certainly very useful, and, if well managed, considerable profit may come from them.' "

For some reason Tommy Taft seemed to enjoy this exhibition of professional feeling with the utmost inward satisfaction. He let the sexton go on uninterrupted, except a word here and there to set him forward again."

"Well, Mr. Turfmould," said Tommy, at length, "it's a serious loss to the town, but that's nothin' to what 'tis to Dr. Buell. I really pity him. There's no mistake the minister feels it. He acts as though he'd lost somethin', and didn't exactly know where to look for it."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FRUIT OF SORROW.

NOTHING strikes all value out of the ordinary affairs of life so soon as sorrow. It works alike in all, but the deepest natures are the most affected by it. A single blow descends, and the world is changed, and rises before the eye as another creation. Yesterday the soul surveyed its garden, to-morrow it will see only a wilderness.

Sorrows work upon the soul as late rains do upon vegetation. All night a cold rain falls, and in the morning the leaves are gone. The coverts are no longer shady, trees hold up bare branches; and the air, with every puff of wind, is filled with leaves languidly descending to the ground. After the first shock and excitement of grief, which sometimes carries the soul high up toward serene experiences, comes the reaction. The nerve of pleasure is paralyzed. All objects report them-

selves to the senses in sombre colours. Values are changed or destroyed. Life is empty and effort useless. In thoughtful natures next arise anxious questionings. The breaking up of the heart seems, for a time, to overturn the conclusions of the reason itself. Men doubt their most settled beliefs, and bold scepticisms invade the secret calm of Faith. While the nobler sentiments are silent and torpid, there spring up in their place sudden repulsions and capricious disgusts.

The valley and shadow of Death is not dreadful to those who pass *through* it, but to those who follow after but may *not* pass through!

Dr. Buell, whose simplicity was childlike, felt himself strangely tempted. Such terrible thoughts never before assaulted him. For a refuge he sought his study, that there in pious meditations and devotions he might combat the adversary.

But, after a little, he fled out of it as from a furnace. Such horrible doubts assailed him—such wicked feelings coursed through his heart, that he almost believed himself given over of God. His very struggles increased his difficulty. They heightened the excitement, and carried him

further from rest and nearer to a morbid condition. His discourses on the first Sunday after the burial of his wife were even more impressive than usual, and his flock admired the faith which lifted him above such sorrow. On the second Sunday a marked change was visible. His sermon, like his own soul, was irregular and unbalanced. The quick eye of Dr. Wentworth discerned the minister's condition. Now it was that friendship could make itself felt. He affected to have much need of the minister. He carried him to-day in one direction to counsel a dying person—to-morrow he consulted him respecting some orphan children. It was necessary, too, it seemed, that he should go with Dr. Wentworth to a school district lying remote from the village. During these rides, which were every day varied, he gently drew from the minister an account of his experiences, and prescribed so skilfully for both his moral and his physical need, that months of suffering, and perhaps the usefulness of his life, were saved.

"Nothing exhausts vitality faster than the exertion of the will," said Dr. Wentworth. "Already the tone of your nerves is lost. You are still

further reducing yourself by attempting to restrain and combat irregular and morbid action by simple will-power. The disease and the remedy are both of them exhausting you. Let yourself alone. Avoid solitude. Turn to the help of others. Take on business which will occupy without tasking your mind. Nothing is half so medicinal for our troubles as benevolent sympathy and occupation in the troubles of others. This is the true moral recreation."

"But is it right, Doctor, that one should seek relief from trouble sent of God, except by going to the hand that has afflicted?"

"He seeks God who accepts His laws," said the Doctor. "The best prepartion for personal communion is a devout fulfilment of the duties owed to God through natural laws. He who asks God's help should at least show respect to his laws, and not make prayer merely a petition for the suspension of the penalties of the violated laws of mind."

Dr. Wentworth's efforts availed so far as to rescue the minister from the danger of breaking down in health. Little by little his spirits rose. Yet life seemed changed and emptied. He turned

all his powers into his ministerial work. A new fervour filled his preaching. His appeals became more tender and solemn. It was noticed that gradually the audience was filling up. Men listened with more earnestness. Week after week the community were moving together in one direction, under the influence of the profoundest sentiments which can inspire the human soul.

Judge Bacon was sitting in Dr. Wentworth's library, one Sunday evening, and seemed unusually talkative. Yet there was an emphasis and point not ordinarily observed in his half-negligent and polished manner.

"The parson has a grand *battue* on hand."

"Ah! I don't understand?"

"Why, he has for several weeks past been sweeping around the people with his grand doctrines; and now the circle is formed, and he is driving in toward the centre. Oh, you'll see rare slaying before long!"

Dr. Wentworth made no answer, but sat as one who is meditating.

"You can see," said Judge Bacon, "every Sunday he advances a step. I've seen this thing before. I know how it will end. By and by there

will come a break-down—then, like frightened sheep, a crowd will make a rush toward the church-doors, pell-mell. After a while a count will be made and the results published. The upshot of it will be, that while before one hundred selfish bustling disagreeable people lived outside of the church, afterwards they will live inside of the church—that's all!"

Still Dr. Wentworth made no reply. At length Judge Bacon said abruptly,—

"Doctor, do you believe in revivals?"

"Certainly."

"You surprise me! I had supposed that you were too firm and intelligent a believer in Natural Law."

"It is on that ground that I believe in Revivals. In every department of life men are moved in masses, and as it were with social contagions. Few men in anything act alone. They kindle themselves in the simplest employments by social contact. Social enthusiasms have characterized the progress of the race in every department of society."

"Because societies have been rude," said Judge Bacon, "and men have been animal in nature;

and it is no wonder that their animal feelings should be excited."

"On the contrary," replied the Doctor, "animals are not subject to social enthusiasms, or only in the most rudimentary manner. Men are susceptible of such excitement, in proportion as they recede from animal conditions. In art, in amusements, in social improvement, in patriotism, men tend to act in masses, to be kindled by each other to enthusiasm; and such conditions develop, not obstruct, the active powers. This social excitement is favourable to taste, affection, judgment, and reason. I do not know why moral emotions should be exempt from this same law.

"But you can plainly see that these things are got up. I can give you a prescription for a revival."

"Why not?" replied Dr. Wentworth. "Is not education 'got up'? Is not art culture 'got up'? Is not your own profession and mine 'got up'? Why should men be afraid to speak of moral states as the result of deliberate and intentional effort? Why should not men apply the term education to moral faculties as well as to others? and study for moral results as they

do for social or æsthetic? Are not the moral sentiments subject to laws as much as any other parts of the mind?"

"Yes; but church people imagine that revivals descend upon them from above,—that they are mysterious and divine,—that the less human agency is concerned in them the purer they will be!"

"It is only another instance," said the Doctor, "in which a fact is recognized before the theory of its causation is understood. I do not the less believe that a divine influence is experienced because it pursues the channels of established law. Men account for phenomena by natural laws, as far as their knowledge goes, and then they ascribe whatever is left over, beyond their knowledge of causation, to superior beings. The higher ranges of human experience are the most complex and subtle, and seem mysterious because the lines of causation are finer and more spiritual. But the profoundest mysteries of human experience will one day be found to furnish the most admirable illustrations of the universality and constancy of natural laws."

"I don't see, Doctor; but you are as bad as the

rest of them. I shall have to be a philosopher without company. It will never do for us to submit to this influence. An enthusiasm in my mind would mix up things worse than a wind in my study would dishevel my papers. I shall stand aloof and see others act."

The Doctor continued—

"All nations pretending to moral life have been subject to these outbursts of feeling. It is all very well to declare that a gradual and constant progress in goodness would be better. Such is not the law of development. Nations advance by paroxysms. The race has gone up, not by steady improvement but by leaps with long rests between. At a later period, when society has reached a higher plane than at present, progress may become even, uniform, and constant. At present that seems impossible. And we are to regard these moral freshets as admirable, relatively to the wants of the whole community."

Here the discussion ended, for that time.

We have little idea of the power of truths till we see their action, without obstruction, upon a whole community that is aroused to a sensitive and sympathetic condition. Truths ordinarily run

through societies as gold does in rocks—a thin vein shut in by wide measures of stone. When enough men hold a truth in common to give to that truth a social influence, its range and power become greatly increased; but no one knows the very royalty of a truth until the whole community are aroused, made sensitive and sympathetic, and give to truth the force of glowing enthusiasm. Not only is the power of a truth thus disclosed, but a community is knit together and enriched by being made subject to some one worthy impulse all together, by consciously holding some great truth with a common enthusiasm. And if the truth is a profound moral truth, and the enthusiasm a moral enthusiasm, no man can measure the cleansing, inspiring, and strengthening influence arising from such a unity and intensity of experience as it produces.

The indirect effects of those moral experiences called revivals, in vivifying the moral sense, elevating the sentiments, and giving to daily life a larger moral element—in bringing over secular things the shadow of the Infinite, are so important that they should be accounted great benefits,

quite independently of the special personal reformations which they work.

This religious movement, which was itself remotely connected with Dr. Buell's bereavement, was one of the occurrences which we alluded to in the last chapter as having an important influence upon Barton's life. It brought to a head a long train of moral symptoms.

With his mental organization, and with the domestic influences which had from his childhood been acting upon him, Barton Cathcart could hardly fail to be of a religious turn. But in New England, pre-eminently, the religious dispositions and affections are required to be conjoined with the great philosophical statements of religious truths. It is not enough that one is good, he must be sound. There is a practical toleration toward those whose lack of education or feebleness of mind gives no power of reasoning upon such themes as are involved in the great doctrines of revealed religion. But in proportion as men are educated is the demand intensified that right affections shall proceed from right beliefs.

Young Cathcart, during the last two years of his college course, had found his religious life passing from a state of acquiescent acceptance into one of eager questioning. His Reason was asserting its sovereignty. Should he believe because his parents and teachers did? Should he suffer himself, among so many sects, holding widely different beliefs, to be located without any deliberate investigation or honest judgment of his own? Was a man to be superscribed by his parents, like a letter, and sent to this or that church?"

To this rebound of reason from youthful faith was added the influence of scientific studies, to which his taste had strongly inclined him. But the result was far other than he had anticipated. He proposed to himself to open, investigate, and settle, one by one, the great truths of religion. He but half succeeded. He opened, but could not close. He had power to bring into doubt every one of his childhood beliefs; but he had neither the experience nor the grasp required to conduct them back to certainty.

He began to feel that convictions did not follow logic. The feelings must be consulted, and the

imagination as well as the reason, in re-establishing faith.

At one time he would drift far away from all positive belief. All the more familiar truths seemed paralyzed. As men look back upon nations in the olden time, and know that amid their fondest convictions they were in profound error—that their gods were myths, their histories half fables, and their theology a mere fiction; so now and then it came home to him with ghastly distinctness, that a time would come when men would look back upon him and his generation in the same manner.

From these dreary solitudes Barton would rebound, after a time, into an enthusiastic re-acceptance of all his childhood faith. He was enraged at himself and at his intellect for robbing him of peace.

It was like him to carry on these conflicts within himself silently, and without help from others. Thus for two or three years his soul rose and fell like the tides. He was swept far out into the solitudes of the sea, where sometimes silent mists, and sometimes mighty storms befell him. Then, with inexpressible relief, the

current changed, and he swept shoreward, and flowed in again to familiar bays and rivers, and rejoiced in the old places.

This could not continue always. The painfulness of this dreary uncertainty at length had become so great that he relinquished all thought of religious themes, in so far as he could, and assisted himself in his efforts by excessive application to study. During the first year after he graduated, he had contrived to smother his difficulties, and to maintain a peace which he hoped would become permanent.

In this state of mind when a deep religious movement began in Norwood, he found that his troubles were only covered up, not extinguished.

His mother's solicitude that he should rise into an open and earnest religious life was extreme. She ventured but a few words, but they were like arrows. Dr. Wentworth and his family left Barton to follow his own bent without seeking to force it. Dr. Buell, kindly but firmly, pressed him with considerations of duty. Barton shrank from disclosing his real state. If he had reached any settled convictions he would have had courage to avow and defend them ; but to say that

the religion of his childhood had let go and dropped away from him, and that he held in doubt all that those most dear to him held in a blessed certainty, was to make himself the victim of feelings worse than pity. He lived in a community where to be an unbeliever was to be a criminal.

A new misery befell him. The consciousness of a secret life utterly at discord with his seeming life, and with that of those dearest to him, began to raise in him the fear that he was practising insincerity;—that he was living a false and double life. He abhorred duplicity. He loved truth and frankness. And yet, in matters of the most vital moment, he was living a life utterly different from that which all that knew him supposed. At times his distress grew so great that he was on the point of disclosing his feelings. But to whom? Not to his mother. That would pierce her without relieving him. Not to Rose. He shuddered at the thought. It would be like letting night down upon his already faint hopes. Should it be to Dr. Buell? But the Doctor, he thought, had never doubted as he had, and could, therefore, have no sympathy with one

upon whom an argument and a text produced little salutary effect. The question was soon answered for him.

"I have called," said Parson Buell to Dr. Wentworth, "to speak with you concerning our common friend, Barton Cathcart. I have talked with him several times on the great subject on which so many are interested. But I obtained no response. It was plain to me that his thoughts were disturbed, and from certain signs I am led to fear that his views are unsettled. I am distressed to think that this season may pass and leave no blessing for him. We cannot endure to see a nature so noble made a cast-away. Perhaps it will be in your power to aid, at least to ascertain his true state. The spring is passing. Summer will soon be here. He is a child of faith and of many prayers. I am aware of his partiality for you, and of the great influence which your mind has over him. It may be that he will repose in you a confidence which he seems indisposed to place in me."

The Doctor promised to give to Barton an early opportunity of conversation, should he wish it. But it came even before he sought it. Rose on

the next morning told her father that Barton had been questioning her on many points of religious belief, and had expressed a wish to converse with her father.

That very evening Dr. Wentworth and Barton were long together. The result only of their conversation did the Doctor deem it best to report to Dr. Buell.

"I think Barton has stumbled at the letter, but has not fallen from the spirit of the Record. Unskilful handling of his own case has made him morbid. He desires the truth as an unweaned child yearns for its mother's breast. It ought not to be difficult for such a one to find firm faith. His is a clear instance of that doubt which has widely sprung up in the track of physical science. It arises from the introduction of a totally new *method* of investigation. It must be met on its own ground. If the distinguishing doctrines of grace have their types and root in nature, as I believe they have, then evidence from that source will reach the trouble. The alphabetic forms of moral truth found at large in the world will serve to teach one at length how to read those clearer manifestations

of the divine nature, and of moral government, which are perfectly disclosed only in the life and teachings of Our Saviour."

But we prefer to let Barton Cathcart speak for himself. From a private journal we extract a few passages.

BARTON CATHCART'S JOURNAL.

"*June* 10.—To-day has been full of excitement. I have seen Rose. Why do I seek to unsettle her peace? Should I love her, if her soul wandered as mine does? Am I not drawn to her by her deep peace, by that very faith that does not falter? And yet I am provoked that she is tranquil and I am not. Why should she have all the gifts of God and I none? Everything with her tends to fulness of peace, and to gaiety and joy. But I am heavily laden. Thought only mires me deeper. I cannot get my consent to relinquish it. It follows me—haunts me. I cannot accept the religion of my fathers. I cannot get rid of it. I am vibrating between faith and scepticism. I envy little children. I would give all the world if I could go back to be like them—to have their unfaltering trust in truth. I am giddy and whirled, and very unhappy.

"Dr. Wentworth told me yesterday that my trouble was that I was living in my own personality; that I was too low down to see the truth; that I should never *reason* my way through; that moral truth could not be perceived by pure reason; that it must have an emotive inspiration, and come first as an experience, and afterward, if at all, as an analysis and deduction; that I must grow tired and despair of engineering my way by mere reason; that when I came into a state of moral exaltation, I should see truth and its harmony; even then that it would not be *expressible;* that a moral view that satisfied a full nature could not be reduced to terms of language. I have had several conversations with him. He, if any one, can help me. But how to come to that exaltation? Am I to believe what I don't believe, in the hope that it will kindle my moral feelings to luminousness? Am I to stultify my reason first, in order to educate it?

"Yet, the Doctor knows the courses of scientific thought; he certainly has kept pace with the knowledge of sceptical schools, and yet he is a Christian believer. He seems to carry nature and Christianity in harmony. He is certainly at rest.

That I do know. I have too sure an instinct not to know who are doubting. My sore heart is so sensitive that I feel, almost before I hear one speak, what he will say. I am repelled from those who are at rest in unbelief. Judge Bacon chills me. I rebound from Wentworth because he believes, and from Bacon because he does not. His cold touch shocks me. I feel when he talks about religion as I should if my mother was dead, and I saw a surgeon using her body for anatomical demonstrations. All my life is woven into Christian faith; to rid myself of it is to tear every thread that connects me with the past, with childhood, with home, with taste, with love, with knowledge itself. What is a thread worth drawn out of the fabric? That is a man separated from the influences and beliefs that formed him, and which are woven into society. Dr. Buell warned me against becoming fascinated with specious unbelief, said that the pride of my heart would deceive me and flatter me to my ruin. Great God! what is there attractive in not believing? It is living torture. I am like a man who, walking unconsciously, has slipped into a dry well, whose sides defy climbing. I am alone, men walk a hundred

feet above me—perhaps near me—no one hears, no one extricates. I look up and see the sky, only to measure how deep my grave is and how hopeless of ascent! I am alone there—I am without food or water or companionship, at the bottom of a well, looking up in despair of ever again feeling benign influences! Fascinations of scepticism! They are to me the fascinations of the torture-room, they are as attractive as nightmares in a fever!!

"To all the rest, is this secret horror, that I am separated by my miserable state from Rose. She could never love me, could she see what a soul I bear. I would not deceive her if I could. Could a man of honour, if he was diseased, be so foolish as to hide it from a woman whom he honoured—knowing that he would secure her hatred when she discovered it? But how much more is a soul and mind in disorder than a body? I dare not love Rose and lose her. I do love her, and despair of ever coming nearer to her. She would not love me, I know, if she knew me. I would not be united to her if she, in her divine kindness, would! What, marry a mere nurse! a soul nurse! Marry for my own sake, and not for hers! Bring her

no peace? no joy? no larger life than she had before? I wish that I could worship God as easily as I can Rose.

"*June* 15.—My school, at any rate, is helped by my inward disquiet. I seek relief in labour and thought. I fly from those sad and dreary moods, introverted and self-conscious. They ruin me and would poison every one should I infect them. I watch my scholars, to see if they know that I am swinging like an unlighted star in a great circuit of darkness, eternal motion, without light or rest. I shrink from them as if I were false to my place, and had no business with children. Oh! those dear faces, turned up to me with such clear trust, I look upon them with unutterable feelings. God! suffer not contagion to go from me! I redouble my energy. I seek to fire them with ardour and honour. I seek to so burden myself with duties toward them that I shall have no room for suffering myself.

"They certainly answer to my exertion. All the nobler natures are inspired by me with almost romantic zeal. I see by their eyes admiration and fondness; but it falls upon me as the ardour of worshippers once fell on marble gods. I am

cold to it. I have that sense of unmanly suffering, of soul disquiet, of utter ruin.

"*June* 20.—A strange experience befel me yesterday. My day's work was done. My walk was completed. The sun had gone down. I had fallen into one of those balanced states of mind in which is calm, and all the evening scenes tended to soften even to tenderness. A robin flew into the trees over against my room, and began that peculiar song which indicates the absence of its mate. It is the sweetest and most passionate of all their singing. And since I have learned that it is a call of loneliness for company, of love *for* love, it seems to me very exquisite, though very sad. I sat in the window till the light had faded, the song growing more and more restless and almost expostulatory. Soon the bird flew, and I heard it again further off; and, after a little, it seemed to have flown yet further, and its now waning notes died out in distance. My soul was strangely affected. I almost ceased to be conscious of my body. Stealing up from the east, the moon threw a light on the valley, upon the tops and edges of the village trees. There lay Holyoke and its silent fellows brooding in sombre silence. I was

inexpressibly sad. I seemed alone, helpless, unhappy. I involuntarily called out, '*My God*, why hast thou forsaken me?' What followed I can account for only as a phantasy. Or *was* it real? *Is* there still an inspiration? I did not *think*. It was *seeing* rather! The whole heaven seemed full of ineffable gentleness. It seemed as if I was caught up into it, and felt borne in upon me a sense of God's care for me—his love, his wisdom in guiding me. A wonderful conviction seemed to flow in on me that I should surely be brought out of all my darkness, and that all this trouble of soul was like the trouble which a seed feels when yet under ground—dying that it may sprout and live. Then, all unbidden, there sprung up in me such a desire to praise God as I had never felt before or imagined. For the first time in my life I had a conception of *infinite* love. I had heard the words before. Now I had a sense of the thing itself. All my soul seemed urgent to utter itself and I could not speak a word! The psalms rushed before me in which trees, mountains, sun, moon, stars, all nature, were called upon to join in praising God. But how strangely different in effect! Before, I had read them as

one hears Handel's Messiah, in fragments, on a piano. Now it was as I imagine the Messiah to have been when thousands of singers and instruments gave it forth in all its grandeur at Westminster Abbey. Everything within me became heroic. I could have yielded my life with ineffable joy to please God. All complaining seemed to me like dust which one kicks with the feet. I was absorbed and almost identified with this Universal Presence. And now, as I remember it, the strangest part of the experience, though at the time it did not strike me as such, was the nourishing pity with which I looked upon myself. I seemed to comfort myself, as if my higher self was consoling a lower self. I felt a true and ineffable pity and sorrow for myself, for my doubts and yearnings, for my longing ambitions and unsatisfied strivings; and it seemed to be borne in upon me, in a way such as no words could have done it, that all my faculties, tendencies, aspirations, had their natural and perfect fulfilment in God, and not in attaining anything in myself. I remember a sort of figure that seemed to come forth from nature to me—that flowers never blossomed inwardly, into themselves, but out-

wardly, into the light, and that all the beauty they had, either of form or colour, was what they borrowed from the light which they received and reflected, and so a soul, it seemed to me, was never happy or beautiful except when it was unfolding into God.

"How long my trance lasted I cannot say. I threw myself upon the bed without undressing. A tide of tranquil delight gently flowed through my soul. I asked myself whether, were it God's will, I could yield up all my prospects in life. The mere thought of pleasing God seemed rapturous. I repeated 'Thy will be done,' and the effect was wonderful. I had a vision—shall I call it—of the divine beauty, and of a realm which was glorified by its shining light, and all my desires, personal and secular, shrunk and faded. In that exceeding light and beauty I seemed to myself unutterably insignificant. The course of my thoughts, the nature of my feelings, the ambitions and pursuits of my life, seemed under a shadow—stained, and poor, and degrading. I never imagined before what it meant to be a man, nor how far I had been from it. In those blissful moments I tested my feelings for Rose. If

anything in my life had before seemed to me pure and noble, it was my hidden love for that nobler creature. But I was amazed to perceive how, in the light of His countenance, the very fragrance and blossom of my heart seemed rank and coarse. My whole life withered, and my virtues dropped like blackened leaves. And yet this unbeauty, this moral poverty, brought joy. Right over against me rose to a stately height the conception of a Being whose very nature it was, spontaneously and with deep yearning, to love and embrace such unworth. I remember thinking—for I then *thought*, as one *sees*, vast ranges of truth and ideas flying at once before me, almost without succession in time—that love of God came to me as I had seen the sun pour and flame, in the Spring, upon a brown and frozen knoll, and pierce it, and thaw it, and warm it, and nourish in it the hidden roots, and day by day bring them out in beauty. So it seemed that God's nature fell upon mine. How long this lasted I cannot tell. When I awoke in the morning I seemed like one who had missed his latitude. I went asleep in summer and awaked in winter. I ran to the window and saw all things as I had been

wont to see them." Birds were singing—men and boys walking—waggons rolling—the smoke rising pale against the sky, hardly crooked by a breath of wind. The vision had been caught up. In its place was the great working world. I never was so sad to be awake. I longed for something lost. Yet I am wonderfully quieted. I do know that there is *a realm of truth.* I cannot well be made to believe that there was nothing divine in this exaltation and spiritual insight. It is an inexpressible relief to feel a *certainty* that Nature has a Master. Now I will seek Wentworth again, and see what he means when he says that the Bible interprets Nature, and that Nature nourishes the truths of the Bible, and that they are parts of one development, and in harmony.

"*July* 1.—The town is filling with strangers; also come back acquaintances. Young Frank Esel has come, and is of course much at W.'s. Exceeding good company. His genial gaiety refreshes me. We have much in common. I don't think that Rose *can* flirt. Yet she is a woman, and is pleased with attention, and seems fond of Esel. They are much together. They work together,

drawing and painting in the open air, and holding large discourse.

"There comes, too, this summer, one Heywood, from Virginia. I am told that he is highly accomplished, and I perceive that he is elegant. I met him once or twice, and am drawn to him, as he seems to be toward me. He has been bred to the Law, and is now studying, nominally, with Judge Bacon. He wonders that I do not study Law. I am every day more inclined to do it. Heywood does not intend practising law. He tells me that his tastes lead him in the direction of Political Economy, to which in reality he devotes most of the time which is supposed to be spent in Law.

* * * *

"*August* 1.—Something has happened I am sure. Frank Esel seems much disturbed. Rose is even more kind to him than before. But I think it is sisterly. He still visits much at the Doctor's. But he is less buoyant. A dash of sadness. I find him looking fixedly at me, as if studying my innermost thought. Poor soul. I shall not be in his way. He leaves for home soon.

"I learn that Heywood is to be heir of the Chandler property, and that he is to reside here. He has property in the South, and if he inherits the Chandler estate he will be one of the wealthiest men in these parts. Chandler is said to be worth half a million. Chandler's wife and Heywood's mother are sisters, so that there is relationship between them. He lives with them now. I covet his royal ease in society. He is charming even to men, and I do not wonder that ladies welcome his attentions. He has a high bearing without haughtiness, and he is truly considerate of every one, and kind to overflowing. If all Southerners are such as he, I am henceforth in love with them. Such as I have met, however, have been different.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOM HEYWOOD.

THE most noisy and ostentatious influences of summer are not those which chiefly shape its destiny. It is the sum of small and even inconspicuous things, acting in gentle continuity, that give tone and character to the year. Frosts, that in summer become dews; dews, that in winter are transformed to frosts; tiny mosses and silken grasses; the up-sucking of moisture by hidden and silent roots; the fall of outworn leaves, and their conversion to mould; the silent power of remote orbs, that sheet the earth with light, pierce it with heat, that move the tides, and swing the globe itself around its circuit—these undemonstrative and modest influences—silent, precious, invisible attractions—are the great workers of Nature.

Nor is the analogy wanting in the soul of man.

The influential agents which determine destiny are often so soft and subtle that the very touch is not felt, nor the presence discovered of things which change or fix the mind's moods, and, with constant recurrence, fashion the character.

The unexpressed thoughts of Barton Cathcart, the rising and falling doubts, that shifted and changed like the sky-fleece of a summer day, were wearing channels in his soul, and threatening to undermine his life.

Nor could he tell what, at length, arrested the morbid tendency, or what, gradually and gently acting, began to give hope and health to his moral nature. Certain it was, that from the period recorded in his journal, the disintegrating tendence of his mind was checked, and a constructive tendency was established. The fascinations of self-torment seemed to have spent themselves. It is true that the progress towards health was imperceptible at any single point. But the morbid symptoms have been checked, and a curative tendency had been established.

Even more than ever before, he became a frequent visitor at Dr. Wentworth's. Much he talked with the Doctor, and much with Rose ; but

never repecting himself. It was his wont to converse of some principle or process, or of some imagined case, although the subject matter was in reality his own experience.

This thin veil did not deceive his friends, but served to save his delicacy, and secured a frankness and liberty which would have been otherwise impossible to one so sensitive.

Rose, peculiarly sagacious in penetrating character, discerned, in a certain general way, and appreciated Barton's state of mind. Nor was she insensible to the attractions arising from the very troubles of so noble a nature.

The suffering of a great nature, if silently borne and uncomplainingly, is irresistibly affecting. In Barton there was the greatest energy and the greatest helplessness, the strength of a vigorous manhood and infantine weakness. To common eyes his lot seemed eminently fortunate. He was the envied man of the village. Every one predicted the most auspicious future. But Rose knew that all the outward portion was hollowed out and made empty by the disquiet of his mind.

When Cathcart met Rose in the presence of others, he joined in the common conversation, or in

the amusements with a gaiety that rendered his presence charming. But no sooner were they thrown together alone than to Rose he began speaking of deeper themes, and in a tone of earnest, and, at times, almost anguishful enthusiasm. She could not but perceive that to her he brought the treasure of his inmost, deepest nature. Nor could Rose hide from herself the fascination of such an intercourse. It was a mute appeal for help. This unconscious and artless flattery was exquisite. A woman's pity often opens the door to love.

But equally strong is the need of looking up, of worshipping. If a woman must lean, she needs strength to lean upon; if she must look up, then there must be some one higher than she; if she reveres, there must be to her imagination something of divinity to call for a worship. All women marry gods, but sadly consent afterwards to live with men. The quenching of their resplendent imaginations, the discovery and full conviction that the husband cannot, by his strength and goodness, dominate the heart and be sovereign in love, at length produce a great crisis. Some easily yield up the delusion, call it romance, and consent

to live a life of feeble and fitful love, which has in it no worship, and much contempt. Others there are, of diviner mould, who cannot lose faith in Love, though they sadly admit that they have missed it. They know that there is a life which they never live; that there might arise out of their hearts a love so great, so pure, so commanding and satisfying, that all other experiences of fortune would, in comparison, be of little moment. Royalty and Fortune have no light to fill the vault of life when Love is eclipsed or has gone down. But if Love be regent, every other light may go out, and it will fill the life with a light that shall make poverty itself luminous and sickness and toil bright and joyous.

Many and many a heart there is that has missed its aim, confessed its defeat. Some, then, distribute their affections in many channels, as if to gain by diffusion what they have lost in concentrated form. Some bury their love and keep watch as over a sepulchre, with sorrow, and yet with hope. Hope on! There is a resurrection for every true heart that suffering for love, is faithful to the end!

Rose was one of the few who knew beforehand,

and as by an inspiration, that she must love upward, and that the man to whom her heart should go forth must be found on no downward path, nor on any level, but along an upward road. It was the want of that over-shadowing power in Barton, the want of that commanding energy, which held her affections in warm friendship, but failed to ripen them into love. And so long as Barton was not the master of himself—so long as he carried a divided life, and uncertain and vacillating hopes, he could not rise to that calmness of strength and loftiness of soul which draw men to a great nature, as birds are drawn to build and sing in the boughs of a great tree.

But, whatever might have been the result had Barton pressed his suit with Rose, he was unconsciously led in a wiser way.

Some of his feelings we have seen in the record of his journal. But he was not destined to maintain his honourable reserve without some painful struggles. The appearance in Norwood of Mr. Thomas J. Heywood was an event intimately connected with his whole after life.

Heywood's mother had an only sister living here, and that fact, joined to the reputation of the

place for health and beautiful scenery, led him to choose Norwood in preference to any of the hundred points of attraction in New England for a summer's resort. No considerable intimacy had existed between these two sisters. His mother had married early and always had lived in the South. Visits had, to be sure, been occasionally interchanged; but that was all. They loved each other because they had the same mother, and because they lived hundreds of miles apart. Had they lived together, utterly different tastes and associations would have produced discord. As it was, each imagined the other to be what she wished her to be, or what she imagined that she was.

Heywood, or as he always called himself and was called in his home, Tom Heywood, was about Barton's age, of peculiarly winning manners, uniting a certain lofty air to a genial familiarity.

To be reared in wealth may or may not be a blessing. But to inherit a sound constitution, a mind of good quality and inclining to moral and intellectual pursuits, a disposition elastic and cheery, surely this is to be born to fortune. If to this be

added the society of cultivated people, and companions who both love and admire one, it may well be expected that a young man's head would be slightly turned. Tom Heywood's head, however, stood quite well upon his shoulders, and he showed very little spoiling. It is probable that he perceived the good impression which he made wherever he went. The flattering cordiality with which his advances had always been received had not tended wholly toward humility. In honest truth, there was a gentle impression in his mind that he was very attractive, and that when he should find a woman of qualities admirable enough, he had only to pass through the decorous processes of approach and acquaintance, and to propose himself to her with due ardour, to be duly and heartily accepted. This slightest bit of conceit was almost unknown to himself. It was the unconscious effect upon a sensible and honourable nature of having been a supreme favourite from childhood. But it did not stain through and affect his manners. It remained latent, restrained from expression by good sense and good breeding. On his first visit to Norwood he spent but a summer, visiting very little except in his aunt's

family. So well was he pleased, that the next season he returned early, and with the purpose of study as well as amusement. And although for a time he preferred rooms at the Mansion House, toward autumn he accepted the continuous solicitations of his aunt and her husband, and became a member of their family, and took the place of a son, their only child, who had died a few years before, just as he was entering upon manhood. It was said by those who thought they knew, that it was Josiah Chandler's intention to make Heywood his heir. However this may have been, there can be no reasonable doubt that Mrs. Chandler proposed in her heart to secure that for him which it had been the hope of her life to secure for her son—a connection with the Wentworths. And during the summer of 1859, and the winter following, Tom Heywood was very generally spoken of as Rose's suitor. But the same thing has been said of Frank Esel, of Barton Cathcart, and of several others, and all the stories about Tom Heywood might have been just as baseless.

Until we learn something about it from the parties themselves, it may be as well to imagine that we know nothing about it.

We prefer to let Heywood give his own impressions of Norwood and its people.

HEYWOOD TO HIS BROTHER.

"My dear Hal.:—In spite of your predictions, I am settled in Norwood! It is *not* a huge jumble of bricks, as you predicted, nor a noisy manufacturing town swarming with operatives. On the contrary, I find an extremely attractive village, of a few thousand inhabitants, nestled down close upon the Connecticut river, and in sight of goodly hills. To be sure, these mountains, as they are here called, would cut a sorry figure by the side of the mountains in old Virginia, but they are quite promising in their way. I quite admire the good taste and snugness of these Yankee houses. Especially do I approve of setting back the houses and separating them from the street by deep ornamental yards. There is an air of elegance and of seclusion given the buildings which, if, like our village houses, they were placed on the very line of the street without shrubbery or grounds, they would utterly fail of having.

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"Behold me, then, prying and spying, sharp as a lynx, but just as a judge—a political economist of whom Henry C. Carey need not be ashamed! Expect from me no vain discourses of sport; nothing of horses or hounds; nothing of hunting or fishing; nothing of frivolous pleasures, which I am expected suitably to look down upon. I am in Puritan New England! Already I feel my face sensibly longer. My features are changing into a sharper and more inflexible cast! I no longer spend my money needlessly—no; I am infected with economy—I ask the price of every thing, turn it over with an inspecting eye, as if weighing the great question of the relation of price to cost of production. I pay with slowness, and count the change with solemnity. 'When you are among the Romans,' etc. The nasal twang I am practising. If you should come hither, do not look for a chestnut-haired, blue-eyed young fellow, with a cherry cravat flaming at his throat, a cigar in his mouth, laughing loud enough to be heard over all the village; look for a precise young gentleman, stepping with only less formality than is required at a funeral, and looking as earnest and as anxious as such eyes and features can,—then

recognise your friend! How long I shall enjoy my metamorphosis I cannot predict; but it is certain that I am amused at my own propriety thus far.

"I will keep you advised, every few weeks, of my affairs, and shall expect in return a full disclosure of all at home, which I hardly dare think about for fear an unmanly home-sickness may befal me. But, good-bye! Be virtuous, and you shall be happy!

TOM HEYWOOD.

"*P.S.*—I have just come in from a stroll, since writing the above, and my vanity is a little piqued. I overheard one of the young clerks saying to another, 'I know that fellow is Southern, by the free and easy way he uses money!' So all my efforts are no deception! What would they think if they saw me at home?

"Another thing,—and horrible to relate,—I have just learned that there is a race-ground at Springfield, hardly twenty miles from here! Is this New England? Have I not held my peace, as if even to speak of field-sports would banish me from all respect? I am informed that while racing is discouraged, trotting is so much in vogue,

that, in agricultural fairs, it constitutes the chief attraction!

"How does that compare with our notions of Puritan strictness? Who knows but I may find out that this gelid land and rigorous people may have, under their ribs, as much heart as Virginians have, with only a different way of showing it?

"I must draw rein, or my postscript will be longer than my letter. A woman's postscript, you know, is said to contain the gist of the letter, or, as you would say, the letter is the pistol, and the postscript the bullet. Again, fare thee well!

T. H."

HEYWOOD TO HIS BROTHER.

"Thanks, dear Hal, for your long and substantial letter. You are the best of all correspondents.

"Your letters are pictures. Strange, that a sheet of paper, with mere lines and blotches, should bring before the mind, more clearly than painting could do, objects which they only suggest by the law of association, but don't represent in the slightest degree in form or colour! After

reading your letter, do I not see the dear old home in living form? father—tall, dignified, fiery, and yet running over with kindness—every day blazing out at something, and yet cheery, placable, and generous to a fault?

"Do I not see Sue and Mary romping, and young Hillyer, with that good-natured, boastful tongue, running like Miller Gibbs's wheel,—foam without, and yet grinding good grain within? I really felt a qualm of home-sickness as I read your charming account of matters—coming in early from the garden with flowers for the breakfast table. But homesickness is unweanedness. Its existence and severity show how much need there was of removing from home, and of learning to live by one's self.

"I am sure I have enough to do, and matters of a kind congenial to my tastes. I am studying this Yankee people with the utmost zest. Of course many of them are like our own folks. Cultivated people are always more or less alike the world over. On that very account one studies the middle and lower classes for distinctive characters, as there, if anywhere, is apt to be found originality and eccentricity. I had an

impression that the rigour of Puritan morals, and a coercive public sentiment, held every thing here down to set patterns, and that I should find a dreary sameness of a kind not very interesting. But the under people here are rich in peculiarities. They open up well already.

"In the south there is more liberty of *action*, and in the north of *thought*. Law is not so strong among us. A population thinly scattered through wide territory are obliged to take their affairs into their own hands, and are less likely to wait for redress or opportunity for the slow process of law. Men here live in attrition, yet universally respect the law. Among the lower classes Law is put instead of Religion. Yesterday a man had been aggrieved by a neighbour. I heard him say, in a great passion, 'I'll have the law of him if there's any justice in the land.' Had it been in Virginia, the man would have thrashed the offender on the spot, and settled his grievance without judge or jury.

"I hardly know how to convey my impressions of Yankee activity. It is something fearful to me. Leisure and laziness seem to be regarded as equivalents. There is a constant pushing industry.

I see this strikingly in the conveniencies about their dwellings. Almost every house might be studied by our people, to learn how many comforts and economies may be concentrated in a dwelling without expense, except of wit and skill.

"I should never have known but for this New England experience what wealth there is in economy. And what economy is possible when people put as much thought and earnestness into every detail of life as they do here! It is a perfect study and amusement for me. Brought up to hear the Yankees stigmatized as stingy and mean, I cannot divest myself of a certain contempt for their minute frugality, and their everlasting calculations, and the repression of impulse in favour of principle, or foresight, or prudence of some sort or other.

"I cannot better illustrate the traits of some of this people than in giving an account a fellow called Hiram Beers, who seems to have an eye on this whole community, and whose tongue walks to and fro and cuts like a razor. He is a wag, and yet as far from being a fool as he is from being a gentleman.

"Did I tell you that I had bought a horse?—

a Morgan horse—with his hoofs filled with steel springs, and his eyes with lambent fire?

"But I must not take the credit of buying, but of only consenting to his purchase. Hiram Beers is my good angel. By the way, if you were to call him *Beers*, nobody would know whom you meant, on a week day. *Hiram* is his name. And though there may be a hundred Hirams hereabouts, only he is *Hiram!*

"You might search all the Old Dominion for such a specimen and not find it. He is the growth of this community, as much as air plants are of the tropics. He is a mixture of deacon, doctor, jockey, jester, and philosopher—if you can imagine what that compound would be. He is of that nervous temperament that sleeps little, eats little, works incessantly, thinks and talks for his own mere relief. And yet, contradictory as it may sound, he produces the impression on you of a shrewd, cautious and considerate man. He is always saying some humorous thing, and giving half-laughs, as if he had thought of something else and could not afford the rest of a laugh. He knows everybody that ever lived in Norwood. Every summer, when the town is thronged,

Hiram knows who has come, where he stays, when he goes. It is the same, apparently, for the whole neighbourhood. And as for horses, his knowledge is intuitive, and almost a homely omniscience.

"Behold me, then, sitting in the office of the Mansion House, the very disciple of this cute and curious Yankee teacher!

"'Beers, I want a good horse——'

"'My name is Hiram;—I keep Beers for Sunday. When I get my meetin' clo's on, I expect folks to call me Mr. Beers, or Hiram Beers; but week days I go and come on Hiram. What was you sayin'?'

"'Can you tell me where to look for a good horse?'

"'Wal, Bledsoe's got about the best steppin' creetur that I know of. Can do it in about two-thirty, and do it every time; sound as a knot; hain't a scratch on her; silk feels coarse after ye take yer hand off her hide; and the lovin'ist eye ye ever saw in a man's head, or a woman's either.'

"'What does he ask for her?'

"'Wal, I don't know,' said Hiram, glancing at

one or two persons present, and then looking steadily out of the window for a minute. 'I guess you'll have to wait till he's sold off everything else pretty much down to her. After he's sold his wife and children, I expect you may get a bargain out of him for the mare.'

"'But I asked you for a horse that I could *buy*.'

"'Mebbe you did. But all I heerd you say was,—Can you tell me where I can look for a good horse? Now you can *look* at Bledsoe's horse for a year runnin', and he won't charge you nothin'.'

"I coloured a little, but Hiram did not move a feature, or look away from an empty fire-place into which every now and then he squirted a volley of tobacco spittle.

"Presuming that I had neglected a proper fee, and that there was the rub, after a few minutes I quietly slipped a dollar bill into his hand. Slowly unrolling it, he examined the engraving, read the signatures, held it up to the light, and then gravely handed it back to me.

"'Yes, Mr. Heywood, that's a good bill—ginooine—no counterfeit about it.'

"'Keep it, Hiram—keep it.'

"'What should I keep it for? You don't owe me anything!'

"'Well, Hiram, I ought to pay you for any information I can get.'

"Oh, you think the information about Bledsoe's mare is worth a dollar, do ye? Wal, I don't. Put up your money to pay your debts with. When I've *airnt* it, it'll be time to pay me. If ye want me to lay myself out for you on a good horse, say so, and then I'll tell you what I'll do it for. I don't want no charity yet.'

"'Very well. I wish a good horse, as good a horse as can be had, without going to an extravagant price, and I am willing to pay your expenses and trouble if you will serve me.'

"'I'll show you five good creturs, and if any of 'em suit you, you may pay me ten dollars; and if I fetch you five more, you may pay me fifteen, and then if you ain't suited, I can't please you.'

"A few days afterwards, I was called down to try a horse. It was a picture! Black as a coal, and not a *spot* on him. Docile and obe-

dient, but with immense spirit. I had not driven a half mile before I was satisfied.

"'Hiram, this'll do. I'll take him. What's the price?'

"'Well, now, you was born down South, warn't you? If you had been born along the Connecticut you'd asked the price first, and held off a good bit, afore you let a fellow know whether you was pleased or not. Howsumever, it's all right. I thought I'd try you, and so I brought the best one first. If you'd neglected this, you'd sartainly have a poor one.'

"'Well, I like him so much,' said I, the next day, 'that I am willing to pay you twice as much as I promised,' offering him two ten dollar bills. Hiram took one of them, folded it carefully, put it in his wallet, and then looking in an amusing way at the head of some president of a bank, engraved on the other bill, he began to soliloquise. 'Yes, old fellow—president of a bank—no doubt rich as medder land. Made it all yourself, too. I 'spose you bought at just what folks said. I 'spose you paid twice as much as you promised! That's the way hereabouts in New England. That's the way to get rich,' and with

that he laughed down in his belly, though only a sniff or two came out of his face. Handing me back my money with very much the benignant air with which a relaxing father gives back a forfeited jack-knife to a repentant boy, he lectured me in a most edifying manner.

"'I've seen a good many men from your parts. They come up here every summer, and are very flush of money. They think they can buy everybody. They fall in with a low sort of people and foreigners, mere hangers-on, and such creturs will take as long as you will give. Lord, sir, they are like a barrel with two bung-holes, one atop and the other under. You may pour in all day and they won't fill up. But they are not our people. The fact is, we Northern men work hard, and have to. We know the value of time, and stuff, and work, and if we weren't close as bark we should all be in the poorhouse. But there is a sight of difference between being tight and being mean. If a man airns his money he has a right to it, and to the last cent jest as much as to the first. And if a man hasn't airnd it, he's a mean cuss if he takes it anyhow, unless he's extremely old, very lame,

and ain't got no children, nor relations, and is afeerd of goin' to the poorhouse. That's the very difference between an Irishman and a Yankee; a Yankee wants his own money, an Irishman wants *yours*.'

"I was too much amused to find fault with Hiram's airs, especially as he gave me to understand that he highly esteemed my judgment in stable matters, and in the under society of the town, you may be sure Hiram's opinion establishes my reputation; for he is the oracle."

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HEYWOOD TO HIS BROTHER.

"My Dear Hal.—You rally me upon the character of my acquaintances, and compliment me upon the improvement which will appear when I return from this elysium of gardens, workmen, ostlers, &c. It would be a pity that you should fail of your own enjoyment since I certainly have mine. Working people, in a community where work is the badge of servitude, cannot represent the value and personal excellence of working men in a different state of society where

nothing is more honourable than labour; where all, more or less, perform it; where men are taught from childhood that manliness and honour require one to be personally as much as possible independent of others' help, and to perform with our person a large part of the offices which, with us, servants are expected to render. So much, at least, I have already found out. As a student of political economy, I begin to perceive facts and truths, about this Northern population, which I could never have learned but by living among them. The common people of such communities give tone and character to society, more than do the educated people. For they are intelligent, inquisitive, endlessly curious of knowledge, and accustomed to dispute and argue every question that arises. They are readers of books and devourers of newspapers. It would be impossible to find in all New England, in the remotest and rudest portions, such neighbourhoods of hopeless ignorance as we have at home, on every hand.

"But you inquire what other acquaintances I have formed? Many, and most agreeable ones. What intimacies have ensued? Well, but *one*

companionship as yet. I am becoming warmly interested in a young man here, who has been teaching here since he left college, and who designed studying for the pulpit. But some trouble of mind, I know not what, seems to shut that avenue, and he is now, in his leisure, studying law with Judge Bacon, and so we are much thrown together.

"I suspect that there is more than the love of science that takes Barton Cathcart to Dr. Wentworth's house. There is a Miss Rose Wentworth, you should understand, whom, not her features, but her expression makes handsome. When her face kindles, as it easily does, it is surprisingly attractive. Quite learned, I am told, and especially a lover of the fields and forest, as all maidens, at the sentimental periods of their lives, are or ought to be. This inclination was inherited from her father, Dr. Reuben Wentworth, and the tendency became fixed by his careful education of his daughter. This I am told by friends of the Doctor, who look upon him not only as a man of remarkable skill in his profession, but as an original nature in as utter contrast with the surrounding people as an opal is

with the rock in which it is embedded. Judge Bacon, an astute New England man, himself a notable character, calls Dr. Wentworth an idealistic naturalist with a practical shell on. By the way, Barton's own sister and his only one, Miss Alice Cathcart, was at Dr. Wentworth's yesterday. Like her brother, she is brunette. Both of them have high blood—I know it by the clearness of the features, the fine lines of the lips. The whole face and form represent the higher human element—moral sentiments and intelligence, more than the animal nature; and this is what I call high breeding.

"The two young ladies, Miss Rose and Miss Alice, are of one age to a night and a day and call themselves the twins with two mothers.

"My acquaintances are limited and casual. With Judge Bacon, more than with any one, I have had familiar intercourse. He is one who might have been born in Virginia. What higher compliment could I pay?

"But I find many Southern families here, and were I so minded I might pass my time from morning to night in agreeable company. But I have other ends in view than mere amusement.

Do not smile when I say that I am reading diligently? Why should I bore you with *that?* I know that you would rather hear of sports, horses, people—and so I have written!"

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CHAPTER XXXV.

HEYWOOD RETURNS—ESEL DEPARTS.

While Heywood was spending the winter at his father's house, and enjoying all the recreations which abounded in the hospitable old Virginian mansion, he found himself unwittingly thrown into an attitude of defence of his Northern friends. Although he was thoroughly Southern in his prepossessions and prejudices, yet he was highly endowed with the sentiment of justice, and it was not consistent with his honourable nature to hear his late acquaintances undervalued and stigmatized, when he knew the imputations to be unjust. The same thing had happened reversely while he was at Norwood. Thus, in the North he defended the South and opposed Northern prejudices, and in the South he defended much which he had witnessed in Northern society, and opposed the violent tone which prevailed among his companions. He

was not one of those whose pride it is, returning from foreign travel, to boast that they have seen nothing worthy of imitation in all their journeys—a confession that they have learned nothing, and well nigh an evidence that they are capable of learning nothing. Of a studious and reflective turn of mind, he had eagerly observed and reasoned upon the interior facts of Northern society, and particularly its industry and its universal education. He had not succeeded in breaking away from those fatal notions of political economy instilled into his own generation, nor did he yet see clearly the philosophic explanation of that diversified industry and universal prosperity which he beheld. But he was on the way.

The prejudices of his friends, which once were his also, served to show him how far he was changed.

"Come, Tom," said his favourite sister, "be a good boy, and own how much better you like the South than you do that mean New England."

"Most certainly, fair Kate, I prefer the South, but without prejudice to New England. *You* ought to think well of a land which gave you such a mother as ours."

"Ah! mother came away from the North when she was but seventeen; and then she was of good family, and never worked for a living."

"It is true that she did not; but *her* mother did. Her father was a farmer's boy, and made his fortune by integrity and industry. Every one respected him for his solid worth."

"No matter, Tom; mother is a Virginian and not a Yankee. All her habits and thoughts have been formed here, and everybody says that she is a true specimen of a Southern lady."

"I am not a whit behind you in love for mother and admiration for our own native State; but if you mean to imply that only in the South can be found gentlemen and ladies of the highest breeding, I cannot go with you. Nay, I know from my own observations that this very New England, which you so little know, or you would not so detest it, is full of families that no man can but respect and admire. I speak from my own knowledge. No one could see Farmer Cathcart, who works daily for his living, and not respect his sturdy independence and admire his great intelligence. His daughter Alice—ah! Kate, if she were here you would need to look out for your

laurels. But even she would not command your admiration so much as Rose Wentworth would."

"Well done, Tom!" cried his beautiful sister, who was as fierce as a dove, and as brilliant as a humming bird, and full as dangerous, and whose duty it seemed to be, on all proper occasions, to manifest a state patriotism. "Well done, Tom; I wonder that you ever came back single! Pray, why did you not bring one of those high-born Yankee dames with you to outshine us all?"

"Stranger things than that have happened. If your father went to New England for a wife, why shouldn't his son? And his notable success adds encouragement. Indeed, I think that I only want a little opposition on your part, or on the part of some of my friends, to propose for Miss Wentworth and marry her."

"Of course you would. And I don't mean to give you the motive—though it would rescue one more Yankee girl, and by bringing her into good society it might be the making of her."

"Come, come, my dear sister, this is all very well for jesting. But, I tell you in good earnest, that it is not just nor wise for the people of our

one country to spend their time in deepening prejudices and promoting alienation. The times are hot enough already. I confess that I dread the future, unless there can be infused more moderation and mutual respect on both sides."

"Who cares?" said young Hillyer. "Let times grow bad—I know who'll suffer, and who will not. The Yankees are a mean-spirited, peddling set. We have managed them for fifty years, and we shall do it still. I could thrash ten of them without winking. I hope I may see the day that we shall try it on!"

"Well, Hillyer," replied Heywood, with a grave countenance, "it will be a terrible day for our country if the North and South should go to arms. I have no doubt of our valour, but I have just as little of theirs. They are not a people who like fighting. They will be slow to enter upon it. But, if ever it is thrust upon them, they will take up war like a trade and learn it thoroughly. New England has had the prejudices of this whole nation against her for a hundred years, and yet she, more than any part of the Union, has gone right on prospering in every element that makes States strong, and I do not believe that she is likely to be

checked now. But this talk is all folly. At any rate, God grant that we may never put to proof our respective opinions."

With such views, it will not surprise our readers to learn that Heywood returned to Norwood for the second season with far more eagerness than when he had first sought it. His lively sister sent him back loaded with injunctions against apostacy from the true Southern spirit. "I will never, never forgive those Yankees if they get my brother away from me."

Every man, we are often told, has a mission in this life. Josiah Chandler happily found out his mission, which many people never do; or if they do, then one cannot but marvel that they should be sent so far on so poor an errand. Josiah Chandler's mission was to make and keep money. He was of slender stature. A round head, with a face not noticeable, unless, upon close examination, you discovered a shrewd look about his eyes. He was in no sense a genius. He simply possessed consummate good judgment in business. He had no passions. He was always calm. He was never carried away by immoderate expectations; never speculated. He was one of the

few men whose success did not unsteady or so excite that he could not take sure aim. For twenty years he increased his gains surely and gradually. For ten years more wealth came faster. Everything he touched seemed to prosper. Had his son lived, he would have gone on accumulating probably to the end of life. But that death seemed to give a shock to his whole nature. Why should he go on toiling without an end or aim in life except to amass property, of which already he had far more than he could employ? Mr. Chandler had no ambition to be thought rich. Indeed he was far richer than any one knew. He began to wind up his affairs, to consummate such enterprises as were on hand, and to institute no others. He built him a large and comely mansion, and for a year this gave him occupation. Not a nail was driven without his inspection. Every board and beam, every particle of paint, strip of lead, pane of glass, came under his scrutiny. Conveniences of every kind were multiplied. He never talked to any one, not even to his wife, of what was going on. Diligent, shrewd, watchful, unostentatious, thorough, and, above all, silent, was he. If anything went wrong no one

knew it. If things succeeded beyond his expectation, no one knew that. He kept his own counsel. One would have thought that it was in his eyes a mortal sin to speak of his own affairs, not a man in town would have been personally so little missed.

After he moved into his mansion, everything fell into orderly arrangements, seemingly without special effort from any one. He was mildly pious. He never knowingly did wrong. He presumed himself to be sinful, as he had been assured that he was; and it was a cardinal practice with him not to contradict. He observed the Sabbath day with calm acquiescence. He had united with the Church, not from any passionate experience, but because, for some unexplained reason, he thought, it the right thing to do. But his whole life moved on as shadows creep over the ground from the west to the east, attracting no attention and making no noise.

One day Dr. Wentworth called upon some business, and found him in his library. He was astonished at the beauty of the room and at the number of books. Then first it was found out that Josiah Chandler had a curious taste for books,

with a specialty of love for old books. No one had ever heard him speak of books. No one had seen boxes unloading at his door. He was the last man in town who would have been suspected of such a mania. Yet on examination Dr. Wentworth found a large collection of rare tracts, scarce books—illustrating American history. He had gathered them up in a quiet way. They were bound in Boston, and returned to Norwood, and took their places in his library, without sign or hint to anyone. How much he had read of them no one knew. It was certain that he knew something of every volume, especially its bibliographical history. That same instinct of facts which had given him such success in business was manifest in this dry and silent amusement of his leisure.

How grateful ought we to be to that distributive Providence which draws men and women to each other, not by agreements and likenesses, but also by differences. Otherwise, people coming together by elective affinities would whirl away down the path of life,—tall people with tall, short people with short, sober with sober, the merry with the merry, the good with the good, and the

bad with the bad. And the end would be that the world's population would soon become fixed in certain lines, and run into the extremest exaggerations. But, now, a tall man snatches up a darling little short creature for his wife. He has had tallness enough, and wants variety. All the town is aghast when it learns that some Amanda Sexton, the finest woman of the place, beautiful as a rose, has surrendered herself to some Luther Walpole, whose face is so homely as to make one almost doubt the benevolence of Providence. And so a devout woman is joined to a merry, thoughtless wretch; and in like manner a grave and reverend man is led about by some rosy, sprightly creature, who foams and sparkles on his surface, as the beautiful water-crests do upon deep and solemn waves.

In only one thing was his wife like unto Josiah Chandler. Neither of them had any illusions. He saw things in their most absolute literalness; she saw people, and their action, without charitable or malign mists, but in a merciless truthfulness. And though a wise woman, yet she spoke out with a literal truthfulness which frequently astounded men, accustomed to the indirections, the disguises, and the deceptions of society. She was a large, portly woman, of a serene, but fine and energetic countenance. She

was in every way superior to her husband except in the singular talent for making and administering wealth. She could converse; he could not. She had tastes refined by literature and good society; he was one of those men that you would forget to notice, and, whether he was cultivated, really you forgot to inquire!

She studied with profound sympathy the writings of Jonathan Edwards and Madame Guion; he read Scott's Commentaries and Barnes's Notes on the Gospels. Every morning, at family prayers, he read five or six verses of Scripture from Scott's Bible, and then came rivers of interpretations, and notes, and improvements which overflowed and submerged the Scripture texts, and left them lying like pond-lilies in a broad lake—a few silver cups exquisitely floating on a wilderness of waters! Yet, patient as he was, he seldom could read at a sitting the whole of those prelections by which Scott converted the Bible into an exceeding great army of unpreached sermons. After he had read to the limit of time, he would break off with a quiet "and so forth, and so forth, with much more to the same purpose."

Does any one believe that she loved him? Is it possible that one in every range of faculty so much larger and richer, could fail to perceive the

unmatched condition in which she lived? Did she marry for wealth? She seemed to care little for it, except as a means of kindness. Did she in youth have more imagination than now, and suffer herself to see him through iridescent mists of love awakened by fancy? And having awakened to the literal reality, did pride lead her ever after to cover the mistake by an appearance of affection? If she was playing a part, it was superbly done. No man, however sharply he might discriminate, could detect the slightest signs of affected regard. On the contrary, there were all the tokens of a real, enduring affection.

Agate Bissell had been sceptical, but even she yielded:

"It's no use. You may as well give it up. That woman does love that man, what there is of him, and it is the Lord's wonder!"

Heywood had been brought up in an atmosphere of hospitality. There was a certain largeness in the home-life of his father's house. There was always more or less of company. Every one was free to come and go according to his own good pleasure. There were horses in the stable for such as would ride; guns and rods for such as loved the field and the stream. Seldom was there a day when the family was at home, when the young people could not find enough com-

panions for all summer sports and amusements. Enjoyment was not casual and special. It was the ruling element.

It must be confessed that the change to Norwood habits was great, and that in his aunt's mansion the contrast was still more violent. All was sedate; all was peaceful, regular, silent.

But after a while he began to lose that latent repugnance which at first barred familiarity. As soon as he had made up his mind not to compare his aunt's household with his mother's, but to consider it as a new species to be studied by itself, he began to find points of curiosity and of attraction. He recognized, also, a distinct influence which his aunt exerted upon him, and he could not help admiring both the shrewdness and solidity of her judgments upon men and things in society.

It was novel to Heywood to find a woman of strong sense, of clear discernment, who always spoke the truth, and who loved to have the truth spoken to her. This last trait was remarkable. She refused to be praised in the slightest degree beyond what she esteemed fair. But a merited compliment she accepted with manifest pleasure. Not remarkable for insight and analysis of the subtle elements of character, she saw those broad effects which are developed in action with accu-

racy, and judged them impartially. Heywood soon found in his aunt a friend whom he could trust implicitly, and whose judgment was invaluable; and every month of his stay made absence from his home easier to bear.

The appearance in Norwood society for a second season of this brilliant young Southerner could not fail to create an interest in all concerned, and that was not a small number. There was no house at which he would not have been welcome. The young people deemed his presence at any gathering a sure presage of a brilliant time. All admitted that Norwood had never seen, and would not soon again see, three such glorious fellows as Frank Esel, Tom Heywood, and Barton Cathcart.

Frank Esel had maintained his intimacy at Dr. Wentworth's. His admiration had not abated. In spite of all his philosophy, he had found himself more and more carried forward toward that intoxication of feeling where one ceases to be the master of himself and the judgment loses control, and every object is seen in the colour of passionate love. This growing feeling could not fail to be observed by Rose. It troubled her. So much was there in Frank Esel to admire, so sound was his moral nature, his heart was so good, and his tastes so refined, that Rose Wentworth placed a

sincere value upon his friendship. Few women can decline a proffered love without wounding both pride and vanity. Not many men are noble enough to accept friendship when their love has been refused. Pride and vanity, too deeply wounded by defeat, often change to anger, and men seek to undervalue what they have failed to secure.

Returning home with Miss Wentworth from an afternoon's gathering in the village, Frank Esel thought that she had never seemed so beautiful as on this day. It chanced that the Doctor and Mrs. Wentworth had gone out to make some evening call. The young folks were in the other part of the house, and Rose sat in her father's library. There rose in Frank's heart an impulse, as often before, but which now seemed to rise and impel him in spite of every resistance which he could make. All the prudent resolves which he had formed were gone, and seemed like faint memories, pale and afar off. He began to speak, and started at his own voice. His colour came and vanished, and so much was he agitated that Rose perceived it, nor was the meaning unknown to her.

How much one may think in the duration of a flash! Under low excitements the mind finds its way from thought to thought gradually. But

when the brain is fired, whole fields of thought spring up before the mind like pictures, and all progression of view seems to give place to instantaneousness of sight.

In one and the same instant Rose saw and determined all these things, viz: that a crisis had come in Frank Esel's feelings, that the tide was too strong to be stayed or turned aside, that should he be suffered to pour out all his heart, he would, in the necessary disappointment which must befall him, not only greatly suffer in pride, but lose by rebound a position of friendship full of pleasure to both of them, that it was far better that she should herself take the initiative, and meeting his rising feeling, forestal it. Her purpose was taken instantly; and when Frank, suddenly rising, came toward her, with glowing cheek and an eye almost wild, she rose to meet him, and, extending her hand to his, she said, with a voice in which command and kindness were blended.

"My dear cousin Frank, come and sit down by me on the sofa, until I say what I am sure you will forgive me for saying. Our acquaintance has been a joy to me. I have learned much from you, and much more I hope to learn. I value your friendship, and ask for it. Frank, I am grateful and proud of your good and kind thoughts

of me. It would be a grief all my life if any darkness should come between us. No, my dear cousin, do not speak—I know what you would say. I know that you would be sorry *if* you said it, and I should be too; for, Frank, better friends than we are there could not be, but more than friendship is impossible."

Then Rose's voice trembled, and her face was suffused with blushes as, with great sensibility, she turned full upon Esel, and added:

"Forgive me, Frank, for my boldness, and accept it as the token of my friendship, that I say, before you have even spoken of love to me that you must not speak of it! Do not think ill of me, Frank that I decline what has not been offered. I would have had it otherwise. And now I would save you from uttering a word which, in a few hours, you would be grieved that you had said. For, it must not be. Nothing is more certain, Frank, absolutely certain than that you must rest contented with friendship. I must not detain you—I hear voices—father is returning. Come hither to-morrow night, and be your own old noble self, and my friend. Pardon the pain—I am sure that you will believe it kindness."

"One word, if I may—one word, Miss Wentworth——"

"*Miss* Wentworth! Then you are offended?"

"No, cousin—cousin Rose! I am only bewildered! May I ask?—no, I will not ask the question!—Good night!"

As he passed out of the door he met Dr. Wentworth and his wife; but Frank seemed indeed, as he had said, like one bewildered. He was going on without salutation, till the Doctor spoke:

"Good evening, Mr. Esel. Whither away so fast?—the evening is not yet spent!"

"How do you do, sir;—I mean good night, sir;—I quite forgot."

"Why, what is all this?" said Dr. Wentworth to his wife. What has happened to Esel? He talks as if he had been drinking?"

His wife, with woman's wit, suspected the state of the case, and only replied:

"Oh, it's some little dispute, I dare say. But if nothing is said to us, we had better not inquire."

Leaving the door yard, Esel turned from mere habit in the direction of his rooms. But so absorbed was he in thought that he walked slowly past his boarding-house,—far along the street,—under the darkness of the great elms,—sometimes pausing,—once or twice crossing the street without knowing it. The alternation between feeling

and thought in a mind painfully stirred as Esel's was cannot be set down in any words. Yet, leaving out the hundred flushes of shame, the sharp pangs of regret, the reaction of generous feelings—we may give a faint notion of his state.

"And so it is ended:—(a deep sigh.) Then that was not to entice me that she spoke. There was no need of it. Rose could not do it either. I've brought it on myself—(a blush stole over his face, growing hotter and hotter.) All my resolutions and my better judgment thrown aside, —and the sweetness of infatuated feeling was followed!—(then speaking aloud)—and so plainly did I show it that she saw it, and knew what I was going to say, and anticipated me,—foiled!—outwitted!—fooled! (His voice sounding in the silence seemed to annoy him, and he became silent.) Friendship?—it's easy to convert friendship into love. I've found that out; but, not so easy to put love back into friendship. I see, now —that brilliant Southerner. I wish I *had* asked what was on my tongue's end—is there any other one whom you love? No, I had no business to do it. To-morrow I will go home. Fool, to have ever gone away. No, I am not a fool. I should have been less than a man if I had not loved her. I am not ashamed of it. I am not worthy of

her. God saw it. But I would have given my whole life to becoming worthy of her. I never can see her again—never—never. I could not look upon her and be silent. Now that she knows my secret, how can I look into her eyes without a burning tell-tale face; and that will be a renewing of the suit. Oh, I did not know how far I had gone. This has sucked up my very life."

By this time Esel had strayed out of the village, and was more than half a mile beyond the road toward Cathcart's. He sat down upon a large white rock as if he were looking at a landscape, though the darkness and silence were remarkable.

The heaven was full of concealed clouds. Now and then a distant flash of lightning revealed them, and long ranges of "thunder heads" shone brilliantly out, but in a second sank back into darkness. Low rolls of heavy thunder sounded the coming on of a storm. A fitful wind swept through the near woods with a sound like rushing waters. In a moment it was gone; not a leaf moved, nor a sound was uttered. An unweaned calf bleated from the pasture; a short bark from a distant dog, instantly broken off, gave to the silence a profounder influence. Again and again the cloud ridges and mountains shone out and

receded into darkness. Esel sat as if watching this grandest phenomenon of summer, the advance through the heavens of a great storm. But he saw nothing, or was, at least, unconscious of seeing anything. The flashes grew more frequent, the thunder advanced and rolled with deeper cadence, large drops of rain, slung from the clouds, smote the earth—a few only, and they suddenly ceased. A whirl of wind rolled up the dust along the road, bent the trees in its course and swayed the bushes almost to the ground, and then fled away and left a dead calm behind. Soon a fine sound filled the air; it was the rain descending in good earnest, and sounding upon a million leaves. It came with a rush upon Esel, and awoke him to some consciousness.

He looked up in surprise, as if awakened from sleep. He did not know where he was. Fortunately he took the right direction, and now running, and then walking, to catch his breath, he regained the village, drenched to the skin. The storm accompanied him all the way. It thundered behind him, above him, all around him. Torrents poured down, and the roads ran like rivers.

The storm had, at least, restored him to some self-possession, but not to prudence. Casting off a part of his clothes, and throwing a cloak loosely

about him, Frank Esel sat down by the open window.

The storm had wasted its substance, or rather appeared to have driven forward like an advancing army, whose artillery was still sounding in the far front, while cloud-stragglers swarmed in the rear.

There was something in this war of the elements that suited Esel's disturbed feelings; yet his mind fell off from the scene before him, and wandered back to his childhood. Tears came at the thought of his mother. He strove to bring together the disconnected scenes of his childhood that rose up before him, and to feel that he was that very one, for his very identity seemed slipping from him, and he could hardly make himself feel that he was that person whom he remembered in so many gay and happy experiences. It was past midnight. A chill crept over him, and he gathered his cloak closer about him. But he was no warmer. He shut the window and retired to his bed, but the sleep he sought fled from him.

At length, toward morning, he fell into an uneasy slumber, and dreamed all manner of dreams. All the day following he was languid and depressed. He knew not what ailed him. He started on looking in the glass to see the hag-

gardness of his own face. Toward evening, remembering Rose Wentworth's wish, he determined to go to her; but a strange apathy seemed to hang upon him. He remembered the different feelings of yesterday as he trod the same path, but remembered them without emotion. As he entered Dr. Wentworth's yard Rose saw him from the window, and greeted him at the door.

"Frank, this is good and noble. I knew that I did not misjudge you—— But what ails you, Frank? How ghastly you are!"

For a moment a pang of anguish pierced Rose's heart. She could hardly imagine that a disappointment could, in a few hours, work such a change! Esel made haste to say:

"It is nothing. I was imprudent last night. I was caught in the storm and thoroughly wet. I must have taken a severe chill, for I have not felt well since. But it will pass with a good sleep."

Dr. Wentworth, overhearing a word, came from his library.

"What, Esel, did you say you were not well?" He approached and examined him. "Esel, you should return to your room; I will send you some remedies. It may be but a cold, it may come to something more."

The next day the Doctor found him in a high

fever, and his mind confused and wandering. His mother was sent for. For many weeks he lay helpless. At length the fever left him. It was several weeks yet before he could be moved; and when he could bear the journey, he returned to his home. The love that he had cherished for Rose was no longer a thing of this world. It had risen into the place of devout thoughts. It was like a remembered vision of another world, not lawful to be uttered.

One chamber of his soul was set apart, consecrated, and there his thoughts, as to a shrine, came reverently.

As his health returned, Frank Esel betook himself to his profession with even a deeper feeling than ever. He had become a man. For he had become a disciple of Suffering, the only schoolmaster who can bring men to their true manhood. He had passed through his youth-time with abounding joy. Then came the real awakening of his intellect, where new flights seemed like inspirations, and cast a shadow upon all that went before. At last came Suffering! Not that play of care or vexation, which only creases the soul's surface as a puff of wind wrinkles the waters, but sorrow which moves the foundations, and so deepens one's nature. No one has suffered enough until he is patient of

suffering. "*Made perfect through suffering!*" Men stamped with this brand have God's mark on them.

But one should not imagine Esel as a discouraged or a broken man. He was never so strong as now. He had in early years insensibly been drawn under the influence of that vicious school of self-contemplatists whose victims revolve around themselves all their lives, watching the development of their own genius and by self-culture attaining to self-consciousness. Esel's natural generosity had restrained him from that besotted conceit which blights so many. But he had not learned to derive his pleasure from the end sought, so much as from the conscious exercise of those faculties by which he sought it. His sickness and previous experiences left upon his mind a deep impression that, in so far as he himself was concerned, life was ended. Now, whatever power he possessed was to be spent for others. All his ambitions now assumed the form of kindnesses. Gradually he found his former enterprise developing itself under new motives. With less exhilaration than formerly, he found far more peace. He seriously questioned whether he should not enter upon the service of the church, and while in that mood he wrote to Dr. Wentworth, a part of whose reply we will print:

. . . . "If you had been living out of the line of action of your strongest faculties; if deep religious feeling had developed powers which had been restrained or overlaid by selfish plans, there might be good reason for a change of profession. But you were born to be an artist. All your faculties and feelings harmonize in the pursuits of art. Why should you change? You speak of self-denial as necessary. Do not search for it. Whenever a lower course, a less worthy feeling, contest better ones, deny them. Do not seek pain for its own sake. Suffering is, like many chemical agents, wholesome when combined by nature in organic forms of fruit or grain, but separated and employed alone, superstimulating and injurious.

"What would you gain? You can seek the moral benefit of society by your art, as really as by sermons, and probably with far greater success. Have you considered in how many ways your peculiar genius can be applied to the refinement and happiness of your fellow-men? Let me state simple cases which I have often imagined. A sweet landscape, painted by one who saw a soul in nature, and not merely forms, hanging in a sick-room for long months, cheers the declining invalid and becomes a minister of consolation. When the spirit is liberated, thereafter, to the whole household that picture has a sacred associa-

tion. It becomes a family talisman. When it passes on into another generation, it renews its labour of love,—proving that the spirit of beauty may become a spirit of mercy. I can easily imagine a simple landscape wrought out in the spirit of love by a skilful hand, which shall diffuse more happiness than most men do in a whole life-time.

"But your profession is, Christianly considered, the education of the community by the ministration of Beauty. Painting is only one way of doing this. Why should there not be drawing-classes among the poor as well as sewing-classes, reading-classes, singing-classes, &c.? Men collect funds to put books gratuitously in the dwellings of the poor,—why should not some Christian artist spend a portion of his time in ministering beauty to households of the worthy poor?

"Even if one had no skill in painting, the ministry of beauty does not depend upon manual skill. One might gather flowers day by day, from the fields, to cheer the poor and crippled; to stand in schools; or, with faint symbolic power, to bring into gaunt churches, some wealth and grace of natural beauty. What, if one were to visit the poor-house in each town, and minister,—not alone to the social feelings, to the physical wants,—but to the taste and sympathy of its inmates, with gifts of beauty?

"I have often marvelled that, in a time of such taste and liberality, so little should be done with *trees*. New England might be made a magnificent park, with but a slight expense, if only one dedicated himself to doing good through the love of beauty. Every great road, every bye-road, connecting towns and villages, or neighbourhoods, if concert were secured, might not only be judiciously planted, but, by a little study and care in the selection, all the fine trees might in time be employed, one road being lined with oaks, another with elms, another with pines or spruces, another with maples, another with purple beeches, and so on, until every county would become an arboretum. Such is the spirit of emulation that, if a single town should perfect this work, other towns would catch the inspiration, and the work would go on with energy until an unclothed road would become a reproach. All this is a part of the work of true benevolence. If you would teach within the church, you must seek ordination at the hands of man. But whose heart soever God has touched with a spirit of benevolence is ordained to go forth into society and preach the Gospel to every creature, each man speaking in the language of his own business!" . . . . . .

Esel had never been so busy as now, and was

never so cheerful. Yet he carried in his heart a feeling that never died. There was no hope in it, but a gentle patience. It burned on in solitude, like a sacred lamp, which hermit hands trim and feed in some recluse's cell or cave, far away from the fever of the world.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONTRASTS.

If people are attracted by their opposites, as some hold, there was every reason to expect that a strong sympathy would draw Heywood and Cathcart together; for, they represented in a striking manner contrasting elements. Heywood's face was fine, even beautiful. Blue eyes, chestnut hair, inclining to curl, fine complexion, and fresh colour,—need it be said that his was a sanguine temperament? Cathcart's striking in appearance rather by expression than by positive beauty of features, dark and piercing eyes, features framed both for strength and refinement, black hair;—his temperament, too, could not be mistaken. Heywood's face was genial, and when excited radiant. His whole soul shone through it. Excitement shot fire through every feature of Cathcart's face; but every one felt that more lay behind than was expressed. There was a sense of repressed feeling and reserved enthusiasm. Heywood would flame soonest, Cathcart would burn the longest.

They were contrasted in mental qualities. Barton Cathcart's mind was reflective, Tom Heywood's perceptive. Both were reasoners; but Heywood loved physical facts, and reasoned upon them. Cathcart reasoned more deeply upon relations of facts, and upon more subtle philosophies. As was natural, Heywood loved to reason upon the actions of men, the events of society. Cathcart inclined to the study of the causes of events, the nature of the mind, and the structure of society.

It was natural for Heywood to utter, and to like to utter, whatever he had wrought out in thinking, and he left the impression that in his frankness he had expressed all that he had thought.

On the other hand, Barton Cathcart, without seeming reserved, left the impression that he offered you but a sheaf from a field, and that the reserved treasure far surpassed that revealed.

They were more nearly alike in disposition, but as contrasted as possible in the forms which disposition took on. Heywood's conscience deveveloped in the form of Honour. Cathcart's moral sense had been trained as a deep, reflective, religious feeling, rather than as a social element.

Heywood did right, as in the sight of men; Cathcart, as in the sight of God. Both were kind with great disinterestedness; but in the South-

erner it was demonstrative and generous. Less demonstrative in the Northerner, perhaps less prompt, and far less attractive, it endured longer and achieved more. In the one it was a blossom, in the other a fruit.

Heywood had been reared in affluence, and had never learned to work, nor to have sympathy with those who did. Barton Cathcart had been inured from childhood to toil, and was drawn by vital sympathy to all who laboured. The Virginian was born to command. He had looked down upon men from the necessity of his social position, there being but two classes in the society in which he was bred—that class in which men must work, and that in which they must not. The New-Englander had been reared in a true democracy, in which classes represented the relative forces of the actors, into which and out of which men passed at their own pleasure, and in which there were few leaders and no aristocracy, except that which was conferred by the consent of all.

In religion they were equally contrasted. Reared an Episcopalian, Heywood regarded religious truths as something settled beyond all questioning—worked out and fixed as definitely as are the elements of mathematics. He had never searched the grounds of truth. The Church he believed to have been shaped and patterned by God as much

as the natural world was. He would as soon have thought of discussing the authenticity of heat, or the propriety of frost, as of the services of the Church. Ordination was a natural law—the ministry a part of the constitution of the world.

Barton Cathcart had been reared even more earnestly to believe in revealed religion. But, from his childhood, an appeal had been made to his reason. Nothing marks so strikingly the faith of New England in the truth of her religious systems as the boldness with which she has always challenged for them the utmost scrutiny of Reason. Cathcart, from an early period, felt himself drawn into deep thought. He could not rest with traditional knowledge and hereditary faith. He pursued inquiries into the nature of the human mind, —whose nature will in the end determine all formulas, as its philosophy has in every age fashioned all theologies. He analyzed the doctrines of the Church, and disputed many of them. Led on by an indomitable desire of knowing the very truth, he explored the Bible for himself with indefatigable zeal. Finding the extreme reactionary Protestant doctrine, that the Bible was the sole fountain of religious truth, could not be true, he began to question the grounds of inspiration; then the reality of the truths revealed; what truth was only relative to a process, a condition,

and an age, and what was absolute—alike true to every people in every age, and in all conditions of their development and progress.

Such a career of thought would have been as impossible to the brilliant Virginian as the act of flying. He believed that the Church categories of truth were so absolutely true, that it was audacious even to question them. Investigation he deemed to consist in assuming these, and simply seeing how far one might go consistently with them.

Not only did Heywood rest unquestioningly upon the religion and Church of his fathers, but he could not understand philosophical inquisitiveness in religious matters in any other light than as an immorality. It was a sign not of intellectual life, but of moral death. He shrunk with something akin to disgust from that free spirit of inquiry and discussion which he found in New England.

Alike in contrast were these young men in their views of life. Barton Cathcart's freedom in searching the foundations of religious truth did not seem half so strange to Heywood as to Cathcart seemed Heywood's utter levity regarding human life and society. From his childhood Barton had looked with the deepest solemnity upon a man's duty to his fellows. Society did not seem to him,

as it nearly did to Heywood, a contrivance for his pleasure and aggrandisement. On the contrary, he was oppressed with a sense of duty to society, which tasked him, and, after his utmost industry, still chastised him for negligence.

Barton could not imagine how Heywood could look with such a frivolous eye upon human society, and yet be so conscientious—almost superstitious —about religious forms of thought and worship. It seemed to Barton as if Heywood worshipped institutions and cared little for men,—much for the temple, nothing for the worshippers.

In spite of all these differences, these young men became warm friends. Friendship is not the result of reasoning, but of sympathy; and sympathy is a thing too mysterious for solution. Why do some like the smell of sandal-wood and others sicken at it? Why is bitter agreeable to some and offensive to others?

Lovers sit in the early ecstacy, saying, Tell me *why* you love me? And then, when every reason is given that fancy can suggest, does not every one know that there is something deeper than all that is told?—that there is in the hidden nature of faculty an attraction of one for another, which, when the conditions are once secured, acts as do the great attractions of the globe, drawing all things together centreward. So it is that

people love, not only without the leave of reason, but against all its protests. There is a wisdom of feeling, as well as of thought. Calculation is as often wrong as inspiration. The intuitions of our moral sentiments seldom mislead us. The passions need the rein and curb, but moral sentiments need the spur.

Such differences could not but stir up frequent discussions between these friends. Discussions carried on from day to day began to work their natural effect upon Heywood. Questions began to arise in his mind. Doubts began to hover unbidden over themes before unsullied by the faintest uncertainty. He shrank back from the experience.

"Barton, what's the use of all this disturbance? A fellow had better stick to the religion to which he was educated. I do not think that it is the gentlemanly thing for a man to desert his side. The Church is a good bridge enough for me. If it is not right, it is not likely that I could mend it."

"But what," said Barton, "if the bridge should stop before you reach the farther bank?"

"It will be time enough then," replied Heywood, "to consider what I shall do. But the case is this: here is a river so wide that neither you nor I can see the further bank. It is a turbulent and dangerous water. I see a bridge

which has a good and solid abutment on this side. As far as the eye can reach the bridgeway is secure and ample. I propose to try it. You, on the contrary, have a notion that you will row yourself over the stream, and with a skiff and an oar you intend to play ferryman!"

"Your illustration is ingenious at least," said Barton. "Now give me my turn. We are upon an island in the ocean, desiring to return to our homes. Many vessels appear, and offer to take us off. All claim to be safe and efficient. Shall a man use his reason and judgment in determining whether any of them, and, if any, which is safe and trustworthy?"

"There is no end to figures," said Heywood, "you can prove any thing and disprove any thing by ingenious illustrations. I've seen many a jury led to the very deuce by a lawyer skilful in metaphors and similes, although the facts and the law were against his case. But the fact is, Barton, I am no Yankee. I am not troubled with that intolerable curiosity which puts your people upon prying into every thing in creation. If the good Lord wants to keep any thing secret, I can't imagine what he created Yankees for! They are the most restlessly inquisitive creatures—always fretting themselves to find out something that was hidden away on purpose. If Nature has a

secret, a Yankee, I'll be bound, will pick the lock where it is kept, or be eaves-dropping till he gets hold of it. The fact is, there is too much brain here in New England. Everybody is racing and chasing after causes. I believe your people think they have the responsibility of the universe on their shoulders. When the Bible said, 'Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?' there were no Yankees about. Since then, five hundred ministers in this very New England think they have done it! They have found God out—all that He has done, why He did it; what He has not done, and why He could not do it! Did you hear that young sprout preach, last Sunday afternoon, fresh from New Haven? He was amazingly precocious. He went on glibly unfolding moral government. 'God *must* do this,' and, 'God, from the nature of things, *cannot* do that.' There was not a thing about the Infinite and Eternal which he did not fancy himself entirely familiar with! Pah! I hate so much disturbance. A gentleman wants a decorous faith, a good, plain, sensible worship; and then, with a good conscience, he turns to the enjoyment of life, leaving to the Deity and—excuse me!—to the Yankees the management of unfathomable mysteries."

Barton could not help laughing at Heywood's banter, extravagant as it seemed.

"Well, Heywood," said he, "I admit that there is something of the Greek in the Yankee nature. Dr. Wentworth says that the New England mind is a threefold cross—it has the moral nature of the Jew, the intellectual spirit of the Greek, and the practical tendencies of the Roman."

"Indeed! Did he say whence they derived the element of modesty? Only three nations spoiled to make this marvellous New England? That cannot account for the riches which abound! Let me see—ingenuity from Egypt, humility from China, bravery—well, that must be indigenous, it is of a peculiar kind."

"That will do, Heywood! that will do. You have given reasons enough already, why Virginia should send her daughters to New England for education and her sons for wives! The State that yields the best schools and finest women ranks highest."

It might be supposed that on a subject so all-engrossing as politics had become in the spring and summer of 1860, two young men like Cathcart and Heywood would find themselves often in collision. But Heywood had not adopted the extreme views that prevailed in the South on the subject of slavery. He regarded the institution as a misfortune. But he apologised for it, as a thing entailed upon the South, and for

which no present remedy could be found. Though Heywood deemed it prudent to abstain from an active part in politics, yet it was plain he did not care to have it concealed that his sympathy was with his Southern kindred. By a sort of understanding, at length, Tom Heywood and Cathcart avoided all discussions on current topics. But when did two clouds oppositely charged ever come together without drawing each other's lightning? Then comes the thundercrash; afterwards it clears up, and for days the air will be purer. But such clashes between friends are safer in almost any other matter than politics. In spite of every effort, they found themselves less intimate, less affectionate and confiding. Other causes also tended and tempted to more alienation.

Heywood's aunt had secretly determined to spare no pains to bring about a connection between Rose Wentworth and young Heywood. In the first place, she deemed the connection one eminently fit to be made. They seemed suited to each other. Was he not a fine fellow, handsome, of gentlemanly manners, of good disposition, of good family and connections? Was not Rose of noble presence, most comely, a woman of genius, yet of rare domestic qualities, of great culture, trained to observation, and withal free from pedantry? What more could be wanting? Nothing except

the consent of the parties. Match-making is an art so fascinating that it is no wonder that people become addicted to it. Love in young people is of itself one of the most charming spectacles in human life. To see the spark struck, the fire-kindled, its first faint flame spreading, and finally the full glow and warmth established, and then to be able to say complacently, "I did it," is not all this inducement and reward enough to tempt amiable souls to this species of benevolence?

Aunt Chandler was no match-maker. This she often said. But she had no objection occasionally to give good advice. She was of that honest and plain-speaking way that inspired confidence. She was shrewd and prudent. She was really unselfish. She had no daughters of her own. With a great motherly heart, she had no children. With great skill in management, she had nobody to manage. It was quite natural that when young people came to her for advice, she should give it. Having given advice, it was natural that she should be interested in seeing what became of it. But she was not a match-maker! That she disapproved of. It was a responsibility that no one should take. "No one could tell after all how a match might turn out; and if badly, one could never forgive one's self for having brought it about."

There was a great difference, she pleased herself

with thinking, between matchmaking and a mere influencing one to make one's own match. Suggestion, reasonable influence, and suitable advice did not amount to match-making.

She beheld these two young persons, Heywood and Rose Wentworth, and saw what from inexperience they might have failed to perceive, that they were "just made for each other."

She made various occasions of meeting at her house, and in her grounds—"no party, a mere gathering of neighbours in the most familiar way;" teas and door-yard pic-nics — all in a manner so natural and accidental, that she could not forbear to admire the fortunate happenings of things. When people of sagacity set on foot plans with foresight, if they are of a devout turn of mind, they often see the hand of Providence wonderfully stretched out in their behalf. When Mrs. Chandler had sent some rare old books of prints over to Dr. Wentworth, had heaped up Mrs. Wentworth's table with fruit, apologizing that their grounds produced so much more than they could use that it was a kindness if the neighbours would help her to use it, it was natural that the Doctor's family should all come over, without formality, to spend an evening, and just as natural that Mrs. Chandler and her husband should return the visit. And when, after the elderly people

were seated in a manner evidently studied for their pleasure, and Rose and Heywood had the two only places left, and were obliged accidentally to bear each other company, and seemed content to do so, Mrs. Chandler, looking down upon them with benevolent eyes, could not refrain a pious and grateful ejaculation: "How providential this is! If I had had the ordering of it myself, the Lord could not have pleased me better!" The more she thought about it the more Providence seemed to smile. The more Providence favoured it, the more Mrs. Chandler smiled. It was so easy for her to act with sagacity that she did not see herself in many events which fell out, and fell out of her hand.

Weeks and months passed. The young people were happy; the old people were happy. It seemed strange, however, that Heywood had never spoken a word to his aunt of his intentions. In imagination, she had seen the happy pair coming to thank her, she had helped arrange the bridal party, she had seen the ceremony, she had been to church on the first Sunday after their return from the bridal trip, and she had drank in great draughts of satisfaction at the admiration with which all the congregation looked on the beautiful couple, she had walked home behind them and observed with rare relish those tender

ways of first-blossoming love, which discover newly-married people as surely as a bed of mignonette—simple as it looks—is detected by its odour. But, pleasing as are the pictures of imagination, a practical mind needs something less spiritual and more substantial. Why did not Heywood make some progress? Did not Rose please him? Or was there some impediment? It was plain that no visible progress was made. Therefore, though averse to match-making, it was proper that Mrs. Chandler should take observations and find out the latitude and longitude of affairs.

Could it be that Heywood was already engaged in Virginia? The thought was startling. His aunt did not wait long for a providential opening; but, on Heywood's return from an excursion, fell into conversation with him.

"Have you had a pleasant time, Heywood? of course you have, I can see by your face. When I was young, they did not have as many rides and pic-nics as they do now; though I fancy the young women then were more sedate, less frivolous and pleasure-seeking than now."

"Bless me, aunt, I do not know what you would call propriety, if the Norwood girls are not proper! I wish you might see some of our highflyers in the South!"

"I suppose you naturally would prefer the society of Southern young ladies?"

"I don't know about that; of course I like my own folks."

"Well, suppose you were going to settle down in life, and wanted to choose a wife—for I take it for granted that you are not engaged—are you?"

"No, aunt, I am too young for that, or, at any rate, not yet quite ready to settle down. Besides, no man marries till his time comes. I am waiting till I see some one that is irresistible."

"Do you expect some one to charge upon you and whirl you away captive?"

"No, not exactly that; but one likes shy game and fish not easily landed. I see persons good enough, doubtless, — perhaps too good for me; yet, after all, one does not like to know before he takes a step just how it will all end."

"Upon my word, Heywood, this is superlatively modest! I did not think that you were one of those conceited dandies that thought every woman who looked at him was in love with him. But I can tell you in good earnest, sir, that those who are most worthy when won, are not the easiest to win."

"Aunt, I mean no offence to the sex, and none to you especially. You asked me a plain question, and I gave you a plain answer."

"Of the young ladies, Sir Malapert, whom you have laid under obligation this afternoon by your charming presence, how many of them do you believe that you could have for the asking?"

"Every one of them. This sounds conceited to you, aunt, but I look at it in this way: I know that I am a presentable young gentleman, with reasonably good prospects. I cannot deny the sight of my eyes that my presence is agreeable to the young ladies. I take it for granted that they all expect to enter the matrimonial state whenever a suitable offer is made; and it does not seem conceited at all to imagine that a lady who receives your addresses with marked favour would accept your offer, should you press a suit."

"You were never more mistaken in your life. I will instance but a single one — Rose Wentworth. I wish with all my heart that you might win her; but it will not be done just by the asking, let me tell you."

"Why, there was not one of the party so cordial and frank. I went home with her, and she seemed a good deal softened and sentimental. She talked of trees and flowers, and of the spirit and an inner life. I think I understand such things. If I had just said the word, I fully believe that I should now be asking your approbation to our union."

"This passes all belief! I lose faith in you, at least in your good judgment. You have no more conception of Rose Wentworth than you have of those who live in the stars. If you had presumed upon her cordial ways and mentioned love, I should like to have stood by and seen her large eyes flash upon you."

"Why, aunt, do you think that she is such a paragon?"

"I do—I do. She is beyond all words the noblest young woman that I have ever known. But what she is no one can know, nor she herself, until something rouses her. She is capable of rising into grandeur if circumstances favoured. If by the wisest and most skilful wooing you could win Rose, you would be the happiest of living men; and twenty years hence you would find your happiness but just begun!"

"Why, aunt, you rather pique my curiosity. If you really think that she is so hard to win, I am almost disposed to try."

"Young man," said Mrs Chandler, almost sternly, "you may as well let it alone as to try in that spirit."

And the subject was dropped.

Some influences are like spurs, and striking into the sides they produce instant motion. Others are seeds, and when sown seem utterly

lost; yet in silence and darkness they are germinating and growing. Mrs. Chandler said no more, but she thought a good deal more.

"I don't believe things will rest as they are. I think Heywood has received some notions that will work in him. But what if Rose should not take a fancy to him? Of course she likes him; but that does not mean anything in particular. She is a world too kind and generous, and likes everybody, and Heywood has been fooled by it. He thinks that kindness is love. That's just like a man! But then he has all his life been run after and praised, poor fellow. He is to be pitied, not blamed."

CHAPTER XVII.

VARIETIES

NOTHING enhances the value of an object more than to know that others value it and are competing for it. Mrs. Chandler furnished both stimulants to Heywood. I cannot say how she obtained the information, but she had been led to believe that Barton Cathcart had directed his attentions toward Miss Wentworth. Some such stories had risen and died out in the village. The signs all failed. Mrs. Chandler, perhaps, had not even heard of them. One day, however, she returned home after a visit to Dr. Wentworth's, and in consequence of information—what, I never knew—she said to her husband, by the merest accident, in Heywood's presence:

"Would it not be strange, my dear, if Barton Cathcart should marry Rose Wentworth?"

Her husband looked at her with simplicity, and said:

"I suppose so."

"Do you think it would be a good match?"

"I don't see any objection, provided the parties are willing."

"But really, my dear, I can't hardly imagine that Rose should prefer such a man, unless it was her only chance. But then you can never tell. Getting in love is like picking garden flowers in the night. You may get a violet, or you may pick a nettle. It seems to me that Rose might do better than to take Cathcart."

Tom Heywood thought it worth his while to take a more close survey of the ground. He had been under the impression for some time that he had gone as far as it was safe to go unless he were willing to go further; that Rose was very susceptible and simple; and that, as a man of honour, it was his duty, having a far better knowledge of life and especially of affairs of the heart, to see to it that she was not harmed.

He was so far influenced by his aunt's remarks from time to time that he was determined at any rate to probe the matter, and to see just how things really were. His visits became more frequent, and his attentions were assiduous. He exerted himself in conversation, he went through the usual musical routine on such occasions, and after a considerable period he found himself in just the same place as at the beginning. It was a

new experience, and piqued his pride. He began to perceive some zest in this pursuit. On the whole, he was glad that Miss Wentworth had not dropped into his hands as easily as he at first feared. He was satisfied that Miss Rose was genuine; that there was no artfulness; that she was playing no part.

He absented himself for a time, but at his next visit his absence excited no remark. He discussed the ladies of Norwood, and expressed admiration for one or two in particular. He found Miss Rose the most generous of critics and the most discriminating of friends. Thus far Miss Wentworth had been to him an inferior, in the sense that a beautiful child is to an elder brother. He began to admit now that she was his equal, and to experience a respect which he had never felt before for a pretty woman. He now read favourite authors aloud, and indulged in criticisms. He discussed various questions in literature, in art, in science. If Heywood chose to talk of gay trifles, so did she. Just as naturally and unaffectedly did she follow and accompany him if music or painting were the theme. If he introduced a discussion, Rose entered with zest, but never with heat, into philosophical reasonings, and in matters of natural science proved herself far better informed than was Heywood. He could

not deny that a more intimate acquaintance raised his opinion of Miss Wentworth. Indeed he began to admit to himself that she was a woman worthy of pursuit! But he made no progress. He was as near, and just as far from, her, after weeks and months had passed, as at the beginning. He could not understand it. He watched to discover the exquisite art, the subtle fence, by which he was warded off. Nothing could be discovered but simple, artless, straightforward conduct.

It would not be just to leave the impression that Heywood's pride alone, or chiefly, had wrought in him a determination to press his suit to an issue. At every step he found warmer sentiments kindling. Admiration had passed on a stage, and began to take on the colours of love. Love, once entertained, throve; and with a genuine affection there came a great change over him, and for the better. A deep and true love is full of humility and gratitude. Heywood dropped that ill-fitting conceit which veiled his real goodness, and his overweening confidence in himself gave way to diffidence. Once or twice, arming himself with a determination to bring his fate to an issue, he found himself, he knew not how, carried away from his purpose, and as far from success as ever.

At last he determined that, with whatever

abruptness it was necessary, he would make known to Rose his sentiments, and, at least, know whether or not he was to be blessed.

There was to be the weekly gathering at Dr. Wentworth's on the morrow. The house and grounds lay open to all family friends. No formality prevailed. Every one was left to come and go with perfect freedom. One might be sure of seeing Judge Bacon there, and Mr. Edwards, and almost always Parson Buell, and Mr. Brett, and Mrs. Chandler, and occasionally Mr. Chandler, and once in a while 'Biah Cathcart and his wife. Alice came every week, and Barton was there at least to take tea. Besides these regulars, there was a militia of visitors, or the friends of friends, so that on pleasant days, sometimes two or three score of people roamed about the grounds, in knots and circles; the young people securing their own company, and the elder people discoursing apart, or joining the young folks, as it chanced to please them. It is in such circumstances that love finds its fairest opportunities. A thousand chances turn up for a look, a word with an emphasis, or for a passing sentence, and if both parties be in sympathy, it is surprising to see by how many accidents they are favoured. They are sent on some errand, one to help the other; or they are left alone, every person about them

having the most natural reasons in the world for going off. The very sun seems to wink at them through the blinking leaves. The shadows that gather about them serve as a protecting screen. Everything favours fortunate love! No one knew the advantages of such circumstances better than Heywood. No one had less art to discern opportunity than Cathcart.

On the appointed morrow, therefore, Heywood, with a charming grace, passed from group to group, and not a person in the grounds was there who did not feel that Heywood had paid them most agreeable personal attention. Certainly Alice Cathcart thought so with reason. Heywood took his place by her side, and either he found her in her happiest mood, or had the art to draw forth her hidden power; for Alice fairly blossomed. Rose, who knew what treasure lay hidden deep within, was delighted to have others perceive it. Barton had never seen his sister so radiant, and exhibit such force of conversation. She met Heywood's compliments and threw them back as a mirror throws back the sunlight that falls upon it; and when, in an encounter of wit that followed, Alice fairly vanquished him, Heywood, plucking a wreath of the honeysuckle vine, and twining in it a spray or two of crimson fuchsias, with fine manner offered to crown her, saying, with a humorous

modesty: "The Muses are to be crowned, not contended with."

All clapped and cried Bravo! bravo! and no one seemed so radiantly happy as Rose, except Alice herself. She seemed strangely brilliant; and when the beautiful, glossy, green leaves, and the glowing colours of the fuchsia were laid upon her raven hair, Heywood called all to witness how much she resembled Raffael's picture of "*Poesie.*"

Dr. Wentworth and his friends repaired to the old drooping elm. Soon they fell into conversation. I know not how the subject of cathedrals came up, but Dr. Wentworth called to Rose:

"My child, bring me two or three volumes of Britton's 'Cathedrals of England.' Perhaps some of these nimble gentlemen will help you."

Heywood was standing by Alice, though listening to everything that concerned Rose. He would have sprung to fulfil the intimation, but at that moment Alice was addressing a question to him. Barton Cathcart quietly moved toward the house, and, repairing to the library, brought out the volumes. One of them was opened to the ground plan of York Minster, and lain upon the grass.

"Sit down by me, disciple," said Judge Bacon to Cathcart, "and hear Dr. Wentworth make a plea in behalf of idolatry."

"The unassisted reason of man must derive its

notion of Divinities either from the material world, or from man himself. I suspect that much of what we have been taught to regard as a stupid idolatry was regarded, in its time, by intelligent worshippers, only as a kind of symbolism. Trees were supposed to *contain* deities. Fire was the element through which gods manifested themselves. If I had lived before the days of Revelation, I should have worshipped the Sun, or Trees."

"On such a day as this, Doctor," said Bacon, "I think you would be glad to run under your tree-god to get rid of your sun-god. But I suppose you would divide the year between them, and say prayers to the sun in winter, and to the trees in summer."

"You were speaking of cathedrals and the origin of Gothic architecture," said Edwards.

"Yes, I was reprobating the idea that Gothic architecture was in any sense an imitation of trees. There is some analogy, however, between the impression made upon the mind by a forest and by a cathedral. There is the same sense of solitary grandeur, the same peculiar feeling of solemn mystery arising from vast height, a similar play of light and shade, and a spirit of devotion which I think is spontaneous and inevitable in both."

"Father, were you as much affected by the first cathedral that you saw as you expected to be?"

asked Rose, who had placed a stool near her father, and left Alice on the outer part of the circle attended by Heywood.

"I really had expected but little. It was neither taste nor devotion that first drew me to York Minster. It was curiosity. But I was overwhelmed with wonder. The mystery and awe produced by height and vastness in the interior I can compare to nothing but the feeling which one has who, either by day, or in a starlit night, lies alone in the fields on his back, looking long right up into the heavens, which seem slowly to open, deeper and more deep, until, with strange presentiment, one almost feels that he is drawing near to the Eternal City! By some subtle sympathy, one's spirit swells and is conscious of wonderful elevation. It is a consciousness of superiority, dignity, grandeur. The same thing befell me on the first time that I stood at Niagara. I found myself stepping proudly, like a conqueror, and moving with the dignity of a prince. But in a cathedral-experience this is tempered by certain other influences, which inspire tenderness and sadness. Now if upon this state of mind there arises a solemn chant, borne upon the waves of organ music, especially if one is in a foreign land, touched a little with homesickness, and hears those sacred psalms which are laden with the

most solemn and tender associations of his life, coming back to him in such a bewildering place, fringed with murmuring echoes, is it strange that the spirit seems to drop the body, and to hover, in its full glorious liberty, on the bounds of the Infinite and the Eternal?"

Judge Bacon watched the Doctor, as he proceeded, with a smile, whether of sympathy or of incredulity one could not well divine. Neither did his words make his real thoughts any clearer. He was so used to a bantering irony that he often employed it when at heart he was in full sympathy with the person against whom it was directed.

"I confess, Doctor," said he, with mock sadness, "that I have never felt this sense of leaving the body and rising into a beatific condition, except in one set of circumstances."

"What were they?" asked Wentworth, with some slight surprise.

"When I have been in the act of falling asleep in church, under the refreshing influence of a long and sound discourse!"

"You are not a frequent sleeper, Judge, according to my observations," said Parson Buell. "Indeed I have regarded you as one of the wakeful and watching."

"Ah, that is the minister's fault. Instead of

the absurd method now pursued of doctrinal examination, if I were set to select clergymen, I should pick and determine by their somniferousness. I would settle the man that yielded sleep, and turn away every candidate that kept me awake. A minister should be a true Pulpit Poppy! But go on, Doctor, as your remarks were not half an hour long, I know that you had but just entered on the topic of cathedrals."

"The cathedral is really a symbol of Christianity; complex, multitudinous, sublime! It was not enough for men to make the cross the symbol of their faith, to wear it on the person, to affix it to churches, to shape utensils to its form, to fashion their very doors and windows so that they should frame to the eye the figure of the cross; but some bold man determined that the cross should be reared in proportions so vast that a Christian assembly could worship, not before it, but within it. Look upon this ground plan. It is a noble cross. A cathedral stript of its accessories is but a sublime cross, subsidizing to itself the resources of society. The gorgeous windows, the elaborate ornaments, the exquisite carvings of men, beasts and foliage, silently represent the homage which art, man, and nature, pay to the cross. Symbolism can go no further. Every city of England has, lying in tranquil grandeur, within it an architec-

tural cross. Not that one which glows upon the spire like the morning and the evening star; nor those which stand at the altar; or are wrought in colours upon the windows; but in the foundations themselves! All the rough and hidden stones have for hundreds of years lain in the silent and invisible fashions of the cross, upon whose pattern rises—glowing more and more with beauty and art—every wall, and the mighty whole. The cross is thus the root of architecture!"

"For once, I must say, Bravo! Your notions have some plausibleness, though little originality," said Judge Bacon; "and I can well imagine how a thousand men shut up in a stone cross, on oak benches, and obliged to listen, as we are, to prolix discourse, might think it a kind of crucifixion."

"Oh, Judge, if I could once see you fairly taken off your feet with enthusiasm, as I was at Winchester, I would willingly suffer all your jibes for the rest of my life."

"How was that, father? Do tell us," said Rose, who had changed her place to give Alice a nearer seat, placing herself in such a way that Heywood was no longer facing her.

"The day had been warm, like this, though a month earlier, it being in July. The afternoon was well advanced, and the sun was sunk so low that it poured its light through the exhalations

rising from the ground—very much as the sun is now doing," said the Doctor, turning toward the West. "See how these evergreens seem fairly banked up against a very cloud of light! Well, I had little idea of the interior of Winchester Cathedral, and the exterior was not as impressive as several others. But as I entered the west door, the nave clear up to the ceiling seemed to blaze with light. The construction stone is pale yellow, almost white, and the red light of this afternoon gave it a peculiar charm. Unlike other cathedrals, there were no dark spaces, no mysterious recesses, nothing dim or solemn. All was radiant and glorious. It was not Mystery and Awe, but Revelation and Joy, that were symbolized! To complete the enchantment, the organ was filling the vast space with rich harmonies."

Judge Bacon, who had been looking toward the haze of golden light, turned round with an impressive gesture.

"My dear Doctor, if one could only go to meeting in a cathedral, what joy would it be! Especially for children, what a god-send under a dull sermon. Now what can children do in church? The sermon they can't understand. They are not allowed to sleep; they are too tired to sit up, and are not allowed to lie down. Cry they can't, and laugh they must not. I used slyly to make rabbits

with my handkerchief. But a cathedral affords boundless amusement for the eyes. While a prosaic passage was droning in my ears, I could busy myself in tracing the colours in the windows, making out the ridiculous old saints, or recalling the amusing legends. If the discourse ran on doctrine—the veritable act of giving a stone to those who want bread—I could study the curious carvings—stone foliage, stone dragons, stone beasts, in all their varieties! Look here, Doctor,—I believe that cathedrals would convert me! What a pity that we have none! One of the benefits which I anticipate from the spread of Romanism in America is the introduction of the Roman Civil Law and of cathedrals to put to shame the plainness of meeting-houses, and also to ally religion with taste!"

"You might as well sigh for barons' castles, princes' palaces, Roman forums, Greek temples, Egyptian pyramids. Men forget that all institutions, customs, schools of painting, special forms of architecture, are the outworking of the inward spirit of an Age. When that spirit changes, or dies out, it is in vain to attempt to reproduce its mere forms again, except as dead memorials. Cathedrals had their epoch. They represent a geologic period, as it were, in the moral world. We might as well attempt to bring back ancient

manuscripts with their splendid illuminations, instead of printed books; or to re-introduce the armour and armies of the Middle Ages, instead of rifles and artillery. It is this very blunder that they commit who attempt to reproduce the art-spirit of a period long gone by, by copying its dead forms. If it was good for anything in its own time, that is the very reason why it will be out of place in our time."

"For gracious' sake, Doctor, pause! What have we done to deserve such a discourse? Bethink you! It is not Sunday! A gentleman in Boston sent his Irish servant to his wine cellar to draw from a cask of choice Madeira a specimen glass. The servant forgot to turn the faucet and all night the stream trickled—ran—trickled, until not a drop was left."

"Well, Judge, what then?"

"Sure enough, I begin to see that the case will not apply to you; for the cask *did* at length run dry, and stop. You run dry enough, but never stop. But, at the risk of starting you off again, I cannot help saying that, after such a sentimental description as you gave of the effects of a cathedral on *you*, to follow on with the statement that cathedrals have no longer any function—are dead mere mighty museums, is peculiarly refreshing to a logical mind!"

"Both things are true, nevertheless. I was speaking of old cathedrals, in whose presence a thousand years rise up in dim procession, whose very strangeness stirs the imagination, in which lie buried kings and prelates whose doings filled their own age and gave colour to history,—to walk in them is like a vision of the Resurrection! Generations long gone, with passions like ours, but with ideas foreign and strange, rise before you. While the trance is upon you, if the organ sounds and the choir chant, you seem to stand with the exceeding great multitude of past ages, and the imagination, that flies free through all time and space, gathers about you the good and great of ten centuries, and you are one of an invisible multitude which no man can number, of every age, and all tongues, lifting up a common praise to God! Your own heart, for the moment, seems to express a devotion as wide as creation, and to be the instrument by which generations are praising God! You can reproduce a stone cathedral in our day, but can you clothe it with five hundred or a thousand years? A clean, new cathedral, in America, is a solecism. It is not in harmony with our wants, our ideas, or our sympathies. It is a huge and bungling imitation, and counterfeit. It is a forgery upon Time. Even old cathedrals have lost their power upon those familiar with them.

Use deadens romance. They are for pilgrims,—far-comers,—not for the resident inhabitants. For a few, of romantic tendency, they may retain their influence ever fresh, but for the mass of men they no longer have any message. The common people have gone on and left these magnificent monuments of the sincerity of a strong but rude age to poets and antiquarians!"

"Religion seems to have had a hard time in this world. It is so busy with its institutions, its governments, its doctrines and orders that it has little time to bestow on *men*."

"That is more true than you meant. But it is not true of religion more than of justice, of beauty, of every organized principle."

"You are right for once, Doctor," said Judge Bacon. "The law is an analogous case in point. We go back with great interest and profit to the Roman law and to the common law of England. But if the common law of England as it was three hundred years ago, or if Justinian's code were to be introduced bodily into modern courts, they would be in incessant conflict with society in all its interests."

Dr. Wentworth resumed:

"Cathedrals and liturgies, after losing their original force and function, derive a secondary value as a connecting medium between remote

periods and ages. Their associations are like mistletoe on aged trees, which have a value which the trees do not. The attempt to create a modern liturgy is evidence of how little men understand the law of growth. Liturgies of power are those which have in them the voice of ages. It is the breath of the whole Church that breathes through them. To forsake these, and to make modern liturgies is as if a man should cut down from about his mansion the oaks and elms that had grown majestic through hundreds of years, and then attempt to imitate their shade and grandeur by setting out starveling Lombardy poplars."

"But," said Judge Bacon, "you ought to admit that a Puritan cathedral would be proper. Its structure might be new, but its spirit, which according to you is the essential thing, would be old enough. It would be far older than Justinian. It would be as old as Moses. The Puritans were men of the Old Testament more than of the New. Their writings breathe its spirit, employ its language; and their laws sought to imitate the old Hebrew code, and in some instances the Levitical laws are ludicrously woven into the old colony legislation."

"It will always be so," responded Dr. Wentworth, accepting the new direction thus suggested for the conversation, "with men in a minority,

suffering persecution for a good cause. They will take to the Old Testament as patriots do to the mountains when oppressors harry the land. The reason is obvious. The old prophets were grand figures, standing almost alone against a background of cruelty and corruption, both in faith and morals. Their experience breathes in the psalms, and in the major and minor prophets. No mistake is more utter than to suppose the Books of Prophecy are filled with prophesying, or that the special predictions constitute the chief value of these undying Scriptures. They are the heart journals of great men, almost alone, waging war with every form of civil and social iniquity. They reveal all the shades of fear, doubt, despondency, incident to moral conflict. They reveal Suffering and Consolation as no drama ever did. The great truths of Natural Justice; the absolute faith that the world was organized for righteousness, and that iniquity was sure to be a losing game; that the Invisible Power, who sat silent behind the clouds while everything seemed to overwhelm the good and promote the bad, was nevertheless awake, aroused and terribly in earnest for truth and justice; and that he seemed remiss only because Jehovah worked in larger circles than those in which men wrought, and brought events to their account and judgment a little later and

lower down than men desired and expected. These are those elements of the prophetic books that will always make them the refuge of the oppressed. But the Puritan, if he went to the Old Testament for consolation and strength, certainly did not find there the peculiar intellectual elements which marked him. The intellectual contrast between the Hebrew and the Puritan is as great as that between Jerusalem and Athens. The Hebrew was neither an analyst nor a reasoner; the Puritan was both. Emotion is the staple of Hebrew thought. His very reasonings were swells of moral feeling. In Judea it was feeling that fed Thought; in New England it is Thought that produces feeling."

"You mean that ought to do it," said the Judge. "I wish to my soul it did! It was a poor exchange that the Puritan made when he bargained off imagination for logic, emotion for metaphysics, moral consciousness for proof. A genuine Yankee Puritan thinks that he can prove anything. He would address an argument to each letter of the alphabet, proving that A *is* A, that B is B. He would delight to hear somebody doubt the multiplication table, that he might prove it. I am tired of logic, and argument, and doctrine, and discussion. The fact is, Doctor, since Tommy Heywood has been in town,

I have taken to the Episcopal Church, where everything is cut and dried, and the service is so long that the sermon has to be short. I have serious thoughts of joining."

"I am glad, Judge, to learn that you have serious thought about anything religious. The New England theologians have not been poetic, Edwards, perhaps, excepted; and he soon repressed a genius which, under other culture, would have placed him among the immortal few. Curiously enough, they have undervalued the imagination, and sought to replace it with solid reasonings. I must admit that, at some period, they have had an almost pharisaic pride of logic and pure metaphysics. But in spite of their exclusion of the literary forms of the imagination, they have dealt with great moral truths in such a manner that the imagination of their people has been powerfully developed. The impression that New England men are practical and shrewd, but not imaginative or æsthetic, has arisen from the fact that peculiar influence prevented the development of imagination in the direction of poetry, and music, or of the fine arts. Puritan influences shut up in a measure these channels. Imagination followed the lines of speculation. Instead of forming itself into sound and physical forms, it inspired systems of thought. The poems

of Dante are not more complete pictures than are the sermons of Edwards, if you drop from both the instrument of language, and compare simply the picture which is left in the mind. The vast realm of thought traversed by New England theology, involving the philosophy of the human mind, the nature of moral government, and so, by corollary, of human governments,—the profound inquiries into cause and effect,—the invisible sphere of the will,—the relations of character to future condition,—the future itself, its eternal sovereign, its antithetic kingdom, like night over against the day,—and the pressure of thought toward infinite and insoluble problems might have been expected to give a very unpractical result. In fact, however, it led to immense fertility and to a practical wisdom.

"In a greater extent, probably, than ever before was the whole population, for two hundred years, educated to receive a copious, minute, and immense system of truth, without any symbols, without old superstitions, without anything for the eye or ear, sustained purely by the exercise of reason and in directions where the reason depended largely upon the imagination. In other lands, the popular faith rested upon an order of men lifted into splendid authority. The New England clergyman was a plain citizen, utterly

disdaining all trappings. Elsewhere, cathedrals, festive days, and gorgeous ceremonies sustained men's belief. It is hardly possible to make barrenness more bare of all appliances for the senses than was New England. Yet there arose in the popular mind a vast and stately system of truth, covering two worlds."

"Take breath, Doctor, let us see! elm-trees, cathedrals, pre-Raphaelitism, the Old and New Testament, the Puritan, New England clergymen, and New England theology! I put it to you, as a humane and honest physician, whether there are not too many medicines for one bolus? You are a perfect old Druid, and sit under your tree as if the chief end of man was to talk and hear talking! By the way, your elm-tree ought to be an oak—that is the tree of piety and wisdom."

"By no means. The oak is the English tree. But the elm is the American tree."

"I suspect you are led astray this time, Doctor," said Judge Bacon, "because you own so wonderful a tree. Every body praises their own. The pine-tree is the symbol of New England. It is the tree of liberty, flourishing as liberty always has, among the hills and mountains,—tough and hardy, deriving nourishment from the poorest soils and enduring the severest winters without losing its foliage, fighting winter storms with its

banner all unfolded! The only tree fit to represent our liberty-loving people is the one that is as green in winter as in summer. There! what do you say to that as a specimen of discourse in your own vein?"

"It is thoroughly well said," replied Wentworth, "and if we were at liberty now to select the tree of Liberty, undoubtedly that would be it. But it has been done for us. The elm is historic. It is identified not only with American ideas and men, but with the great struggles of liberty. The Pittsfield elm, now a mere wreck, was a rallying point in our Revolution, as it had been before among the aborigines. What shall we say of the elms in Springfield, in Hadley, in Hatfield, which have played a part in colonial history? And what of that famous Boston Common elm, which is to Massachusetts what the Charter Oak was to Connecticut?"

"Stop—stop. Now you are on my ground. The elm on the Boston Common was not the Charter Oak of Massachusetts. It was another elm-tree which you have probably forgotten. I mean the old elm that stood on the corner of Essex and Medway streets in Boston, now Essex and Washington streets. Planted in 1646, it was more than a hundred years old when the pre-revolutionary excitements were taking place in

Boston. I don't believe there was ever a city in the world where the men in authority had such hard work in putting a yoke on its people as Boston. It was always a famous talking place. I can imagine a governor's opinion of such men as Sam Adams and old John Adams, and their set. Let me see—didn't you come from Boston, Doctor? Well, no matter. One bright morning, when the sun rose, a marvel appeared. In the night the dew, or Puck, had shaped in golden letters and nailed with a spike upon the elm, '*Tree of Liberty.*' The offence was remembered, and in 1775 the British soldiers cut down the dangerous tree."

"Thank you, Judge. If any tree should be adopted as the national symbol, it is the American elm—the historic '*Tree of Liberty.*'"

"I forgot to say," said the judge, with a knowing look, "what every true Yankee will be delighted to learn, that the tree cut up into fourteen cords of wood! Only imagine what a fortune that would be, if all this were to-day in the hands of some honest farmer. He would fill the land with souvenirs, and make his fortune to boot. For we should have the miracle of the oil and meal over again. The wood would never give out. It would grow on his hands faster than ever it did on its own roots."

"We are agreed, then, the elm is the Tree of Liberty. It is the National Tree!"

The sun went down. Pete Sawmill was busy passing from the kitchen to the table, spread in an adjoining space among evergreen trees. The company broke up and repaired thither for tea. Seats were arranged in nooks and coverts, among the shrubbery, and friends formed into groups here and there, in the most unconstrained liberty. Rose flitted hither and thither with hospitable attentions, seeming to take no part for herself except the pleasure of serving. So Heywood found to his chagrin. An evil fate hampered him all the evening. Nothing fell out fortunately; and he returned home under a cloud. Alice remained for the night.

"Why, Alice," said Rose, when they had repaired to their rooms, "what a woman of society you have become! You used to admire my freedom in company. It is now my turn to envy you. I never saw you so brilliant."

Alice smiled. Yet the expression of her face was not altogether of pleasure. As clouds coming and going, in a bright moonlight evening, seem to shade or brighten the lawn, so in alternation pleasing thoughts and sad ones cast their reflections upon Alice's face.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NUTTING—ITS JOYS AND DISASTERS.

When Autumn days come, Nature, like a retired merchant, changes its manner—from thrift and bustling industry to languid leisure and to ostentatious luxury. The sun rises later and sets earlier than when it had all the summer crops on hand and was playing universal husbandman. There is no nest-building now, and no bird-singing—which is a purely domestic arrangement, designed on the birds' part to keep peace in the family while the children are being raised, and laid aside as soon as the young birds are off their hands. Mornings come fleeced in mists, which hang over streams and low, moist places. The sun plays with them, but they perish in his arms. A few belated flowers yet keep watch, but chiefly the asters, which fringe the fields, star the edges of forests, and, like a late-comer at a feast, seem bent upon making up lost time. At night, crickets and katy-dids scrape their shrill viols, and fill the

air with stridulous music. Over all the shrinking fields, the trees lift up their gorgeous foliage, and, like those who wait for the marriage-bell and the bridegroom, they shine out in glorious apparel.

The hills, forest clad, are become the Lord's younger sons, and, like Joseph, they are dressed in a coat of many colours. October days, short between horizons, reach higher into the vault than any days of the year; and through them the season seems to look with softened sadness, as one who, in the calm of age, meditates on all the mistakes of his past life and solemnly thinks upon the advancing future. Along the fencerows, where seeds and late berries may be found, birds hop silently, as if ashamed to be seen. Soon they will change their solitary ways and collect in flocks. To-day, the fields will swarm with them; to-morrow, there will not be one left, and they will be picking their food many degrees of latitude south.

In the gay sadness of autumn, Barton Cathcart, now released from his school, wandered about with his gun. Sometimes he brought home from the hills his bag full of squirrels, and sometimes from the bosky coverts he secured many brace of partridges. At other times, he wandered all day without once firing his gun.

Barton loved field sports, yet not so keenly that he chased through the woods and coverts without

observation. He stopped to trace the lines of lichen on stones, or the exquisite mosses in damp and shaded nooks. Many squirrels ran and hid while he stood under the yellow-leaved nut-trees admiring the russet hickories, the brilliant maples, scarlet, pink, and yellow. He remembered what Dr. Wentworth had said of cathedrals, and stretched on a dry knoll he sometimes lay for a long time looking up into the arched trees, tracing imaginary groinings, or listening to the low sounds of the winds that chanted through the trees, and cast down to the ground multitudes of yellow leaves, on which they had just been playing. So silent and so immovable did he lie, and so long, that the squirrels forgot to be shy, descended to the ground and played their nimble pranks before him, or sprung from branch to branch overhead, barking and chattering in full security. Ah, these great October days!—October woods!—October musings!

It was his purpose, in November, to repair to Cambridge to attend a course of lectures upon law.

Meanwhile, he was at home again,—living over, as in a gentle trance, the scenes of his boyhood, visiting the haunts which his early experience had made dear to him. He recalled the frolics which Rose and Alice had so often had around the old farm-house.

But when he thought of his sister now, and of Miss Wentworth, these memories seemed like some fairy tale, read in a book, rather than an actual history in which he himself had been a living actor.

But young Cathcart's mood was not wholly a sentimental sympathy with the changing year, the shortening days, the flight of birds, and the decay of flowers. He had not been unobservant of his friend's demeanour. He fancied that he perceived in Rose Wentworth a growing pleasure in Heywood's attentions. He resisted the impression stoutly. He cast it out with a resolute effort. It returned again. When the mind is ill at ease and restless, a forbidden thought, in spite of all its efforts, will play about it as at night a moth whirls about a lamp; and, like this foolish moth-miller, the more it is hurt by the flame through which it dashes, the more irresistible seems the attraction, until singed, maimed and sore, the poor insect lies crumpled up beneath the light which lured it to its destruction.

It is not to be imagined that Cathcart had for the several years past lived in an unbroken dream of hope, while at the same time he had taken no direct steps to secure his position in Miss Wentworth's regard.

Until he was established in life, or had a near

prospect of it, he did not deem it honourable, certainly not wise, to disclose to Miss Wentworth the secret hope of his life. A more impulsive and less reticent nature could scarcely have met the object of his supreme affection from week to week without disclosing his feelings. Some moment of unguarded enthusiasm would be likely to draw forth the confession. Some eager and supplicating glance would be likely to betray what the tongue faultered to tell. Even in a nature as self-restrained and silent as Barton Cathcart's, this long probation must have ended itself in some unexpected disclosure, had he not marked out for himself a clear line and followed it with scrupulous fidelity. He had already learned an invaluable secret, that one-half of the troubles of life may be prevented, and of the troubles that arise one-half may be alleviated, by Occupation. He had given to his school an unstinted measure of his time and thought; but, whatever time could be wrung from sleep and amusement, compatible with health, he bestowed upon the study of law. But his school was ended. His legal preparation was already far beyond what has been found sufficient to set up many a successful lawyer. But it was not enough for him barely to succeed. After another year spent at Cambridge he hoped to have laid a foundation on which he

could build for life. When, therefore, during this summer, he had noticed Heywood's increasing interest in Dr. Wentworth's family, he could not forbear uneasiness. The matter was not helped by Tommy Taft's affectionate solicitude.

"Look here, Barton, what is your opinion of that southern feller that's come to live at Chandler's?"

"My opinion, Tommy, is very favourable. He is a perfect gentleman and an honourable man. I think very highly of him."

"Well, I s'posed so by the way you and he went round together. They say he's goin' to git Chandler's money. I've no objection. Mrs. Chandler 's a mighty nice woman; but *he*,—Lord, Barton, he's nothin' but a needle pullin' a gold thread after it; the needle ain't a mite fatter for all it does. But I guess that southern feller wants a leetle more'n money."

"I should hope so, Tommy. Money is useful in its way; but it takes more than that to make a man."

"Sartain! But some folks thinks they have the right to the best of everything jest because they've got money. Now, for my part, I don't b'lieve that southern feller goes down to Dr. Wentworth to get pills. If he's sick as often as he goes there, then it's a sort of alin' that doctor-stuff ain't likely to cure!"

Barton knew that Tommy Taft's judgments of affairs were seldom mistaken, and these hints fell in with his own fears. Yet he had no wish to make Tommy a confident of his hopes and fears. The colour came slightly to his cheek and he was silent.

"It's my opinion that Miss Rose knows who she likes," added Tommy, sententiously, at the same time nodding his head corner-wise several times at the ground, as if the grass had disputed him.

"I presume she does," said Barton. "Most rational people do."

"There was that Boston feller that was here two or three summers, I could have told him from the fust that he couldn't catch that bird. Why, you see, I watched 'em pretty close at fust, but after a little while I let 'em swing. I seed that she looked down on him; and I'm thinkin' Miss Rose won't choose below her."

Barton did not care to prolong the conversation with Tommy Taft; but, except by an abrupt departure, he could not easily stop him. The moment that any one showed an anxiety to avoid any topic, Tommy seized upon it with the avidity of a terrier, and raced it and chased it to the uttermost. Tommy resumed:

"I kinder think it's another thing with this

southern feller;" for Tommy would never call him by his proper name. "I've seen 'em a good deal more'n they think, and I've noticed that she sort o' holds back and don't look at him so straight and honest-like as she does to other folks. And she gives him a chance, too; and he's there almost every day on one arrant or another. To be sure, it's a great place to go to, and every body is to hum there; but, then," said Tommy, with a knowing wink, "there's a difference, you know. If she ain't about the best pleased with him of any feller that's come along, then all signs fail, that's all."

And Tommy renewed his bows at the ground in the most solemn and emphatic manner.

Every word was a confirmation of Barton Cathcart's fears. They irritated him like the spines of nettles.

"Well, Tommy, I presume it's her own business. If she's suited I suppose we ought to be."

Tommy drew himself up to his full height, and turning his face directly on Barton, without any sting in his tone or banter in his manner, said:

"Barton, my boy, I've know'd you ever since you was so high. I took to you naterally. I've jest been prouder of you than I ever was of any thing on ship or shore; and if I could see you married to Rose, I wouldn't care a wink if I didn't

live an hour afterward. 'Taint no use, boy, for you and me to be coverin' up things. I know ye better'n you do yourself. Let me tell ye, you keep too shet up. There's a heap of things in you that you'd do better to git out. What sort of a room is't where the fire ain't any chimney? Now it's my opinion that you are smoked up inside with thoughts and feelins, jes' 'cause you've no vent to let the stuff out. And though Tommy is a one-legged old sinner, the man's not alive that dare say he ever forgot his friend."

Barton needed no assurance of the old man's fidelity. Although he knew that his unbounded audacity would lead him to thrust in his remarks upon any man's business for the mere pleasure which he seemed to take in the exercise of his shrewdness, yet, in his own case, Barton knew the real and almost romantic affection which old Tommy bore to him. He was also affected by the fact that the old man, hanging on the skirts of society, poor, and now growing every year more and more feeble, had evidently been watching for his interest, during years of absence, with paternal fidelity. Besides all this, a proud and sensitive nature finds it far easier, often, to speak confidingly to one in a station below him than to an equal or a superior.

Whatever may have been the influences moving

him, Barton felt that it would be a great relief to lean on another's judgment.

"Well, Uncle Tommy, what would you do if you were in my place?"

"Now that's sensible like, Barton, my boy. I'd go right to that fellow, and ask him plump what he's after. If he's just foolin' round for the fun on't, he ought to understand that there's other folks lives in this world as well as him. And if he is in 'arnest, why, then, the woman has got to choose between ye, that's all."

"I'll do it, by heavens!" said Barton, with intense earnestness. "I've lost too much time already.

"That's it,—you're right now." Then, with a half relapse into his ordinary teasing manner, Tommy added: "It's surprisin' how we take advice that travels the same way we do! It's like hittin' a ball the same way it's rollin' a'ready."

The best advice in the world may be ruined in the execution. And the execution of a delicate task depends chiefly on the fine condition of a man's faculties. On some days the mind comes up out of sleep, like the sun in a clear October morning. There is neither cloud nor haze. The thoughts and feelings move in unison, and the tongue, touched from within, like a magnet, draws to itself fitting words and sentences. It no longer moves like a tugging plough, heavily and slowly,

but touches lightly and glances from topic to topic as sunlight from dew-drop to dew-drop.

Then come the cloudy days. Ill-assorted thoughts procure for themselves a disagreeable utterance. We spoil whatever we touch. We do nothing lightly, deftly, wisely. The astronomer must defer his observations when clouds are in the sky. In some of the more delicate operations of mechanics, the workmen will not touch a tool on days when, as he says, "his hand is dead." What lawyer has not lost cases because he came before the court and jury with his head wearied and his whole body jaded by long-continued and exhausting excitements? What doctor has not lost patients by being called, after sleepless nights, with a stupid brain, to a case requiring insight, precision, and instant action? What minister has not spoiled a good subject by a poor sermon, because the Sabbath had come round and he must preach, in spite of catarrh and influenza? What fisherman has not lost his trout by an unskilful splash, when he meant delicately to skim the surface with the likeness of a flitting, fluttering fly?

Enough. Barton slept little after this interview with Tommy Taft. When he awaked, he woke with only half of himself, and that the poorest part. But the impulse of the night before remained.

Barton left Tommy Taft resolved to see

Heywood and to have an understanding with him. He went to Mr. Chandler's house. But already in his walk thither his purpose was somewhat shaken. For, as he reflected how he would break the matter to his friend, he began to see so many difficulties that his purpose wavered. "Shall I ask him what his intentions are towards Miss Wentworth? What if he should reply by asking me on whose authority I inquire? She has a father and mother; have *they* deputed me to watch over their daughter's welfare? Or he may say, 'Are you an accepted suitor of Miss Rose? If not, on what grounds do you interfere?' What business have I at any rate to meddle with Heywood's affair in this matter? There is nothing in my relations to Rose which makes it improper for any other gentleman to solicit her affection. What would Rose think if she knew that I had interrogated Heywood about his affection for her? She would have a just reason for being angry with me. It would be an impertinence. I could never look her in the face afterward if she knew it."

So reasoning, he would have gone past, without calling, but Heywood saw him, and called out:

"Barton, come in! Where do you keep yourself lately? Are you hidden in the woods, or have you gone home to live like a hermit? What are you doing now-a-days! Since your school was

given up I hardly see you any more. By the way, what a splendid fellow the Doctor is! But he ought to be a professor in some college, where talking is the proper business. At his house I think there is a little too much of it."

"I've noticed, though, that he never talks without listeners."

"That's the mischief of it. We young folks want a good time. But as soon as they hear him speaking, off goes Rose, and off go everybody, and we have to go too. How did you enjoy the other evening?"

"Not much—I was not in good trim. Are you going to the grand nutting party next week?"

"Of course I am. Miss Rose has laid injunctions upon all her friends. Let all the squirrels take notice! Not a nut do we mean to leave behind us, and any winter stores which they may desire should be put up immediately!"

Barton, who had started rather fiercely on his errand, returned with a sense of having escaped a great blunder.

"This comes," said he to himself, "of acting without reflection. My own way is the best, after all. I never talk over my feelings with any one, and act upon his suggestion, without regretting it afterward. I will keep my own counsels, and act upon my own proper judgment, and especially, I do not think I shall go to Tommy Taft again.

Fool that I was to let him see—— after all, he knew it before. A strange old man! — full of experience and of wisdom, of which he makes playthings—never uses them soberly for himself. I cannot hide anything from him. But I can keep him silent.—Shall I speak with my mother? Why should I? What advice can she give me? She knows my mind already. It will only be another cloud on her shaded path. I always have carried my own troubles in silence, and why not now? If God leaves human thoughts and purposes with an element of His own wisdom, all will come right."

Continuous and intense excitement of feeling works a morbid physical condition of the brain. It becomes at once fertile and poor. It pours out an endless abundance of thought and emotion, but without variety or control. The same feeling rises and breaks, only to bubble up again, pass through the same course, to be followed a hundred times by the same process. Over and over again a thought traverses a small circle, coming back to its starting place, and moving a narrow round, until the mind seems like a clock, whose weights pull at the wheels, and move the hands round and round the dial, day and night, with perpetual iteration.

It was in vain that Barton Cathcart sought to control his mind, so long as he remained at home, with the leisure of vacation and in the presence of

those objects which wrought such disturbance to his thoughts.

His father had long wished Barton to visit several of the remote western States, where he had invested some money in land, to examine the various tracts, ascertain their quality, position and prospects, arrange for the proper settlement of taxes, and, in one or two instances, redeem some small parcels which had, through the neglect of agents, been sold for taxes.

All day long after seeing Heywood he had turned his affairs over and over in his mind, till he was weary of them, of himself, and of life. But all night he repeated the process, whether dreaming or waking. As the next day dawned, Barton awoke from a short sleep by hearing some one say, "Go west." At any rate, he thought he heard the sentence, though on springing up no one was present. But the impression was strong that he had heard a real voice. The project stood out before him with attractive features. It would break up his nervous irritation, give him an opportunity of seeing something of his native land, and satisfy that love of novelty and adventure which every young man of mettle is apt to have.

Before he had fairly dressed himself, Barton had settled the matter. When his father came in to breakfast, Barton said with some suddenness:

"Father, I am going out west; and if you will make out my instructions, I will attend to your business."

Before sundown everything was prepared, and early on the next day Barton was on his way to the far west.

Meanwhile, the arrangements had been made for a grand nutting expedition on the week succeeding Barton's departure. The suddenness of his start took every one by surprise. Why *did* he go before the pic-nic? Why did he not at least say good-bye? What had happened, or was about to happen, that he should disappear so mysteriously?

But, like all other minor matters in life, it was a day's wonder, and then sank and was forgotten, especially when the Sabbath was passed and Tuesday was set for the excursion. The region selected for the expedition lay a mile or two beyond 'Biah Cathcart's, where long strips of chestnut woods covered a line of low hills, or skirted down their sides. Near the centre of this range of hills, but half a mile back, was a ravine, one of the most romantic and picturesque places in the region, and not the less attractive to many because its pools of clear, cool water were filled with trout. Not far from the opening of this ravine the dinner was to be eaten; and all the baskets and pack-

ages pertaining thereto were put under charge of Hiram Beers, who also had a general oversight of all the "critters," as Deacon Marble styled the horses. This annual nutting day was in no respect ecclesiastical. It was not marked down in the calendar. No sin was imputed for the neglect of it. Yet, with occasional exceptions, it had for many years been a kind of parish re-union. The minister, the deacons, the trustees, the staid and dignified old members were expected to turn out, to renew their youth and gallantries; and, even more than on Thanksgiving Day, certain antics and frivolities were permitted among church members, which, on any other occasion, would have savoured of a levity that Aunt Polly Marble would have witnessed with severe disapprobation.

Early on that morning there began to wend along the road families of young and old, parties of young men and maidens, a few on horseback, many in waggons which were built for harvest, but, by a little "slicking up," served to carry parties to fishing excursions, to huskings, and to nutting parties. Farmer Cathcart was already waiting—his handsome team hitched at the post, his wife Rachel putting in the last little delicacies for the dinner. One after another of his old friends passed by, cheerily saluting him—some with a hearty good morning, some with an exhortation to

make haste, and one or two with specimens of homely wit, the more relishful because well-seasoned and often used.

Hiram Beers, of course, shone glorious with a span of Black-Hawk Morgan horses, for which "a New York gentleman said that if he had them in the city he could get a thousand dollars!" Of course this thousand-dollar team was worthily employed in bringing Dr. Wentworth's family—a portion of them at any rate—the Doctor and his wife, Rose and Agate Bissell, while the residue followed in another vehicle drawn by the Doctor's own horses, under the direction of Pete Sawmill, who on such occasions felt his own superiority over all the rest of mankind.

Dr. Buell rode in his favourite chaise, carrying with him a neighbouring minister who had preached for him on Sunday, and with whom he had sat up half of Sunday night discussing certain recondite points of theology on which said brother had shown a dangerous laxity of opinion.

Behind him came Deacon Trowbridge, to whom a good conscience and a good digestion, well-exercised, had given such admirable proportions that all men wondered how he and his wife, who was not a whit less blessed than her husband, could sit in one seat, or how one ordinary horse could draw them!

Hiram kept up a running fire as they severally arrived.

"Good mornin', Dr. Buell; drive in here—that's a good hitchin' spot. Don't stop now. I'll take the darlin' out of the thills, and see that he's fastened all right. You'd better go on and keep the deacons in order. There's no tellin', when a horse or a deacon gits loose in a big pasture, what he'll do. I've known old horses break their necks tryin' to race and jump as the young colts do."

Next came up Deacon Trowbridge.

"Bless me, deacon!—Good morning, marm!—if I'm not glad to see you! We've been waitin' for some slim fellow like you to climb the trees and shake off the chestnuts. The boys all look to you, deacon, for an example!"

The good-natured and fat deacon smiled, and even essayed a faint joke:

"Yes, Hiram, you'll see the nuts fly, if I only get up into them tree-tops!"

"Yes, yes; I'll bet on you and the squirrels!" said Hiram, who could spare but a word or two on each party, and already had turned to a newcomer, leaving Deacon Trowbridge standing with an answer in his mouth, in a waiting posture, as if he could not afford to lose a good thing.

And we think so too, and will present it for him. The deacon was waiting to say:

"If I get *on* a squirrel, Hiram, he'll not be worth much!"

There is an unending charm that goes with the supple gaieties of the young. But another interest, scarcely less, though of a different kind, attends the occasional outbreak of youthful frolics among the old. Here were the yellow woods full of happy people; and, among them, many old men and women of stern morals and severe manner of life,—most of them stiffened with hard labour, and not more than once or twice in a year seeking pleasure or recreation for their own sakes. Many, many years it is since they sprang into the trees as do those nimble youngsters who are making the chestnuts rattle from the topmost boughs. But they remember their youthful feats, and boast them, and banter each other. Hiram seemed determined to have some of the old gentlemen up in the trees:

"I tell ye, Deacon Trowbridge, I think you're as smart yet as Deacon Marble is, though he takes on sech a nimble sort of steppin' 'round. It's my opinion that, at a fair climb, you'd beat him."

"Oh, Hiram, I'm too heavy—though I'm pretty spry yet. You see, brother Marble hasn't got so much to carry up with him!"

"No, nor so much strength to do it with."

"I tell ye what," said Deacon Marble, quite in the spirit of a boy, "I'll stump you, Trowbridge, to try it. I'll give you that big tree with low branches, and I'll take that slim one—and beat you."

They soon pulled off their coats and assailed their respective trees. Good Deacon Trowbridge, when his phlegmatic nature was thoroughly aroused, was a man of great strength. He took a hug at the tree such as a bear might have given; and at first it seemed as if he were going to succeed. But each hoist grew slower, and, though cheered by Hiram, it was doubtful if he could reach the limb just above his head. If each jerk upward had carried his body up as fast as it did the leg of his pantaloons, he would soon have mounted the coveted branch. At length he got hold of it, but no more could he do. It was too high for him to let go and jump, and as to getting any higher, it was out of the question. The poor man seemed in a woful plight; but Hiram, equal to every emergency, had procured a rail, and, planting it under his foot, eased him down safely to the ground. Meanwhile, Deacon Marble, slim and nervous, had gone up his way like a squirrel. Already he was seeking out the topmost boughs, and rattling down the chestnuts in a perfect shower.

The shouts of merriment soon drew many to this rather unusual scene, and, among others, the deacons' wives. Mrs. Trowbridge gave way to unrestrained laughter. She was a natural laugher. She laughed with her mouth, her eyes, her whole face, with her voice and all her body. It was no silvery trickle, but a generous tide, that set in strongly, filled every indentation along the shore, and plashed up in spray all the more, if any obstacle sought to stay it.

"Well, Trowbridge,"—and then, like a child with the hooping-cough, she gave way to a paroxysm of laughter,—"I should as soon"—and again she was swept away from her remark, like one carried out from shore by a refluent wave, —"I should as soon expect"—the words were drowned in laugh—"to see" . . . "to see . . . a but——,' at which she fairly seemed to dissolve, and could no longer hold herself up, "——a butter-tub climb a tree!"

Far other were the emotions which filled the soul of Polly Marble when she beheld the scene. A fire blazed behind her spectacles. Though she was infirm in limb, the weakness had in no respect reached her head, every member of which was active. At first she seemed unable to utter her amazement. At length she gained relief:

"Deacon Marble, you'd better come down! An

old man like you a courtin' death in the top of them trees ought to be ashamed of himself! It ain't decent."

Then turning to those around her, she expressed herself thus:

"Wal, Hiram, I dew hope you're satisfied at last. You're always huntin' after mischief, and now you've got it. To think of't! One deacon a puffin' and red on the ground, and the other up in the tree-top! No, it's no laughin' matter! It's a sin and a shame, and I'm surprised that anybody should laugh at such levity and folly," giving poor Mrs. Trowbridge a look of reproof that ought to have sobered her, but which in fact served to renew her agony of laughing, for she palpitated, and held on to her sides, and gasped: "Oh, I shall die—with—laughing—dew stop!"

Turning to her husband, Mrs. Marble began expostulating with him:

"Deacon Marble, if you have any respect for me, or for yourself—and I don't think you have a speck—you'll come down! Everybody's laughin' at you. You're a sight to behold. It's a wicked thing, and agin natur', for an old man like you to think he's a boy, and caper about in the trees. If the Lord had meant you to be a squirrel he'd a made you so?"

"Don't, Polly, don't. I'm comin' down. Just look here, I want to tell ye something!"

Incautious Polly! Will you never learn the deceitfulness of that husband of yours? She ventures under the tree to hear what he has to say, just as he gives a rousing shake to the branch on which he was lying. Down came the chestnuts, and down came the chestnut-burrs! They rattled on her bonnet, they pattered on her shoulders, and one burr—a frivolous burr, given to levity,—struck her new spectacles and knocked them quite out of symmetry!

The nimble deacon was soon on the ground, and would fain have left the impression on his spouse that it was merely the act of getting off the limb to come down that brought upon her the chestnuts. Hiram was in ecstacy.

"Isn't the deacon cute? Oh, what a politician he'd a made, if he'd only kept out of the church and away from religion."

Other parties along the hills, widely separated, were busy with pranks and mirth. The young people climbed, the old and the very young picked up the brown nuts. The scene was charming. Dr. Wentworth and his family were as busy as any. It was Pete's office to shake the trees. The whole force of his peculiar genius now had full play. His skill in climbing was something worth

looking at. His venturesomeness was equal to his skill and strength. It was no great feat to him, when trees interlocked, to swing from one to another,—to drop from a higher branch to a lower, never missing his hold. He cleared a tree of nuts in an incredibly short time, and the Doctor's brown bags, replenished from Pete's labours, began to stand out with fatness.

Heywood had made himself agreeable to the various parties. His aunt had joined the Wentworths, and Rose seemed not displeased with the attentions which he paid her. In truth, there was something in Heywood's manner peculiarly winning. He was strong, frank, manly; but in everything an innate refinement manifested itself, and that unconscious self-possession and quietness which come from long familiarity with good society. Rose had seldom, if ever, met with one whose manners approached so near to a fine art, while his spirit was as artless, apparently, as a child's. That the charm had produced no effect I cannot honestly affirm. That it was more than an impression upon her imagination I do not believe. This certainly is much, and in perhaps a majority of cases it is final and effectual. But while Rose was pleased with Heywood, and found his presence more and more agreeable, she began

to look more closely at her own feelings, at her relations and his to other people.

During the whole summer Rose had perceived a declension of attention in Barton Cathcart towards her, and nearly in the proportion in which Heywood had grown more attentive. It seemed as if one were quietly withdrawing and giving place to the other.

There are many things which we do not value if only we can have them, but which we painfully miss if they are withheld. Every one has noticed how little effect praise produces on him, and yet how distinctly he feels the lack of it when it is not given. While Barton seemed at home with her, and the long acquaintanceship, and childhood associations clustered about their familiar intercourse, Rose did not fairly estimate the value at which she held Barton. But when he seemed to fall off, when in his stead another, of a wholly different and contrasted nature came in his place, Rose was conscious, not of positive pain, or even regret, but of uneasiness and of a questioning within herself.

Heywood she believed to be true and right-minded. She thought that his nature was transparent. He was one who could never appear in any society without drawing to him all eyes, and could never be known without drawing to him as

well the confidence of all. And yet there was no sense of reserved power with him. His whole nature lay apparent. There were no depths out of which might rise unexpected disclosures. He was fine-natured, handsome, accomplished, brilliant in society, and true-hearted. These qualities could not fail to touch any one's fancy. But in all their intercourse he had never introduced any subject deeper than is sounded by common experience. While both of these friends were near her, each yielding the fruit of his own nature, the contrast was not so much displayed. Rose had felt a vague uneasiness through the summer, that Barton, though seeming the same in manner as ever, had less and less frequented her father's house. During his vacation he had but once visited them; and now, suddenly, without any leave-taking, he had gone away, to be absent for months. Rose was surprised and piqued by this seeming want of care for her, who had been his friend from childhood. It did not seem as if there could ever be a pause in their friendship any more than between herself and her father or mother. She could scarcely mark the degrees through which, in some measure, she and Barton had let go of each other; but it was clear to her that they were receding. With distance came perspective. More than ever

now she valued that depth of nature in Barton, out of which endless mysteries came. She could never divine from the themes of to-day what would be the range of thought on which his mind would travel when next they met. There was a strong aspiration in him, an indefinable yearning, which wrought in him on the one side self-distrust and humility, and on the other exceeding boldness, and changeful activity. Her father was fruitful of thought, but restful. Barton was restless—a voyager along new seas and strange continents. Now that he was parted from her—so abruptly that it seemed as if he was broken off—she became conscious of the force and depth of his character. If there was an uncertain unrestfulness in it, it was perhaps but the fermentation which, when completed, would sink the lees to the bottom and leave the generous wine clear and strong.

It ought not to be thought that these analyses were made by Rose. They are but the philosophical deduction and solution of certain impressions and convictions in her mind. And it was necessary to draw them out with some distinctness, in order to account for her present course. For, by one of those fortunate accidents which seem to attend pic-nics, in the woods, Heywood and Rose had wandered off from the family.

Either chestnuts lay thicker toward a little brook, which gurgled and twined through a dell, and was proud of the yellow leaves which it whirled in mimic rafts down its pretty cascades, or collected in some eddying pool, or else they were attracted by the mossy beauty of a beech-tree, whose roots had been partially undermined, but whose undiminished green yet braved the frosts. There sat Rose, and Heywood in his very soul believed that so lovely a creature there was not in all the world besides. Could he bear her in triumph home to his friends he could ask no other surety of happiness for life, and no other pledge of his victory over Virginia prejudice!

Why did Rose suffer these illusions which in her secret soul she knew could not be realized? Tell me, ye who have suffered the enchantment of the midsummer night's dreams and fancies? Tell me, ye who remember how the charmed imagination hushes every caution, sees all events in heightened colours, and bears one as in a delicious dream, over paths and through experiences, which, though distinct, seem unreal, magical, enchanting!

Have you never seen a child's bubble blown till its glowing sides are pictured in exquisite tints, and then thrown off into the air, rising or settling down, with motion so gentle that it seems

more like a thought than a thing? Untouched, it holds on, a brilliant globe, on whose sides earthly objects, purified and refined, are reflected, as if they were heavenly pictures — revelations of scenes unapproachable. But, once seek to possess it, lay but your lightest finger upon it, and the arch and orb collapse, and the brilliant picture disappears!

The horn sounded for the dinner. Calls were heard for one and another, and for Rose. Soon she was seen slowly coming up the dell. Her eyes showed that she had been weeping. Heywood was with her, as one who is absent. Something between sadness and sternness was in his face. I know not what had passed; nor how Rose excused herself for permitting what she had always before forestalled and prevented. Perhaps she did not excuse herself. Perhaps her sense of regret at Barton's neglect and unceremonious leaving had carried her farther than she knew, and she awoke with a strong rebound into her full former self. I only know that she seemed more pained and regretful than she had ever been seen before. But even greater pangs were just before her.

The stream near whose border Rose had been sitting came down, not far above them, from a ravine of singular beauty. At the point where

the water fairly escaped from its entanglement, the rocks came so near together as to form a kind of door, not more than twenty feet wide, but its sides were steep, and rose to a considerable height, and then sloping off backward, were covered with shrubs and finally with trees. Once within that door a charming space opened, between one and two hundred feet in diameter, and shut in by walls to a great height. At the farther side, as you entered, the stream, descending in a fall about thirty feet in height, fell into a deep pool. It then stole away close by the rocks, leaving a level space on the other side large enough for a party of several hundred. Before it made its plunge, the waters far up might be seen rushing down an incline on the shelving rocks at an angle of forty-five degrees. On either side of this chamber the rocks were stratified, and shrubs and plants grew in their seams. The more adventurous among the young men, by dexterous use of their toes in these rifts, and by grasping firmly the roots or stems with their hands, climbed up the steep face of the rocks, and ascending above the cascade, followed up the ravine to new falls and romantic passages. Already a dozen, against the protestation of the ladies, had scattered themselves along the precipitous cliffs. Heywood, who sat buried in

thought, seemed suddenly to awake, and began climbing the dangerous way. No one could be more adroit; yet even he could not afford to go along that perilous way with wandering thoughts. Suddenly there arose a wild outcry. Those below looked up to see the splash of water along the inclined way above the fall, and quicker than thought, shot out over the fall, Heywood was seen descending toward the pool beneath! Within it lay many rocks broken off by frosts and hidden by the water, and no more dangerous place for a plunge could well be found.

Into the boiling pool he dropped and disappeared. In a moment—it seemed to Rose an age — a dark form emerged along the edge of the pool. Instantly, on the alarm, there was a rush from every direction. But Pete, who was half way up the cliff, seemed fairly to glide down the side of the rock, so nimbly did he descend; and first of all he was by Heywood's side, and lifted him from the water, and laid him upon the mossy meadow just beyond.

Dr. Wentworth was sent for, and soon arrived. Heywood lay like one dead. The wet hair fell back from his white temples. Rose chafed his hands, and gazed upon him with an expression of indescribable anguish. With a faint cry, as Pete laid Heywood upon the moss, Alice Cathcart

fell into her father's arms fainting. But already Heywood began to revive. He had been stunned by the fall. Arrangements were speedily made to convey him to 'Biah Cathcart's, the nearest point at which he could receive needed attention, and where Dr. Wentworth could make a more critical examination of his hurts.

END OF VOL. II.

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